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THE NEW YORKER

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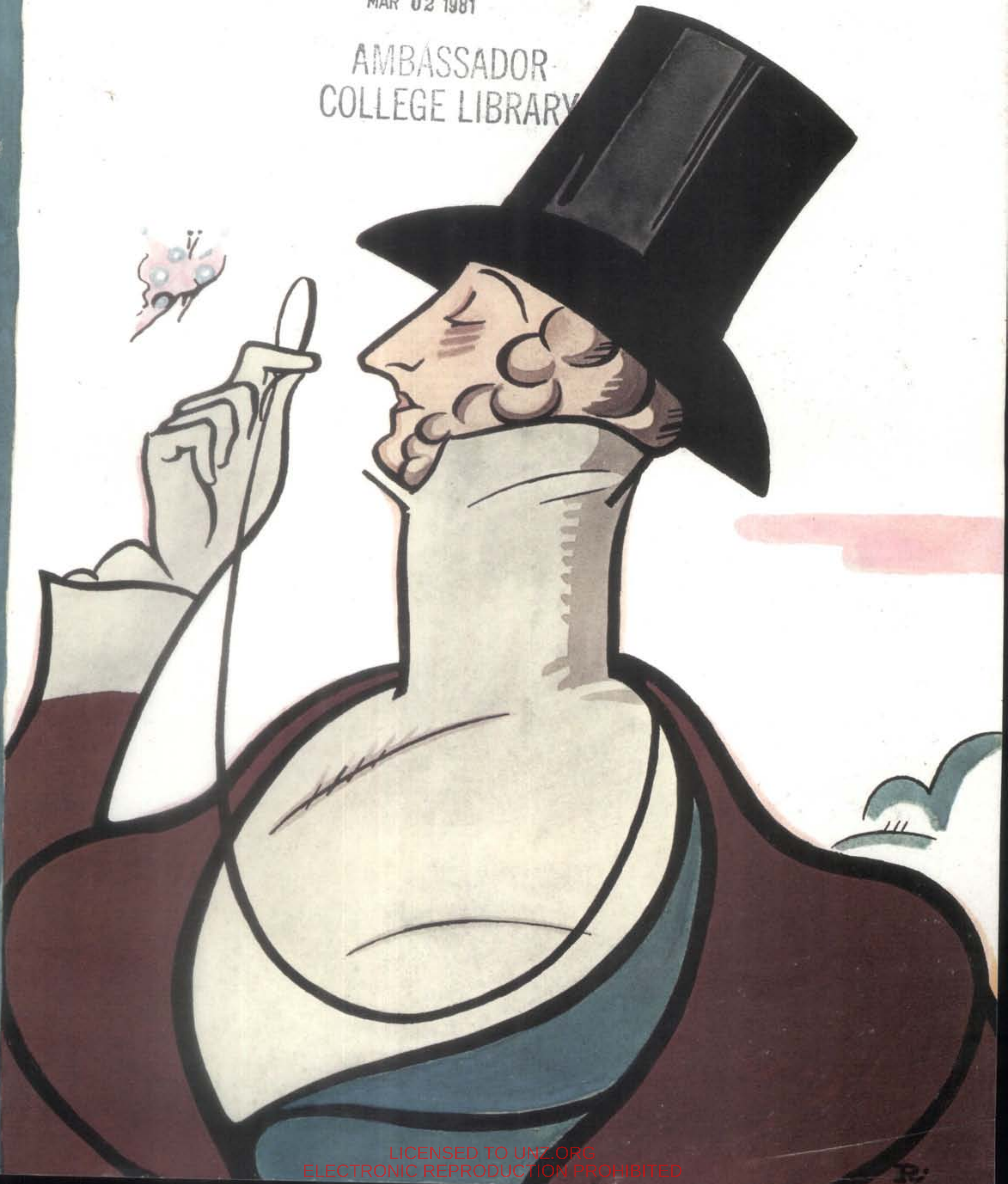

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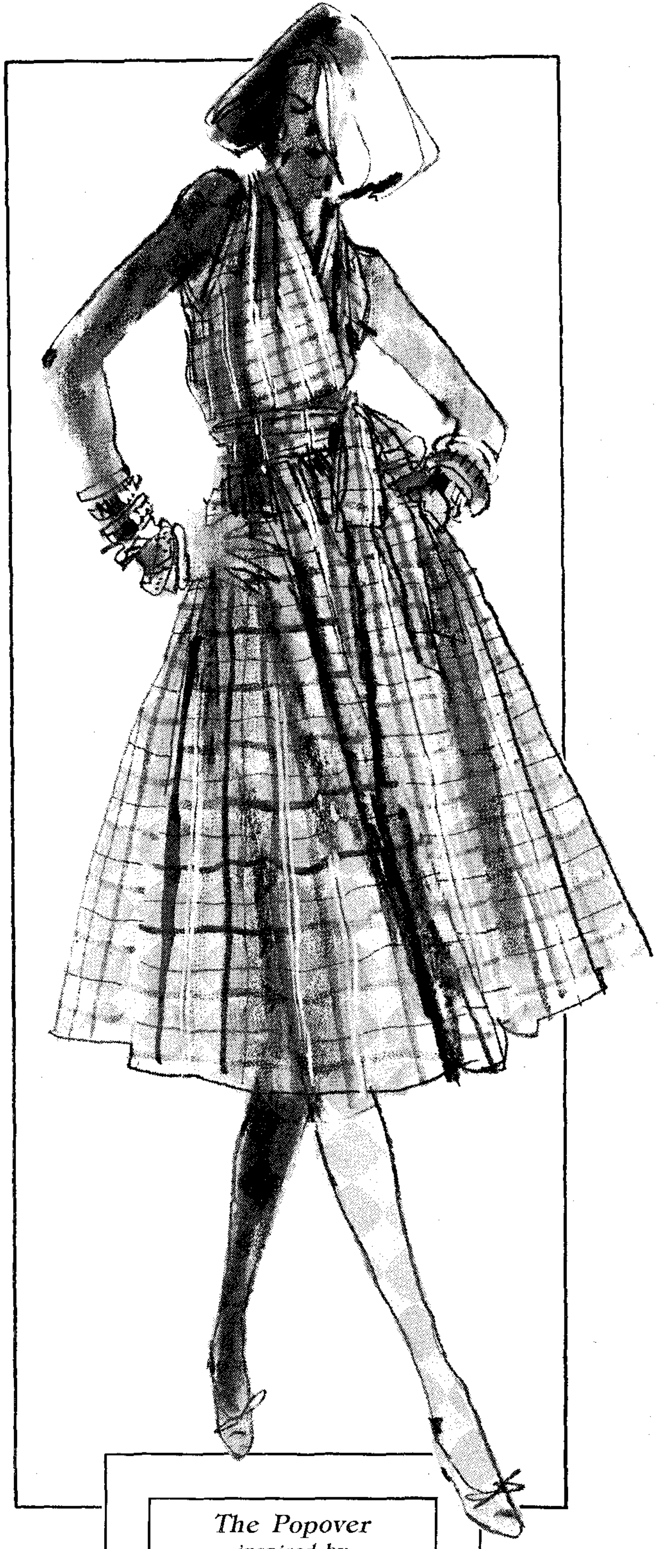

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ALBUM—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Tracy Pollan, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AMADEUS—We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Ian McKellen, Tim Curry, and Jane Seymour heading the large cast. (12/29/80) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 22.)

BAM THEATRE COMPANY—The first two of five plays to be presented in repertory through Sunday, May 10. Shakespeare's **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** Even Brian Murray's splendid Oberon cannot rescue this production. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 18-19, at 8. . . . ¶ George Farquhar's crisp, lively comedy **THE RECRUITING OFFICER** in an anything but crisp performance. Of the many actors assembled, only a few come near to filling the requirements of their roles. These few are Brian Murray, Laurie Kennedy, MichaelJohn McGann, and Beth McDonald. Laird Williamson directed. Robert Blackman designed the lovely scenery. (2/2/81) Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2 and 7:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 24-26, at 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

BRING BACK BIRDIE—A musical with a book by Michael Stewart, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Lee Adams (the trio responsible for "Bye Bye Birdie," twenty years ago). Donald O'Connor and Chita Rivera (returning to her original role in "Bye Bye") will play Albert and Rose Peterson, the couple in search of the long-lost pop idol Conrad Birdie. Joe Layton directed. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 24. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

COMING ATTRACTIONS—A facetious lampoon, by Ted Tally, about a killer who becomes a show-business celebrity. It is nimbly performed by a lively company, under André Ernotte's direction. (12/15/80) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—Alberto Casella's comedy, **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY,** adapted by Walter Ferris, is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 1. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FIFTH OF JULY—We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Christopher Reeve and Swoosie Kurtz dominate the proceedings. (11/17/80) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

42ND STREET—A musical based on an old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it, with Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wanda Richert usurping the roles of Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, and Ruby Keeler. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HEARTLAND—A play by Kevin Heelan, with Larry Nicks, J. C. Quinn, Sean Penn, and Ben Slack. Directed by Art Wolff. Previews through Sunday, Feb. 22. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 23. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Nightly, except Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—Joe Masiell returns to his original role in a three-week engagement of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 8.)

LAST SUMMER AT BLUEFISH COVE—A comedy by Jane Chambers, with an all-female cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Feb. 22: **THE GONDOLIERS.** . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 25-March 1: **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LUNCH HOUR—Jean Kerr has written some funny lines for two not very plausible couples to recite in the course of working out a con-

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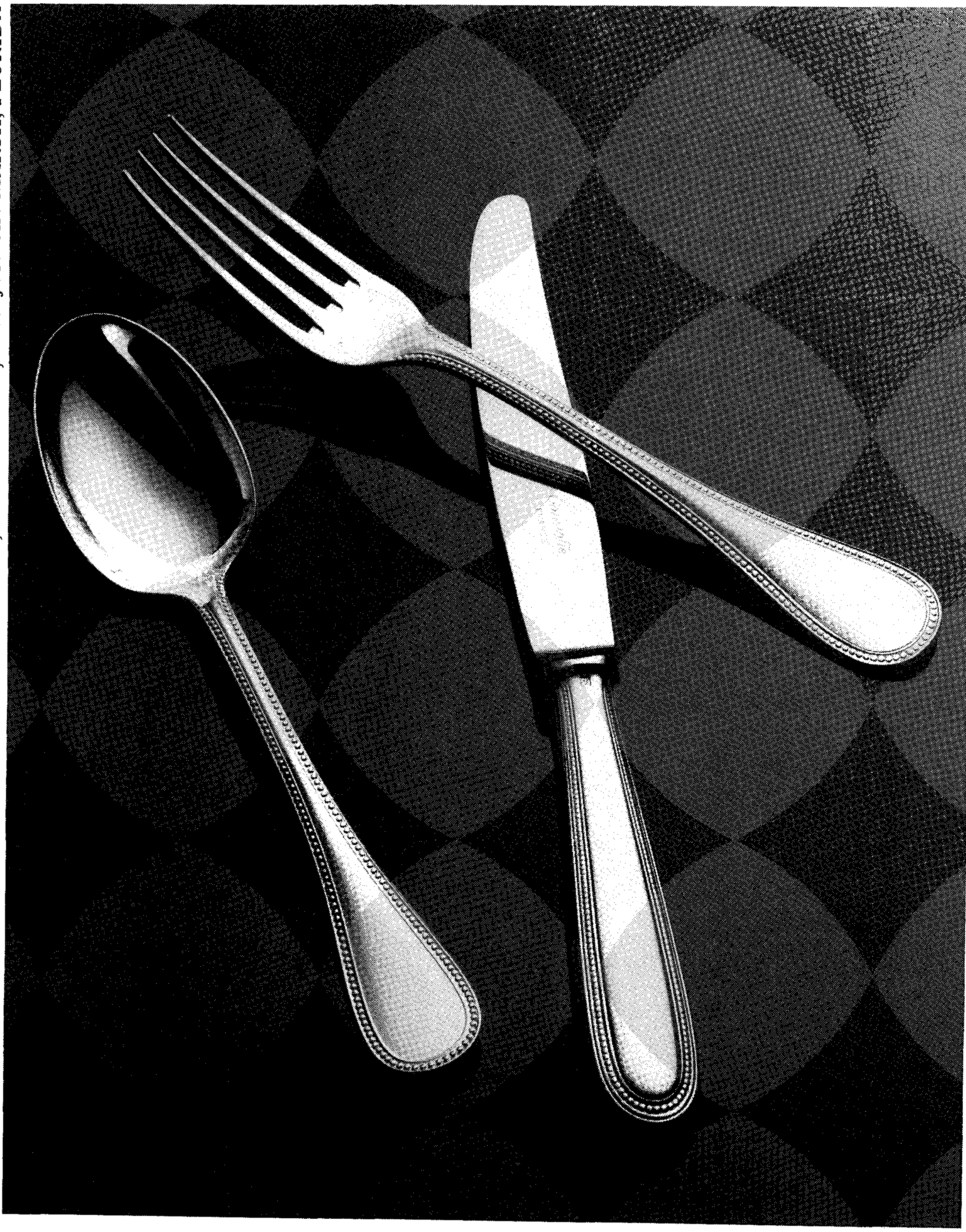


Christofle sur la table

clusion to a totally implausible affair. With Gilda Radner, Sam Waterston, Susan Kellermann, Max Wright, and David Rasche. (11/24/80) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—Sarah Caldwell has directed an elaborate production of a play that ordinarily succeeds by dint of not being fussed over and tampered with. Philip Anglim plays the wicked king, and Maureen Anderman is his strong-willed wife. (2/2/81) (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-6868. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mary Stuart—A play by Wolfgang Hildesheimer, with Roberta Maxwell. A production of the Dodger Theatre. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The third in this season's series of four productions is **WEEP NOT FOR ME,** Gus Edwards' unsparing but also sympathetic and ironic view of a black family in the decaying South Bronx. It is given a fine performance under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. In the leading roles, Bill Cobbs and Ethel Ayler are expecially fine as the stepfather of the family and his two-timing wife. (2/16/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

Penguin Touquet—A surrealist spectacle, devised and directed by Richard Foreman, which is sometimes entertaining and sometimes not. (2/16/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Piaf—A singer of sad songs about life and death and lost loves, Edith Piaf has been dead for almost eighteen years, but she remains famous. Jane Lapotaire plays to the hilt as much of the authentic singer as has been allowed to emerge from this grubby little sketch of a play by Pam Gems. Judith Ivey substitutes for Miss Lapotaire at the Wednesday matinée performances. (2/16/81) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

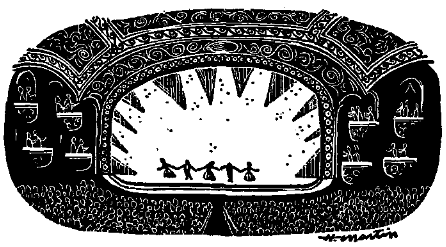
The Pirates of Penzance—Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. Kevin Kline is the most limber pirate since Douglas Fairbanks. (1/19/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Real Life Funnies—An entertainment by Howard Ashman (book) and Alan Menken (music and lyrics), based on Stan Mack's weekly *Village Voice* comic strip of the same title. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3226. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1 and 5:30.)

Shakespeare's Cabaret—A composer named Lance Mulcahy has written some new music to accompany the lyrics that Shakespeare wrote long ago to other music. This was not a good idea on Mr. Mulcahy's part, though a company of ardent young singers works hard to make us think otherwise. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Still Life—A play by Emily Mann. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 19, and will run through Sunday, March 8. (Subplot Cabaret, American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0394. Mondays at 6:30; Thursdays and Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 4; and Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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The Survivor—A play by Susan Nanus (based on the recently published book of the same title by Jack Eisner), about a group of Warsaw-ghetto teen-agers during the Nazi occupation. Craig Anderson is the director. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 25. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 26. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

To Grandmother's House We Go—A pleasing, if somewhat too literary, comedy about a Connecticut family and its troubles. Eva Le Gallienne heads the excellent cast. (1/26/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A miserable performance of Dario Fo's farce about the rebellion of some working people in Milan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 18, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and David Ackroyd play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A COUPLA WHITE CHICKS SITTING AROUND TALKING:** Susan Tyrrell and Anne Archer in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The wise thing is to drop in after the intermission and catch a parody of the Marx Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. What a gorgeous scramble it makes! (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Robert Reed, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. With Carole Shelley, Donal Donnelly, and Benjamin Hendrickson. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,656 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. Phyllis Newman portrays the night-club singer. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MORNING'S AT SEVEN:** A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . .

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

SUGAR BABIES: This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces *Ann Miller, Joey Bishop* (while Mickey Rooney is on vacation), some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is *interrupted from* time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting selections from Gilbert and Sullivan. (Community Church, 40 E. 35th St. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

DANCE

Nikolais Dance Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Feb. 18, and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Alphabet from Allegory," "Talisman," "Five Masks" (with Murray Louis), and "Guignol." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 19-20, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 21-22, at 2: Excerpt from "Arporisms," "The Mechanical Organ," and "Gallery." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE:** Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 18-21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2 and 8. . . . **GUS GIORDANO JAZZ DANCE CHICAGO:** Wednesday, Feb. 25, and Friday, Feb. 27, at 8, and Sunday, March 1, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Kathryn Posin Dance Company—Four performances of new works. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 674-7200. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 21-22, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 28-March 1, all at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

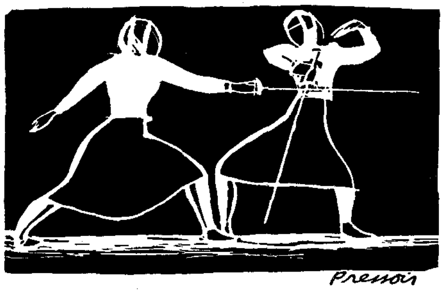
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face *type is used to pick out a few of the more notable* performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant and a Chelsea fixture for years. Musicians pass through on weekends: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, will belong to bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and a trio; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, pianist **JOHN HICKS,** who accompanies Betty Carter and often works as a member of Arthur Blythe's In the Tradition quartet, will perform with a bassist. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand in the very back of the place. Guitarist Cal Collins' trio is on hand through Sunday, Feb. 22; on Tuesday, Feb. 24, saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG** will bring in a quartet. Music from nine.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, the comedy duo of **MONTEITH & RAND** will alternate with singer and songwriter **TOM PAXTON;** on Monday, Feb. 23, rock singer and guitarist **JOHN HALL** will perform with his band; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, folksingers **KATE & ANNA MC GARRIGLE** will be onstage. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant.



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Pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **RON CARTER** are performing together again through Saturday, Feb. 21; on Sunday, Feb. 22, pianist and composer **CEDAR WALTON** will work with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is *recorded American and Brazilian disco music* and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a *melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist,* too, is keeping watch over the Café Carlyle while Bobby Short is away. Mr. Shearing is assisted by bassist **BRIAN TORFF** Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings a bit to her own piano accompaniment, can be found in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays. Her hours run from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant. The star here is the elegant, retiring piano soloist **ELLIS LARKINS,** who plays nightly, except Sundays, from eight. (Patrons are requested to whisper during his sets.)

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This place—which has become as respectable as a three-piece suit—still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 18, Da Bronx, the Lights, and the Glands; Thursday, Feb. 19, *High Roller and True* Romance; Friday, Feb. 20, **NONA HENDRYX** & Zero Cool and the Windows; Saturday, Feb. 21, Shrapnel and Tripple Play. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues lyric for the uninitiated Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. The center-of-the-room microphone belongs to singer **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE** on Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Feb. 22, tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** will guide a quartet that will include **RICHARD WYANDS** on piano and **CONNIE KAY** on drums from about nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. In the **HORACE SILVER QUINTET,** Silver's piano isn't merely a percussion instrument, it's virtually the rhythm section. Oh, there's a bassist and a drummer, but *Silver carries and sets most of* the rhythms. He bends over the keys and rocks back and forth furiously; his comping is intense. And if any of his talented young soloists should falter or pause, he jumps right in and helps them out, letting them bounce off his ideas. Horace Silver plays some of the most rhythmic, most energetic, and prettiest jazz around. Through Sunday, Feb. 22. On Tuesday, Feb. 24, super bassist **RON CARTER** will arrive with a quartet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. Is it pretentious? Well, the mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: singer Carol Fredette on Wednesday, Feb. 18; the Manhattan Rhythm Kings, a trio that performs music from the Paul Whiteman era, Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21; pianist Jorge Dalto on Sunday, Feb. 22; trumpeter and composer **JIMMY OWENS** with Monday regulars pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** on Monday, Feb. 23; pop-jazz singer **MARK MURPHY** on Tuesday, Feb. 24; and the Ink Spots (not *the* Ink Spots but a group that performs Ink Spots hits from the forties) beginning Thursday, Feb. 26. Music from eleven. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on *Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist* **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Saturdays from seven to ten and Sundays from five to ten stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** is on hand.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. The pianists who perform here are not just diversionary dining-room players. **ART HODES,** who played piano on Sidney Bechet clarinet recordings in the forties and is in his upper seventies now, holds the current musician-in-residence chair. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, plays on Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide *ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well* as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. **MARTY NAPOLEON** guides a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. *Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them* after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the d.j.s spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The bands: Comateens on Thursday, Feb. 19; Side Effects and Pylon on Friday, Feb. 20; Individuals and Mission of Burma on Saturday, Feb. 21. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Closed Sunday through Tuesday, Feb. 22-24.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. Alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his fiery Latin-jazz quintet will be the visiting musicians on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, the **BARRON BROTHERS**—saxophonist **BILL** and pianist **KENNY**—and their quartet will be present. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning you'll hear even more jazz, played by saxophonist **MIKE MORGENSTERN** and his combo. On Sundays from nine to one, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist **THIAGO DE MELLO** appears with his Brazilian-jazz band, Amazon, which features trumpet solos by **CLAUDIO RODITI.**

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. One of the best piano-bass duos anywhere—**TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ**—are here through Saturday, Feb. 21. Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 24-28, will belong to pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN.** Pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY** turn up on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. Wednesday, Feb. 18, swamp rocker **DR. JOHN;** Sunday, Feb. 22, Tex-Mex-blues-Cajun-acid-country rocker **DOUG SAHM** and his band, along with singer and bassist Rob Stoner's band; Monday, Feb. 23, **DOUG SAHM** and Western-swing pianist **FLOYD DOMINO;** and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 24-25, blues-and-folk singer **TAJ MAHAL.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view. The singer is Lana Cantrell, and the view is of a patio and garden. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A vintage rock club that attracts young people in T-shirts, in button-down-collar shirts, and in motorcycle jackets. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 18, Back Street Boys, Donny Fury, and Spirals; Thursday, Feb. 19, Neon Leon, Necktie Party, and Strain; Friday, Feb. 20, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** and Kieran Liscoe & the Attitude; Saturday, Feb. 21, the Billies and Donna Destri; Monday, Feb. 23, Trupe di Coupe and New Empire; and Tuesday, Feb. 24, Rooms, Slim Jim & the Rings, and Tough Luck. Music from well after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**FRAN WARREN,** who came to prominence as the vocalist with the Claude Thornhill band, is singing music associated with Harry James, Gene Krupa, and Woody Herman (with support from an octet) Tuesdays through Saturdays. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On most Mondays, Woody Allen plays celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet from nine-thirty to midnight, in color. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The folk part of the schedule: **BOB GIBSON** and **MARY TRAVERS** on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21. The jazz part of the schedule: **JON HENDRICKS'** family outfit, Hendricks, Hendricks & Hendricks, Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—The latest jazz club to be decorated in dark-brown tones and smoked-glass mirrors is this extremely relaxed, long and narrow second-story room. The absolutely topnotch jazz: Wednesday, Feb. 18, the **JIMMY PONDER** quartet; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS;** Sunday, Feb. 22, guitarist **EMILY REMLER,** drummer **BOB MOSES,** and bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ;** Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 23-25, drummer **BEAVER HARRIS,** pianist **DON PULLEN,** and their **360-DEGREE MUSIC EXPERIENCE**—i.e., a quartet with bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** and tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD;** and Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, pianist **STEVE KUHN,** singer **SHEILA JORDAN,** bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ,** and **BOB MOSES.** Jazz from about ten. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS & HIS SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely irresistible dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: **BURNING SPEAR** on Wednesday, Feb. 18; Nitecaps and Moonbeam on Thursday, Feb. 19; Neighborhoods, Mission of Burma, V, and Boys Life on Friday, Feb. 20; 3-D on Saturday, Feb. 21; Desmond Child and Allen Harris on Monday, Feb. 23; and **RICK NELSON & THE STONE CANYON BAND** on Tuesday, Feb. 24. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Rock Lounge, 285 West Broadway, at Canal St. (925-0960)—A high-tech bar, a high-tech d.j. platform, industrial-carpet-covered benches, lounge chairs (upstairs), video monitors (a.k.a. TV sets), and rock and roll—all the comforts of Tribeca. The bands: Levi Dexter & the Ripcords on Thursday, Feb. 19; Tiny Tim on Friday, Feb. 20; and **JAMES CHANCE & THE CONTORTIONS** on Saturday, Feb. 21. Sets begin after one. Recorded rock from eleven. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—"From Rodgers and Hart with Love" is a revue that features singers Mimi Hines and Larry Kert and a surefire set list. Mondays through Thursdays shows begin at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays they begin at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Platinum Hook, an R. & B. sextet, will be present on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 24-25, vibraharpist **DAVE SAMUELS** and oboist **PAUL MC CANDLESS** will work with a quartet; and on Thursday, Feb. 26, pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** saxophonist **BOB BERG,** bassist **SAM JONES,** and drummer **JOE CHAMBERS** will all begin a three-night visit. Music from ten to two. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and live jazz. On Tuesday, Feb. 24, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will bring in his trio. On Sundays and Mondays, Johnny (Blue Boy) Perry is at the piano from eight to midnight. Music from nine-thirty the rest of the time. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Two Texas tenor players comprise most of the lineup: **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN**—he's from Dallas and is here through Saturday, Feb. 21—and **EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON**—he's from Houston and will arrive on Tuesday, Feb. 24. On Sunday, Feb. 22, **DAKOTA STATON** will sing blues and ballads. And on Mondays, trombonist, arranger, and leader **MELBA LISTON** guides a spirited septet that involves two trombones, two saxophones, a rhythm section, and moving charts. Music from about ten. Dining.

Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is modern and comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent, in spite of all the comfort, of the old Five Spot. A hard-bop quintet that features tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK,** trumpeter **BILL HARDMAN,** and pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** has taken over the Thursday-through-Saturday slot. On Monday, Feb. 23, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will lead a septet. Sundays and Wednesdays, drummer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** heads up his own trio. Music most nights from ten. Dining.

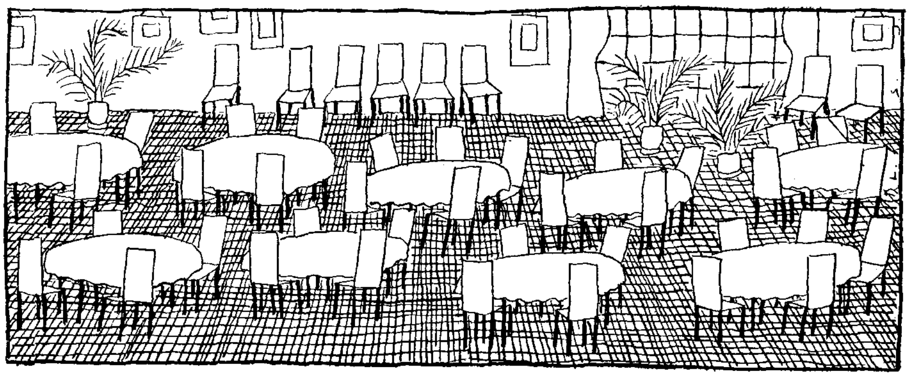
Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Q: What does Gramercy Park have in common with Chicago's South Side? A: Chicago blues, of course. The standouts on the current schedule include **EDDIE KIRKLAND'S** Chicago-blues band on Friday, Feb. 20; **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG** on Saturday, Feb. 21; and R. & B. singer **LITTLE MILTON** on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28. Shows most nights at nine and midnight. Dancing.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 18, Bricks Mortar and Rendezvous; Thursday, Feb. 19, Desmond Child and Bob Duncan; Friday, Feb. 20, Quincy and Norman Nardini & the Tigers; Saturday, Feb. 21, Chandra & the Dance; and Tuesday, Feb. 24, Lil Red, Avedon, and Exposures. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Pianist Terry Waldo plays piano rags on the Terrace Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. On Tuesdays, he alternates with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. On Mondays, the capacious downstairs room is given over to salsa bands after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting the **ARTHUR BLYTHE** quartet—it features pianist **JOHN HICKS,** bassist **FRED HOPKINS,** and drummer **STEVE MC CALL**—through Sunday, Feb. 22. **CLARK TERRY,** who plays trumpet, mugs, and mumbles, will lead a band opposite Blythe and company on Sunday, Feb. 22. On Tuesday, Feb. 24, trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** will come in with his quintet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** band blasts off. Music from ten.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in Peacock Alley, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade,



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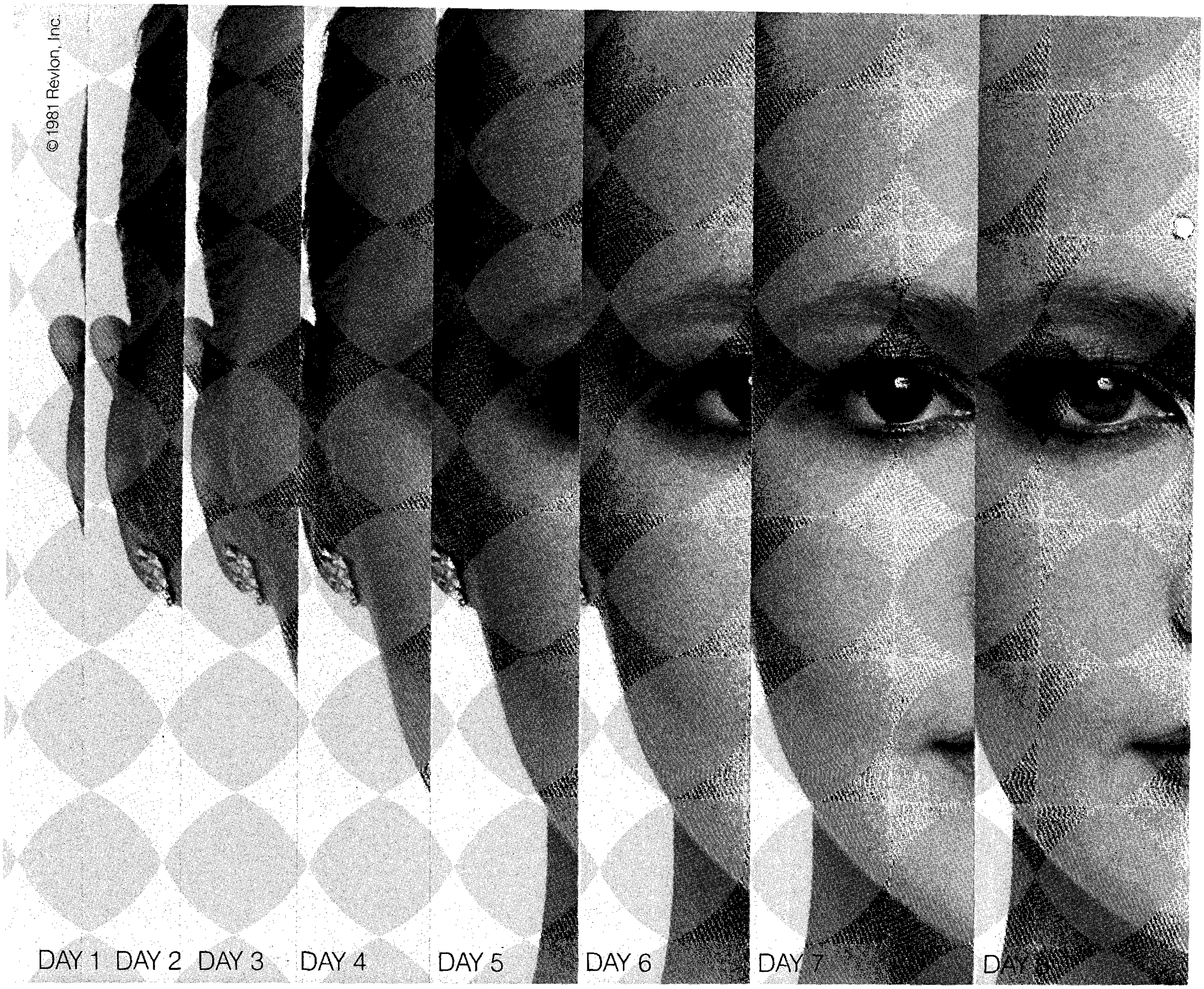

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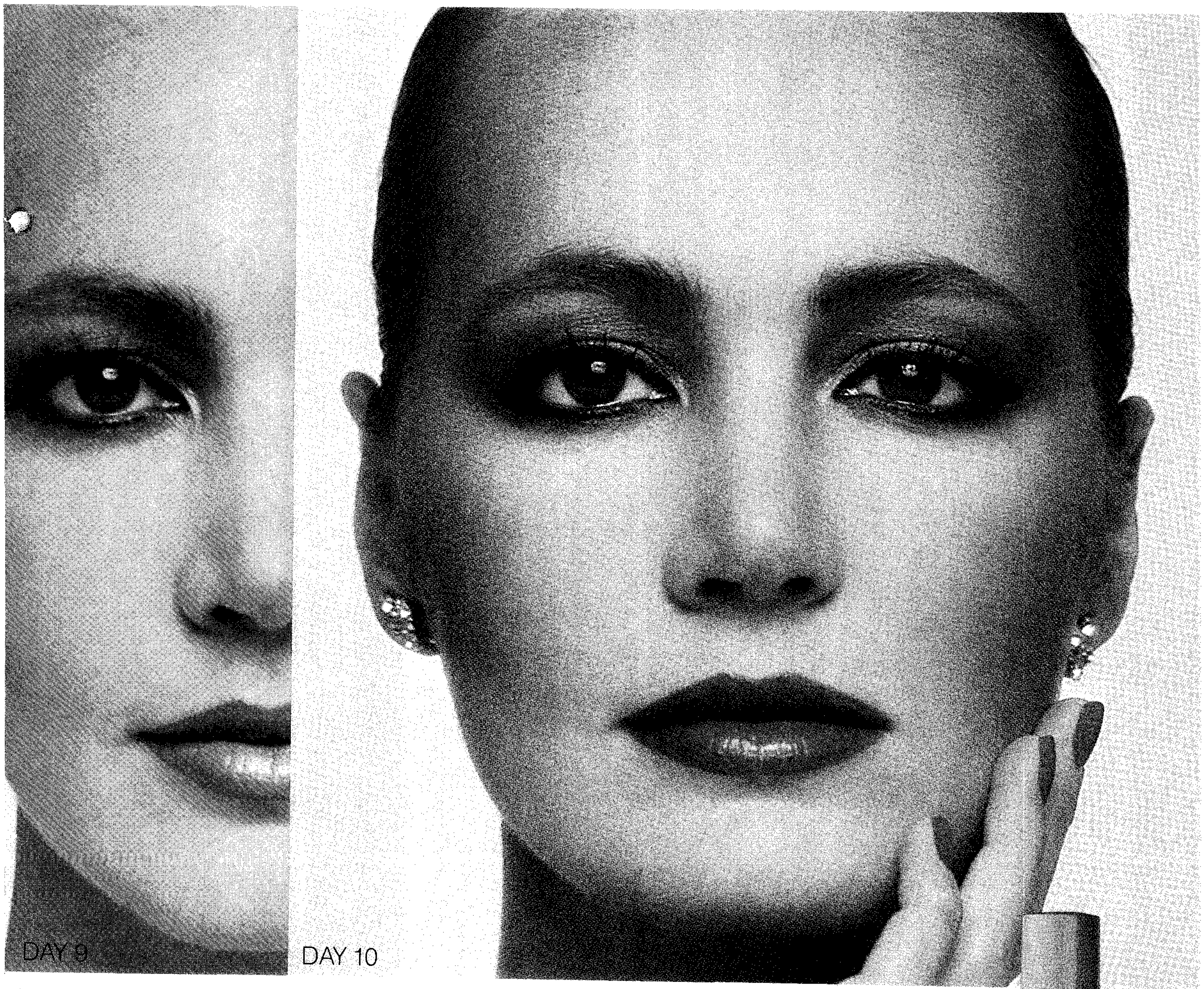

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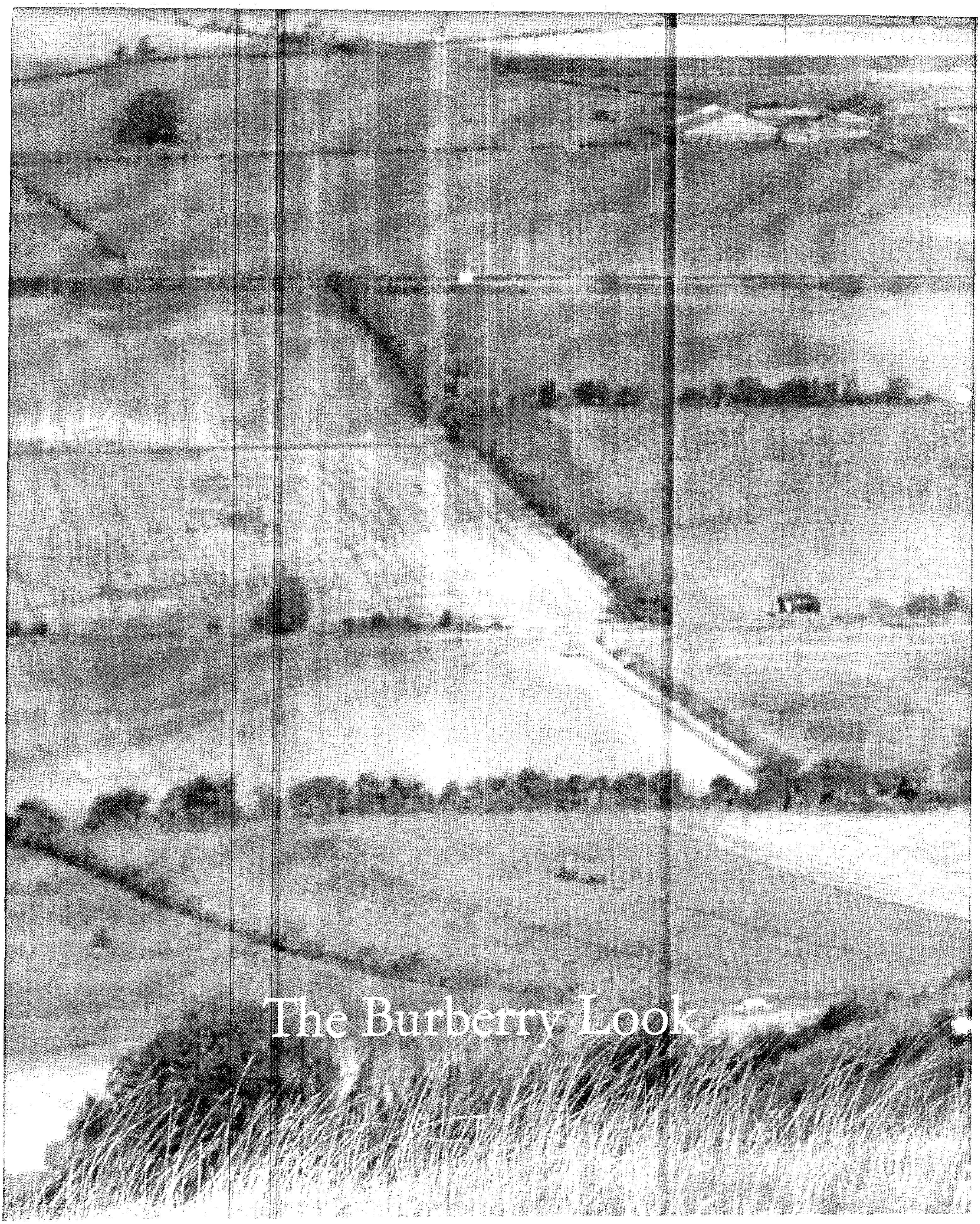

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Hideaway, a small, smoky room that looks like Shangri-la with ice buckets, **HAZEL SCOTT** is at the piano singing "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and innumerable other tunes in her lively, intelligent way. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM** is in charge through Saturday, Feb. 21; trumpeter Valery Ponomarev will lead a group on Sunday, Feb. 22; stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** and the ageless drummer **SONNY GREER** will perform together and goad each other on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 23-24; and trumpeter **JABBO SMITH** will bring in his Rhythm Aces on Wednesday, Feb. 25. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Thiago de Mello and Amazon—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 7. For information about free tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.

Outlaws—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Rita Gardner and Buddy Barnes—Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2, and Monday, Feb. 23, at 8.

Mongo Santamaria—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.

Jazz and Blues—Jack McDuff & the Heating System, Irene Reid & Company, and the Junior Cook-Bill Hardman quintet. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 866-4900.)

Nana Mouskouri—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 24-25, at 8.

Aretha Franklin—With Tom Browne. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 25-26, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 8 and midnight; and Sunday, March 1, at 7:30.)

Wayne Horvitz Quintet—Top of the Park, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7:30.

Cheap Trick—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7:30.

John Lindberg Quintet—CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. 582-4090. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.

How to Change a Flat Tire—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.

Paul Winter & the Winter Consort—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 8:30.

Boomtown Rats—Palladium. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.

Irving Plaza—Bauhaus and DNA. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Saturday, Feb. 28, after 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Feb. 18: Bill Saxton quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 19: Bill Kirchner nonet. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Feb. 20-22: Frank Foster and his Non-Electric Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 24: Jam Session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25: Frank Tiberi, Marc Johnson, and Joe La Barbera. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26: Jim McNeely quartet. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Feb. 27-March 1: Clifford Jordan and Barry Harris quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655. The first set starts around nine-thirty.)

Jazz Gallery—Friday, Feb. 20, at 8 and 10: Dona Carter quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 9: Harvie Swartz duo/quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: Grace Marie Testani. (Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 9: Sonny Sharrock. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:30: Anthony Davis quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30: Abdullah. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Mara Abboud—Paintings. Through March 2. (Ta-Nisia, 741 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Will Barnet—New paintings and works on paper dealing with women, the sea, and solitude. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Robert Beauchamp / Winifred Gallagher—Paintings of male figures, mostly in groups, and works on paper. / Groups of cutout silhouettes with a common theme (Manhattan, for instance), painted in patterns related to it. Through March 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Carroll Cloar—Acrylic paintings by an artist who finds his subject matter in the rural South of his youth—cotton fields in bloom, sharecropper families, sweeps of wildflowers, the railroad depot. Through Thursday, Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Corbett (1919-71)—Late paintings in an elegant, Minimalist style by this abstractionist. Through March 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Michael Flanagan—Small, strange gouache drawings in this artist's highly personal surrealist style. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Cordier & Eckstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Seymour Fogel—Constructivist works: Painted-wood constructions and large graphite drawings. Through March 7. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Morris Graves—Tempera paintings of birds and still-lifes by this veteran artist, now seventy. Through March 4. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

DeWitt Hardy—Landscapes, portraits, and figure studies by a first-rate draftsman who works in transparent watercolors. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Erich Heckel (1883-1970)—Paintings and drawings by a founding member of Die Brücke. Through March 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

William Curtis Holdsworth—Representational paintings—still-lifes, beach scenes, cityscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Caravan House, 132 E. 65th St. Opens at 11:30.)

James Lechay—Fresh-looking landscapes, still-lifes, and figures by an artist who reduces his subjects to their essential forms with a kind of shorthand technique. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., with entrance on 80th St.)

Pat Mainardi—Semi-abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Joan Mitchell—New abstract landscapes in oil, including a mural and two diptychs. Also pastels. Through March 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Robert Motherwell—A survey of the artist's use of black in collages, drawings, and paintings dating from the late forties to the eighties. Through March 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Katherine Porter—New abstract paintings. Through March 14. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Peter Robbie—Sculptural works, including realistic robes carved from marble, a huge beetle and a scallop shell carved from mahogany, and a sealed letter and a flattened grocery bag in low-relief marble. The artist is a professor at Dartmouth. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Kendall Shaw—Pattern paintings based on Andean designs and worked out in half-inch squares of rich colors applied to large canvases. There is also a rectangular column, two feet square and eight feet tall, similarly decorated. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Kimber Smith—Abstract paintings done in a few bold strokes of bright colors on unsized canvas. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

David Smyth—Works that, generally speaking, combine architectural elements, figures, and text. Through March 7. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Anthony Toney—Landscapes, cityscapes, and architectural and figure studies. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

James Twitty—The Rockies around Aspen are the inspiration for these compositions, in which a realistic landscape is painted on a secondary, interior picture plane nested among radiating lines of perspective. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Maurice Utrillo (1883-1955)—About forty paintings, mostly of his favorite subjects—churches and dance halls—and many of them from the period when white dominated his palette. Through March 13. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Show—Braque, Picasso, Klee, Dufy, and Hugo Robus are among the artists represented in a show of works inspired by music. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Sculpture—A show called "Decorative Sculpture" includes a five-part etched-glass screen by Patsy Norvell; an eight-by-six-foot concrete fishpond housing a red concrete fish by Ned Smyth; and a sheet-aluminum fan, called "Coral Cadillac," by Barbara Zucker. Through Friday, Feb. 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Douglas Abdell—Seven monumental painted welded-steel sculptures. Through March 7.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Alice Baber—Recent abstract oils. Through March 21. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957) / **Louis Lozowick** (1892-1973)—Hammered-metal figurative reliefs, several large-scale. / Lithographs and drawings focussing on Manhattan bridges in the thirties. Through March 21. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jack Bush (1909-77)—Abstract paintings in which broad swipes of vivid color are laid onto mottled backgrounds. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gene Davis—Paintings done during the fifties and leading up, almost imperceptibly, to the striped works he is best known for today. Through March 7. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stephen Edlich—Fourteen large collages in a show dominated by a huge triptych, each panel seven feet tall. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jackie Ferrara / Charles Moore—Sculptural pieces constructed of stacked lengths of sanded white pine nailed together and reminiscent of Mayan temples. / Models, renderings, and photographs of a church by this architect which is being built in Pacific Palisades, California. Through March 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

R. M. Fischer—Lamps and fountains constructed of ordinary utensils, found metal, and plastic objects. Through March 14. (Stefanotti, 30 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Large-scale landscapes in watercolor. Through March 14. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bill Gallo—Paintings and lithographs by the *News* cartoonist. Through Friday, Feb. 27. (Spectrum, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Nancy Hagin—Realist paintings of interiors. Through March 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Gordon Hart—Abstract paintings and works on paper plus drawings done on wet plaster or incised into ceramic slabs before firing. Through March 4. (Holly Solomon, 24 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Oil paintings of the Maine woods seen from aloft in autumn, including a monumental triptych commissioned for the Federal Office Building in Bangor. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Johanson—Ceramic models of projected landscapes, with rills of water coursing along and collecting in pools here and there. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Oliver Johnson—Representational still-lifes and portraits on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Alex Katz—Paintings dated 1957-59, including several portraits of his wife, a self-portrait, and portraits of friends, plus a Provincetown seascape. Curiously, these have a warmth that seems missing in his later works. Through March 7. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joyce Kozloff and Betty Woodman—Painted porcelain objects, the joint efforts of the two artists. Through Thursday, Feb. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

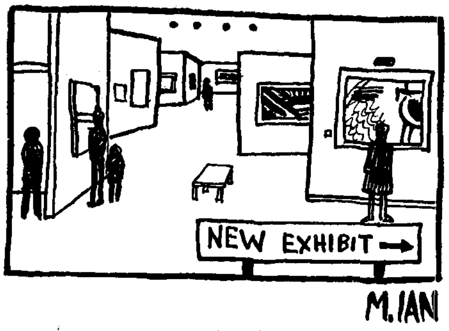
Eleanore Lockspeiser—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Colorful patterns worked out in dots and dashes on large grids by a veteran painter who changed from a figurative to an abstract style in the mid-forties. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marino Marini (1901-80)—Etchings and lithographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

Keith Martin—Collages by an artist who has recently been obliged to retire because of failing eyesight. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

James McGarrell—A single, four-panel figurative work, eight feet high and twenty feet long, filled with quasi-surrealist detail, plus watercolors and drawings in the same vein. Through Thursday, Feb. 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)



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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Irving Petlin—Large, mysterious pastels and oils in which Biblical and mythical subjects are treated in a semi-representational manner. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Paintings from the seventies, often called the Avignon paintings, after the city where they were first exhibited. Through March 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Carolyn Plochmann—Paintings and drawings by an Illinois artist who achieves a kind of medieval richness in her works. Through Friday, Feb. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Abstract compositions that have a pronounced three-dimensional quality. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Richard Serra—Large recent works drawn with a black oil stick on white paper and suggestive of the huge metal abstract sculptures he is noted for. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Paul Thek—New paintings, including scenes of Manhattan (done from the artist's apartment window) and Fire Island. Also, drawings for proposed outdoor sculptures. Through March 7. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **dintenfass**, 50 W. 57th St.: A diverting collection of line drawings representing seventy-eight artists, ranging from James Thurber to Henri Matisse. Through Friday, Feb. 27. . . . **galerie st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Grandma Moses and works on paper by Klimt, Schiele, Kollwitz, Kubin, and Kokoschka. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . **janis**, 110 W. 57th St.: More than thirty contemporary paintings, sculptures, and photographs selected from about a hundred that the art historian Sam Hunter purchased for a corporate collection. Through March 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **touchstone**, 29 W. 57th St.: A group show that includes one of Dotty Attie's insinuating little picture stories; a wall sculpture incorporating wood, screening, and rubberized fabric by Bill Freeland; and three panels from a huge mural of Moorish aspect being done for a Stamford office building by Edgar Buonagurio. Through Saturday, Feb. 28.

Sculpture—A number of artists (Joel Shapiro, Marisol, Brian Hunt, Lynda Benglis) are showing one piece each in bronze, a new material for some of them. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alessandro Algardi / Tony King—Large panels of distinguished-looking but unintelligible writing embossed in white acrylic on a white gesso ground. / Paintings of greatly enlarged greenbacks, the largest being a thousand-dollar bill more than eighteen feet long. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Bill Alpert—A survey of constructions and drawings taking in the years between 1974 and the present. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Ida Applebroog—A series of stage scenes, drawn on vellum, in which cartoonlike figures play out strange little dramas without ever moving. Captions and the viewer's imagination keep the action going. Through March 7. (Feldman, in spacious new downtown-branch quarters at 31-33 Mercer St., between Grand and Canal Sts. Open Mondays.)

Gary Burnley / Jared Bark—Spheres of a rocklike composition glazed in bright-colored abstract designs and highly polished, plus abstract designs in hooked rugs. / Figurative paintings done in modelling paste and glass shards pieced together like mosaics on a wood background. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

William Crovello—Small and medium-size abstract sculptures, in marble, granite, and stainless steel, by the artist who made that double "U" in front of the Time-Life Building. Through March 3. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Enzo Cucchi—Paintings and drawings. Through March 10. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Hans Haacke—More protest works, the artist this time heaping ironic praise upon the Mobil Oil Company in the form of ten large etchings joined together to represent a greatly enlarged facsimile of a stock certificate, scribbled over with handwritten comments and observations. Through March 4. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Stephen Lorber—Paintings by a realist whose specialty is the depiction of woven baskets and handmade quilts. Through Wednesday, Feb. 25. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71)—Paintings done between 1930 and 1950 by this abstract artist, who was a disciple of Gorky but shifted to wholly geometrical forms in her later years. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Manuel Neri / Dennis Ashbaugh—Sculptures of life-size nude figures that have a deliberately sketchy, unfinished look. Some are made of plaster or clay on an armature, others are cast in bronze or carved from stone. / Bright-colored abstract paintings in a show occasioned by the publication of the artist's poster for Lincoln Center Great Performers. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Dennis Oppenheim / Hiroshi Sugimoto—A gargantuan machine, made of canvas, cardboard, wood, tin, plastic tubing and bottles, and whatnot, which starts just outside the elevator door, makes a left turn, and extends down the hall forty or fifty feet before it turns left again and fills up a large gallery. The artist is a Conceptualist (of course), and his title for the work is "Life Support System for a Premature By-Product (from a Long Distance)." / Photographs of empty theatre interiors. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ The City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St., is showing another Oppenheim contrivance. Through March 20. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Garry Rich—Thirty portraits that have in common their size (24 x 24 inches) and medium (industrial enamel on canvas under glass). Through March 14. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Mark Saltz—Large paintings, mostly six feet square, of simple forms—a hat, a leg—done in rich colors thickly applied. Through March 14. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Michael Hunt Stolbach—A two-gallery exhibit of works from his "Quadrettatura" series: an installation—painted rag paper on canvas—covering three walls at Neill, 136 Greene St., and small works at Fields, 60 Grand St., between West Broadway and Wooster St. (opens at noon). Both shows through March 18.

Lawrence Weiner and Edward Ruscha—Two shows relying on the printed word, the first consisting of opaque statements applied to the gallery floor and the second of what the artist calls stutter drawings ("G Gosh It's a Sm Small W World"). Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Mac Wells / Gloria Greenberg—Recent abstract paintings. / Oil paintings on mirrors. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Group Shows—At the **caldwell,** 383 West Broadway: Squares of plate steel and strips of copper laid out on the gallery floor by Carl Andre; large monochromatic paintings by David Budd, who has lately added gold and silver to his palette; and a boxlike installation (seven feet square) involving self-reflecting mirrors by Molly Burgess. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: A fourth-anniversary show of works on paper by eleven artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Margot Robinson—Abstract acrylic paintings, and bronzes. Through March 13. (Cicchinelli, 15 W. 29th St.)

Merrill Wagner / Anthony Thompson—Slate panels on which millions of words seem to have been written in pastels, oil crayons, and graphite, and then obliterated with an eraser. / Decorative wall pieces made of layer after layer of acrylics painted on glass, allowed to dry, and then peeled off. Through Tuesday, Feb. 24. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Benjamin Disraeli Centenary—"Dizzy and Beaconsfield," an exhibit marking the hundredth anniversary of the statesman's death. More than a hundred items have been brought together; included are such memorabilia as letters (one from Tennyson), photographs, cartoons, and a variety of commemorative items. Also on display are first editions of Disraeli's novels, among them "The Voyage of Captain Popanilla," "The Letters of Runnymede," and "Endymion." Through Friday, Feb. 27. (Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **clayworks studio workshop,** 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St.: Ceramics by eight painters and sculptors working with clay for the first time. They include Kikuo Saito, Joyce Kozloff, Sherron Francis, and James Wolfe. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Opens at 1.) . . . **community gallery,** 28 E. 35th St.: Paintings by ten black artists, among them Beauford Delaney, Alma Thomas, and Hale Woodruff. Through Friday, Feb. 27. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 4.) . . . **80 washington square east galleries,** New York University: The fifth annual small-works (under twelve inches) competition; the two hundred and sixty-six paintings, drawings, photographs, and constructions were chosen by Marcia Tucker from more than three thousand entries. Through Friday, Feb. 27. (Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo / Wright Morris—Platinum prints (still-lifes, landscapes, portraits) by the Mexican photographer. / Works recently printed from negatives made in the forties. Through March 7. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Lewis Baltz—More than a hundred gelatin-silver photographs recording the construction of a Utah ski resort. Through March 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Hans Bellmer (1902-75)—This European Surrealist, known for his doll mobiles, also did doll photographs—exclusively. Through March 7. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

John Coplans—Portraits made with a 4 x 5 view camera, over half of them contact prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Alfred Eisenstaedt—A hundred or so photographs taken in Germany at periods some forty years apart—in the twenties and thirties and in 1979-80. The prints on view include landscapes, portraits, crowds, and concerts. There are portraits of Leni Riefenstahl and Max Schmeling from both periods. Through March 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . ¶ In other rooms at the Center: Spanish Civil War photographs by Robert Capa, Gerda Taro, and David Seymour (Chim). Through March 29. . . . ¶ A retrospective of photographs by Lou Bernstein, many of them of the Brooklyn neighborhood where he makes his home. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.

Fernand Fonssagrives—Fashion photography, 1934 to 1960. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Robert Frank / Mitch Epstein—Vintage prints from the forties and fifties. / Color photographs of Egypt. Through Saturday, Feb. 28. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs of birds in urban settings. Through March 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Marvin E. Newman—Photographs of open areas in the city, both temporary and permanent. Through March 3. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

W. Eugene Smith (1918-78)—Photographs dated between 1937 and 1952, including examples from the Second World War and a series entitled "Chaplin at Work." Through March 7. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Yang—Eight-by-ten contact prints of landscapes. Through March 20. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of Korean art incorporating more than three hundred items, among them Buddhist statuary, including a gilt-bronze Maitreya; Koryo celadon; Yi ceramics and paintings; and two gold crowns (about fifth century) recently excavated from royal tombs at the north mound of the Great Tomb at Hwangnam. Through March 15. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"New Work on Paper I," an exhibit that launches a series of recent works on paper. The eight artists participating in this show are Jake Berthot, Dan Christensen, Alan Cote, Tom Holland, Yvonne Jacquette, Ken Kiff, Joan Snyder, and William Tucker. Through April 21. . . . ¶ "The Symbolist Aesthetic," a show of drawings, prints, and other works by late-nineteenth-century European artists (Gauguin, Ensor, Munch, Redon). Through March 10. . . . **photography:** "American Children," an exhibit of sixty photographs from the museum's collection; the works cover a hundred-year period starting with the eighteen-sixties. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"19 Artists—Emergent Americans," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and videotapes which introduces relatively unknown artists. One work by each artist will be purchased for the museum's collections. Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Alexander Calder is the star of the eighth and final exhibition of the museum's "Concentration" series. More than forty pieces, spanning five decades of his work, are on display—a number of them recent acquisitions, including such early works as "Elephant," "Little Ball with Counterweight," and "Constellation with Quadrilateral." Through May 3. . . . ¶ The 1981 biennial survey of paintings, sculptures, photographs, videotapes, and films produced in the past two years occupies the top three floors of the museum. Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

2314 RICOTTA-LATTICINI FRESCHI 2314
J. Capa

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Department of Prints and Drawings has acquired hundreds of works in the past two years, and of these a hundred have been put on view—by Delacroix, Marguerite Zorach, Alex Katz, William T. Wiley, and others. Through March 22. (A note of caution: some galleries are open on only a rotating basis. Hours in general: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Hopi Indian life is seen in historical perspective in a show of ancient and contemporary artifacts (among them a hundred and fifty kachina dolls), two prehistoric murals, and two large-scale models of Hopi villages. Through May 8. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—"The Clay Figure:" Works by twelve sculptors, among them Mary Frank, Robert Arneson, and Richard Shaw. Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibition organized by Bernard Rudofsky, the museum's scholar-in-residence, that deals with the way we eat, sleep, clean ourselves, and take our ease. The show includes tableware from various civilizations; headrests from Egypt, the Pacific Islands, and Africa; early bathroom facilities and the prototype of Buckminster Fuller's "Dymaxion" bathroom. Through Sunday, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ A display of nearly five hundred matchsafes from the Brener collection, which has examples made of precious materials (silver, ivory, gold) in precious shapes (babies, animals, musical instruments) dating from the eighteen-seventies, not long after the invention of the friction match. Through April 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of twentieth-century Israeli art, showing the works of thirty-six major Israeli artists. More than a hundred works, many borrowed from collections both in this country and abroad. Included are paintings by Reuven Rubin and Moshe Castel, a large triptych by Mordecai Ardon, and sculptures by Yaacov Agam and Igael Tumarkin. Starts Thursday, Feb. 19. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred drawings by European draftsmen, spanning the years 1375-1825. These are not just any draftsmen, however; Botticelli, Raphael, Dürer, Hogarth, Rembrandt, Ingres, and Goya (to name, literally, just a few) are among them. . . . ¶ From roughly the same period, these artists' literary counterparts are also featured: first editions of poetry, novels, and plays by Molière, Voltaire, Goethe, Sir Thomas More, and Cervantes. Also the manuscript and corrected galley proofs of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." Both shows start Thursday, Feb. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A comprehensive look (afforded by the Berg Collection) at W. H. Auden's work and, to a degree, his life. Many photographs. Through May 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A retrospective of set and costume designs for the opera by Beni Montresor. In addition, the actual costumes worn by such stars as Sherrill Milnes, Grace Bumbry, and Renata Tebaldi. Through May 30. (Open daily except Sundays and Wednesdays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at

125th St.—A show of photographs, prints, assemblages, sculptures, and paintings by six contemporary artists showing here for the first time: Curtis Bunyan, Nanette Carter, Janet Henry, Howard McCalebb, Leon Waller, and Stanley K. Whitney. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Three solo shows: Myrel Chernick (film installation), Carroll Dunham (abstract drawings), and Tom Rubnitz (painted cutouts). Also, a group show of drawings, models, and other works by five architects. Through Saturday, Feb. 28.

Dia Art Foundation, 6 Harrison St., at Hudson St. 925-8270. Exhibition hours: Thursdays, 4 to 8; Saturdays, 2 to 6.—"The Magenta Lights," an installation by Marian Zazeela in which colored lights are reflected from suspended mobiles. On Wednesdays and Sundays at 6, concurrent four-hour piano improvisations ("The Well-Tuned Piano") by the composer La Monte Young. (Live on Sundays, taped on Wednesdays.) Through Saturday, Feb. 28.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—May Stevens (performance), Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8:30; Howardena Pindell (video performance), Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8:30 and 9:00; an exhibition of photographs and drawings by Daile Kaplan, through Saturday, Feb. 28.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—A video installation, with sound, by Rita Myers, through Saturday, Feb. 28.

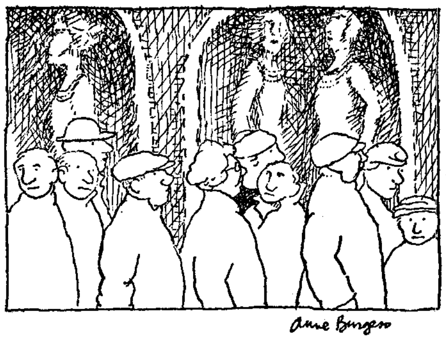
P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—More than a hundred artists are on view here in homage to New Wave culture, with such works as fourteen mounted metal panels painted by graffiti artists who consider themselves masters of their craft. Also paintings, drawings, and photographs, similarly inspired. Through April 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 7: "Tristan und Isolde," with Roberta Knie, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Timothy Jenkins, Donald McIntyre, and Matti Salminen; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Lucine Amara, Judith Blegen, Lili Chookasian, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, and Arthur Thompson; Michelangelo-Veltri. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 7:30: A benefit performance (for tickets, call 582-6067)—The première of Erik Satie's ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Ruth Welting. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Die Zauberflöte," with Lucia Popp, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Dale Duesing, Donald McIntyre, Matti Salminen, Betsy Norden, and Patricia Craig; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, Arthur Thompson, and Julien Robbins; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Salome," with Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, Timothy Jenkins, and Bernd Weikl; Andrew Davis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Ruth Welting. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Kathleen Battle, Rockwell Blake, Sesto Bruscantini, Allan Monk, Ara Berberian, and Nedda Casei; Nicola Rescigno. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Bianca Berini, Carlo Bergonzi, Sherrill Milnes, Arthur Thompson, and Julien Robbins; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Catherine Malfitano, David Holloway, and Allan Monk; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Hilda Harris, Gail Robinson, and Ruth Welting. Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Salome," with Gwyneth Jones, Mignon Dunn, Richard Cassilly, Timothy Jenkins, and Bernd Weikl; Andrew Davis.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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New York City Opera—Opening performances of *the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 26*—Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Carol Vaness, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Janice Hall, Bruce Reed, Stephen Dickson, and William Wildermann; conducted by Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Heather Thomson, Ellen Shade, Samuel Ramey, Justino Díaz, and John Aler; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: "Carmen," with Joy Davidson, Sherry Zannoth, Jacque Trussel, and Richard Fredricks; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Carol Vaness, Joseph Evans, David Arnold, and Boris Martinovich; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 22, at 1: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Marianna Christos, Joanna Simon, Nadia Pelle, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Antonio de Almeida. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 22, at 7, and Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Heather Thomson, Ellen Shade, Samuel Ramey, Justino Díaz, and John Aler; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Carol Vaness, Joseph Evans, David Arnold, and Boris Martinovich; Calvin Simmons. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Heather Thomson, Ellen Shade, Samuel Ramey, Justino Díaz, and John Aler; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with June Anderson, Marianna Christos, Joanna Simon, Nadia Pelle, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Antonio de Almeida. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." Staged by Norman Ayrton, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Laszlo Halasz. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Feb. 25, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, March 1, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Presenting the New York première of two one-act operas—Ned Rorem's "Bertha" (based on a play by Kenneth Koch), and Thomas Benjamin's "The Rehearsal." (Theatre 22, 54 W. 22nd St. 691-6105. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 7 and 9:30, and Sunday, March 1, at 3 and 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting a nonsubscription performance on Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a Beethoven-Wagner program on Thursday, Feb. 19, Saturday, Feb. 21, and a nonsubscription performance Monday, Feb. 23, at 8 (all with Montserrat Caballé, soprano). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a George Walker-Beethoven-Richard Strauss program on Friday, Feb. 20, at 2 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Rafael Kubelik conducting performances of Mahler's Seventh Symphony Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 26-28, at 8, and Tuesday, March 3, at 7:30.

New Jersey Symphony Orchestra—Thomas Michalak conducting, with Eileen Farrell, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting, with Salvatore Accardo, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—John Nelson conducting a program that includes the New York première of Anthony Newman's Violin Concerto. With Hidetaro Suzuki, violin, and Mr. Newman, organ. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Württemberg Chamber Orchestra—Jörg Faerber conducting, with Maurice André, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Benita Valente, soprano; Leonard Raver, organ; and Julius Levine, double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Szymon Goldberg conducting, with Richard Goode, piano; Syoko Aki, violin; and Jean Dane, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra, with Marya Martin, flute; Stephanie Brown, piano; and Krista Bennion, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3.)

Mozart Festival Orchestra—Baird Hastings conducting. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

American Composers Orchestra—Theodore Antoniou conducting, with Richard Barrett, tenor, and Gordon Gottlieb and Joseph Passaro, percussion. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Vladimir Kin conducting. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—George Manahan conducting, with Jennifer Hoult, harp, and Michael Kelly, piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting and acting as piano soloist, in a Mozart-Tchaikovsky-Weber-Hindemith program, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 27-28, at 8, and Sunday, March 1, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Moussorgsky's opera "Khovantshchina," with orchestration by Shostakovich, in concert form. With Renata Babak, mezzo-soprano; Peter Kazaras and Dean Schoff, tenors; Donnie Ray Albert, bass-baritone; and Stephen Markuson, bass. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8. Free tickets will be available at the door on the night of the performance.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a program of English Renaissance music and twentieth-century American and English music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 865-7035.)

RECITALS

Constantine Cassolas and Elizabeth Wright—Tenor and piano, in a program of American music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The last in a series of concerts presenting the complete quartets of Bartók and Mendelssohn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Ransom Wilson—Flute, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Balint Vazsonyi—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Orin Grossman—Piano, in a program part classical and part jazz. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Shlomo Mintz and Daniel Phillips, violin; Donald McInnes and Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and André-Michel Schub, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 5.)

Galimir String Quartet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Waverly Consort—A program of English baroque music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Helen Vanni and Harold Lewin—Mezzo-soprano and piano. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Claude Frank—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

Lydia Artymiw—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ana Maria Trenchi de Bottazzi—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

For the Love of Music—The third in a series of five programs of chamber music, this one a Haydn-Mozart-Kodály-Dohnányi program, performed by Ida Kavafian and Richard Sortomme, violin/viola; Warren Lash, cello; Carol Webb, violin; and Pamela Mia Paul, piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3.)

Paul Badura-Skoda—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin, with Stanley Druker, clarinet, and Paul Coker, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Stephanie Chase—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Stefani Starin—Flute, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—A program that includes the première of Toru Takemitsu's String Quartet No. 1. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Hamao Fujiwara—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Oliver Steiner—Violin. (Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8.)

Baroque Chamber Music—Ruth Cunningham, baroque flute; Sarah Brink, harpsichord; and Wendy Gillespie, viola da gamba. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The first in a series of five one-hour concerts, this one played by Calvin Hampton. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 5:30.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Shoshana and Michael Rudiakov—Cello and piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Jan DeGaetani, soprano, and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 25-26, at 8.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Marcy Rosen, cello; and Philipp Naegele, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Stephanie Jutt—Flute, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Thérèse Dussaut—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Ronald Roseman and Virginia Brewer, oboe; Donald MacCourt, bassoon; Timothy Eddy, cello; and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—The fourth in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 2.)

Composers String Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 3. The Quartet will provide a one-hour commentary and musical illustrations of the cycle at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Seymour Lipkin—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Brian Schweickhardt—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix—Flute and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Totally Telemann." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

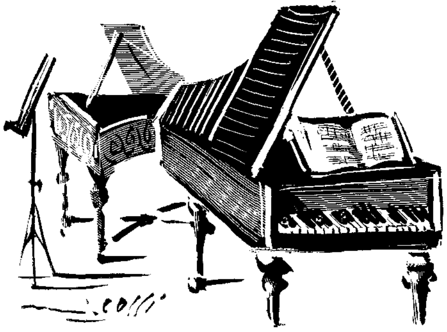
Debussy-The Late Years—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, a group including Victoria Villamil, soprano; Douglas Perry, tenor; Geoffrey Michaels, violin; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; and Cheryl Seltzer and Joel Sachs, piano. Also participating will be Canticum Novum, and two other choruses. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Anna Russell—Vocal caricaturist, in a program celebrating Carnegie Hall's ninety years of musical life. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 27, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave., between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Washington, Friday, Feb. 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, Feb. 22, at 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Chicago, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 8:05. . . . **rutgers university athletic center:** Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Portland, Friday, Feb. 20, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Dallas, Sunday, Feb. 22, at 4:05. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 1-201 935-8888.)



Hockey—At **madison square garden** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Buffalo Sabres, Wednesday, Feb. 25. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 18. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, March 14. The Bowie, Saturday, Feb. 28.

Track—National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 27, at 7.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 4. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Edmund Keeley reading from his translations of poems by the Greek poet Yannis Ritsos. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Hayden Carruth and Ann Lauterbach reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 23, at 8.)

National Antiques Show—Among this year's exhibits are a collection of paper memorabilia, an assortment of mementos from ocean liners, and a sampling of Russian art works. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 18-21, from 1 to 9, and Sunday, Feb. 22, from 1 to 6.)

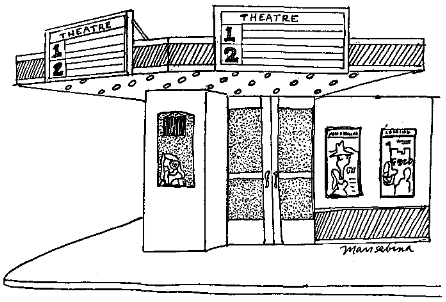
Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. Saturday, Feb. 28, from 10 to 7, and Sunday, March 1, from 10 to 6.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 18-20, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures, including a group of School of Paris paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . **sotheby's york avenue galleries,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 18-19, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, *objets de vertu*, and English and Continental silver. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 2: Pre-Columbian art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 26, at 2, and Friday, Feb. 27, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades, snuff bottles, and works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 21. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Feb. 25, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures, among them works by Kandinsky, Renoir, Dali, and Laurencin. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 19. . . . **phillips,** 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Friday, Feb. 20, at 2: American, English, and Continental silver, together with watches and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 23, at 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 20.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Feb. 22: "Alambrista" (1978), directed by Robert M. Young, with Domingo Ambriz, Trinidad Silva, and Ned Beatty. *On Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8 P.M., Mr. Young will be present. Also on Thursday, at 10 P.M. only, a showing of Mr. Young's "Rich Kids" (1979), with Trini Alvardo and Jeremy Levy.*

Feb. 23: Theatre closed.

From Feb. 24: "Alambrista." On Thursday, Feb. 26, at 8 P.M., Mr. Young will again be present. Then, at 10 P.M. only, a showing of his "One-Trick Pony," with Paul Simon, Blair Brown, and Rip Torn.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Samuel Goldwyn films:

Feb. 18: "Dead End" (†) and "Come and Get It." (†)

Feb. 19: "The Little Foxes" (†) and "Dead End." (†)

Feb. 20-22: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (†); and "Raffles" (1940), directed by Sam Wood, with Olivia De Havilland and David Niven.

Feb. 23-28: "Guys and Dolls" (†) and "The Hurricane." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Feb. 19: "Popeye" (†) and "Urban Cowboy." (†)

Feb. 20-26: "Seems Like Old Times," directed by Jay Sandrich, with Chevy Chase, Goldie Hawn, and Charles Grodin; and "The Electric Horseman." (†)

From Feb. 27: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Sphinx," directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with Lesley-Anne Down, Frank Langella, Maurice Ronet, and John Gielgud.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

Through Feb. 28 (tentative): "My Bloody Valentine," a Canadian film, directed by George Mihalka, with Paul Kelman and Lori Hallier.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Altered States." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen," directed by Clive Donner, with Peter Ustinov, Angie Dickinson, Richard Hatch, and Lee Grant.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"9 to 5," directed by Colin Higgins, with Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Dabney Coleman.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Caddie," an Australian film, directed by Donald Crombie, with Helen Morse and Jack Thompson.

Manhattan I, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

"The Dogs of War," directed by John Irvin, with Christopher Walken, Tom Berenger, and Colin Blakely.

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Through Feb. 26: "Sphinx."

From Feb. 27: "One Wild Moment," in French, directed by Claude Berri, with Jean-Pierre Marielle and Victor Lanoux.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Through Feb. 19: "Inside Moves," directed by Richard Donner, with John Savage.

From Feb. 20: "Melvin and Howard." (†)

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

"The Last Metro," in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Feb. 19: "Private Benjamin." (†)

From Feb. 20: "The Great Santini." (†)

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)

"Breaker Morant," an Australian film, directed by Bruce Beresford, with Edward Woodward.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)

"Stir Crazy," directed by Sidney Poitier, with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, Georg Stanford Brown, and Jobeth Williams.

Gemini I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

"The Incredible Shrinking Woman," directed by Joel Schumacher, with Lily Tomlin, Charles Grodin, and Ned Beatty.

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)

"Altered States." (†)

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Spetters," in Dutch, directed by Paul Verhoeven.

Loews New York I, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

"American Pop," an animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi.

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

"Tell Me a Riddle," directed by Lee Grant, with Melvyn Douglas, Lila Kedrova, and Brooke Adams.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"La Cage aux Folles II," in French, directed by Edouard Molinaro, with Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"The Competition." (†)

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through Feb. 19: "Popeye." (†)

Feb. 20-26: "Resurrection." (†)

From Feb. 27: "Seems Like Old Times."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)

"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen."

Loews Orpheum I, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

"Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

"Stir Crazy."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"The Dogs of War."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "9 to 5."

Theatre 2: "Sphinx."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Greenwich Playhouse I, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

"La Cage aux Folles II."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Theatre 2: "Ordinary People." (†)

Theatre 3: "Raging Bull." (†)

Theatre 4: "Tell Me a Riddle."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Earthling," directed by Peter Collinson, with William Holden and Ricky Schroder.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (†)

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Resurrection." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"La Cage aux Folles II."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Tess." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Mon Oncle d'Amérique," in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger-Pierre.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Ordinary People." (†)

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Raging Bull." (†)

Cinema Studio I, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

"Man of Marble," in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

"Les Bons Débarras (Good Riddance)," a Canadian film, in French, directed by Francis Mankiewicz, with Marie Tifo, Charlotte Laurier, and Germain Houde.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Ordinary People." (†)

Theatre 2: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior"). (†)

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: "Sphinx."

Theatre 2: "Popeye." (†)

Theatre 3: "Seems Like Old Times."

Theatre 4: "Stir Crazy."

New Yorker I, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

"The Jazz Singer," directed by Richard Fleischer, with Neil Diamond and Laurence Olivier.

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Raging Bull." (†)

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 19: "Popeye." (†) Feb. 20-26: "Seems Like Old Times." From Feb. 27: "Flash Gordon." (†)

Theatre 3: "Caligula."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "Sphinx."

Theatre 2: "Fort Apache, the Bronx." (†)

Theatre 3: "9 to 5."

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 26: "Maniac," directed by William Lustig, with Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro. From Feb. 27: "The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

Theatre 5: "Raging Bull." (†)

Theatre 6: Through Feb. 26: "The Jazz Singer." From Feb. 27: "One Wild Moment."

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Ordinary People." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "The Elephant Man." (†)

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 26: "Scanners," a Canadian film, directed by David Cronenberg, with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan. From Feb. 27: "Sunday Lovers," in English, French, and Italian, directed by Gene Wilder, Bryan Forbes, Edouard Molinaro, and Dino Risi.

Theatre 4: "Popeye." (†)

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)

"Fear No Evil," directed by Frank LaLoggia, with Stefan Arngrim and Elizabeth Hoffman.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Altered States." (†)

Loews State I, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

"The Dogs of War."

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)

Through Feb. 26: "My Bloody Valentine."

From Feb. 27: "Eyewitness," directed by Peter Yates, with William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, Christopher Plummer, and James Woods.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Caligula."

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

"Stir Crazy."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

"The Incredible Shrinking Woman."

R.K.O. Cinerama I, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)

"Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen."

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369) "American Pop."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Feb. 20: "Hunting Flies" (1969) and "Birchwood" (1971), both films in Polish, directed by Andrzej Wajda.
Feb. 21: "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson; and "Savage Messiah" (1972), directed by Ken Russell, with Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony.
Feb. 22: "Zabriskie Point" (1970), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor; and "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
Feb. 23: "Masculine Feminine" (1965), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya; and "Sympathy for the Devil" (1968; "One Plus One"), directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with the Rolling Stones.
Feb. 24: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune, Machiko Kyo, and Masayuki Mori; and "Ninja Assassin Goemon Will Never Die" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Mori, with Raizo Ichikawa.
Feb. 25: "The Servant" (†) and "Mr. Klein." (†)
Feb. 26: "Something for Everyone" (1970), directed by Harold Prince, with Angela Lansbury and Michael York; and "The Boys in the Band." (†)
Feb. 27: "Day for Night" (1973), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Isabelle Adjani.
Feb. 28: "Being There" (†); and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 18: "Quo Vadis" (1951), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Leo Genn, and Peter Ustinov; and "Seventh Heaven" (1927), a silent film, directed by Frank Borzage, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.
Feb. 19: "Cul-de-Sac" (1966), directed by Roman Polanski, with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac; and "Macbeth" (1971), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jon Finch.
Feb. 20: "The Go-Between" (1971), directed by Joseph Losey, with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, and Margaret Leighton; and "The Europeans" (1979), directed by James Ivory, with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, Lisa Eichhorn, and Kristin Griffith.
Feb. 21: "The Wild One" (1954), directed by Laslo Benedek, with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Feb. 22: "Camelot." (†)
Feb. 23: "Intermezzo" (1939), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard, Edna Best, and John Halliday; and "Autumn Sonata." (†)
Feb. 24: "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly; and "Symphonie Pastorale." (†)
Feb. 25: "Lawrence of Arabia." (†)
Feb. 26: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (†); and a program of three Roman Polanski short films.
Feb. 27: "The Night of the Hunter" (†) and "Wise Blood." (†)
Feb. 28: "Children of Paradise." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 19: "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978), directed by Karel Reisz, with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.
Feb. 20-21: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972) and "Manhattan" (1979), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Feb. 22-23: "Black Orpheus" (1959), in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973), a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois, directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff.
Feb. 24: "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski; and "Ashes and Diamonds." (†)
Feb. 25-26: "Lilith" (†); and "Breathless" (1959), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Feb. 27-28: "Annie Hall" (1977) and "Love and Death" (1975), both films directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Feb. 18: "American Graffiti" (1973), directed by George Lucas, with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard; and "Breaking Away" (1979), directed by Peter Yates, with Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley.
Feb. 19-21: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Straw Dogs" (1972), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George.
Feb. 22-23: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (†) and "A Wedding." (†)
Feb. 24-25: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" (†); and "The Last Picture Show" (1971), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman.
Feb. 26-28: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)
Through Feb. 20: "The Time Machine" (1960), directed by George Pal, with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot; and "Soylent Green" (1973), directed by Richard Fleischer, with Charlton Heston and Edward G. Robinson.
Feb. 21-23: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie.
Feb. 24-26: "Imitation of Life" (†) and "Back Street." (†)
From Feb. 27: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Feb. 21: "Another Thin Man" (1939), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, C. Aubrey Smith, and Sheldon Leonard; and "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.
Feb. 22-23: "At the Circus" (†) and "A Day at the Races." (†)
Feb. 24-25: "Johnny Eager" (†); and "The Asphalt Jungle" (1950), directed by John Huston, with Sterling Hayden, Jean Hagen, Louis Calhern, and Sam Jaffe.
Feb. 26-28: "Du Barry Was a Lady" (†); and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

SARDIS
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Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 18: "Pigpen" (1969), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Beach of Rome" (1970), in Italian, directed by Sergio Citti, with Laurent Terzieff and Franco Citti.
Feb. 19: "Of Mice and Men" (1940), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney, Jr., and Bob Steele; and "A Walk in the Sun" (1945), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Dana Andrews, John Ireland, and Richard Conte.
Feb. 20-21: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, and William Demarest.
Feb. 22: A program of film outtakes and other formerly unseen footage.
Feb. 23: A program of selections from "Your Show of Shows," "The George Burns and Gracie Allen Show," and other television comedies.
Feb. 24: A program of television dramas from the fifties, including "Rookie of the Year" (1955), directed by John Ford, with John Wayne, and "Tom and Jerry" (1955), directed by Leo McCarey, with Peter Lawford.
Feb. 25: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini.
Feb. 26: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (†); and "The Red Pony" (1949), directed by Lewis Milestone, with Robert Mitchum, Myrna Loy, Louis Calhern, and Peter Miles.
Feb. 27-28: "Quadrophenia" (1979), directed by Franc Roddam; and "The Kids Are Alright" (1979), directed by Jeff Stein, with the Who.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 18: "Can't Help Singing" (1944), directed by Frank Ryan, with Deanna Durbin, Robert Paige, Akim Tamiroff, and Leonid Kinskey; and "Till the Clouds Roll By" (1946), directed by Richard Whorf, with Robert Walker.
Feb. 19: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, and Frank Morgan.
Feb. 20-21: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.
Feb. 22: "Ecstasy" (1933), in German, directed by Gustav Machaty, with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (1938), directed by John Cromwell, with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.
Feb. 23: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "The Wrong Box" (1966), directed by Bryan Forbes, with John Mills, Ralph Richardson, Michael Caine, Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Peter Sellers.
Feb. 24: "The Dark Horse" (1932), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Guy Kibbee, Bette Davis, and Warren William; and "Fog Over Frisco." (†)
Feb. 25: "The Big Sleep" (1946), directed by Howard Hawks, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Across the Pacific." (†)
Feb. 26: "Night After Night" (†) and "My Little Chickadee." (†)
Feb. 27: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Victor Sjöström,

Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

From Feb. 28: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 19 at 2:30: "Le Rose et le Blanc" (1980), in French, directed by Robert Pansard-Besson, with Bulle Ogier; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 6: "La Femme-Enfant" (1980), in French, directed by Raphaële Billetdoux (who will be present), with Klaus Kinski; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8:30: "Third World, Prisonnier de la Rue" (1980), a documentary, directed by Jérôme Laperrousaz (who will be present). . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2:30: "Vacances Royales" (1980), in French, directed by Gabriel Auer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 6: "Ces Malades Qui Nous Gouvernent" (1980), a documentary, directed by Claude Vajda (who will be present). . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at noon: "A Kiss for Cinderella" (1925), directed by Herbert Brenon, with Betty Bronson, Tom Moore, and Esther Ralston. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2:30: "Third World, Prisonnier de la Rue." The director will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 5: "La Femme-Enfant." The director will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at noon: "Seventh Heaven" (1927), a silent film, directed by Frank Borzage, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 2:30: "Le Rose et le Blanc." . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 5: "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1926), an Italian silent film, directed by Carmine Gallone and Amleto Palermi; no English intertitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at noon: A program of recent Polish animated films. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2:30: "Ces Malades Qui Nous Gouvernent." The director will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 6: "The House Without Steps" (1979), directed by Walter Ungerer, with Jo Moore. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at noon: A program of recent Polish animated films. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 2:30: "The Last Days of Pompeii." . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 6: "Shop Talk" (1980), a documentary, directed by Robert K. Machover and Catherine Pozzo di Borgo. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2:30: "Les Trois Derniers Hommes" (1980), in French, a documentary, directed by Antoine Perset; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 6: "Anthracite" (1980), in French, directed by Edouard Niermans; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 8:30: "Exterieur Nuit" (1980), in French, directed by Jacques Bral; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 2:30: A program of five recent French short films; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 27 at 6: A program of recent Polish animated films. The animator, Miroslaw Kijowicz, will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at noon: "Seventh Heaven." . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2:30: "Guns" (1980), in French, directed by Robert Kramer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 5: "Exterieur Nuit." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (288-9601)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for films and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Feb. 18 at 8: A program of films directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 3: A video program. . . . ¶ Feb. 19 at 8: "Dog Star Man" (1961-64), directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 7 and 10: Two programs of films by West Coast filmmakers. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2: "360" (1981), a video film by Julia Heyward. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 7 and 10: Two programs of films by West Coast filmmakers. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 7: "The Art of Vision" (1965), directed by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 8: A video program. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 3: A program of video films by Kit Fitzgerald and John Sanborn. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 8: A program of five films by James Broughton. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 8 and Feb. 27 at 7 and 10: Three programs of films by West Coast filmmakers. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 2: A program of video films by Gary Hill. . . . ¶ Feb. 28 at 7 and 10: Two programs of films by West Coast filmmakers.

FROM MAO TO MOZART—ISAAC STERN IN CHINA—A documentary devoted to a tour of China that the violinist made in 1979. It covers not only his own concerts and master classes, with Chinese students playing Western music, but the teaching of his Chinese counterparts, on traditional Chinese instruments. (Symphony Space, B'way at 95th. 865-2557. Starting Monday, Feb. 23, showings at 6, 8, and 10.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC (1942)—After his exhilarating début film, "The Maltese Falcon" (1941), John Huston had a commercial failure with "In This Our Life;" then he tried to repeat the success of "Falcon" with this action-adventure story, using some of the "Falcon" cast—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet. The film was supposed to be about a group sailing to Honolulu to thwart a Japanese plan to blow up Pearl Harbor; during the second week of shooting, the Japanese *did* blow up Pearl Harbor. The production was shut down and there was a hasty rewrite. The result is a complicated plot about spies who plan to blow up the Panama Canal, and there are assorted captures and hairbreadth escapes. Huston manages to give the sequences some tension, and though the shipboard scenes were—in the custom of the time—filmed on the studio back lot, the images are airy and spacious. But Huston couldn't do anything about the essential mediocrity of the material, and when he was drafted into the Army Special Services before the picture was finished, he showed what he thought of the mess: he hurriedly shot a scene with Bogart trussed up and about to be killed, and then left his replacement director, Vincent Sherman, to figure out how to save Bogart in time to prevent the bombing of the Canal. The movie isn't really bad—just bewildering. Mary Astor comes off the worst; cast as a conventional heroine, she looks heavy and uncomfortable, and too big for Bogart, who, incidentally, was called Rick here—the name that was carried over the next year in "Casablanca." With Victor Sen Yung, Charles Halton, Richard Loo, Keye Luke, and Monte Blue. Script by Richard Macauley. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 25.)

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wiredrawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (8th St. Playhouse; Feb. 24-25.)

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (1930)—Lewis Milestone's famous film, from Remarque's novel. A bunch of German volunteers in the First World War go from school to the trenches in increasing cynicism and squalor. Eisenstein called the film a good Ph.D. thesis, but in spite of some truth in that, and in spite of the woodenness of Maxwell Anderson's script, the pacifist feeling is piercing enough for the film often to have been banned in politically vulnerable countries. With Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim, and Slim Summerville, and Fred Zinnemann doubled up in two bit parts. (Thalia; Feb. 26.)

ALTERED STATES—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildy different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde tricks, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/19/81.) (Murray Hill, Gemini 2, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

ASHES AND DIAMONDS (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing a patriot of the Warsaw uprising. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Cinema Village; Feb. 24.)

AT THE CIRCUS (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to shoot Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (Regency; Feb. 22-23.)

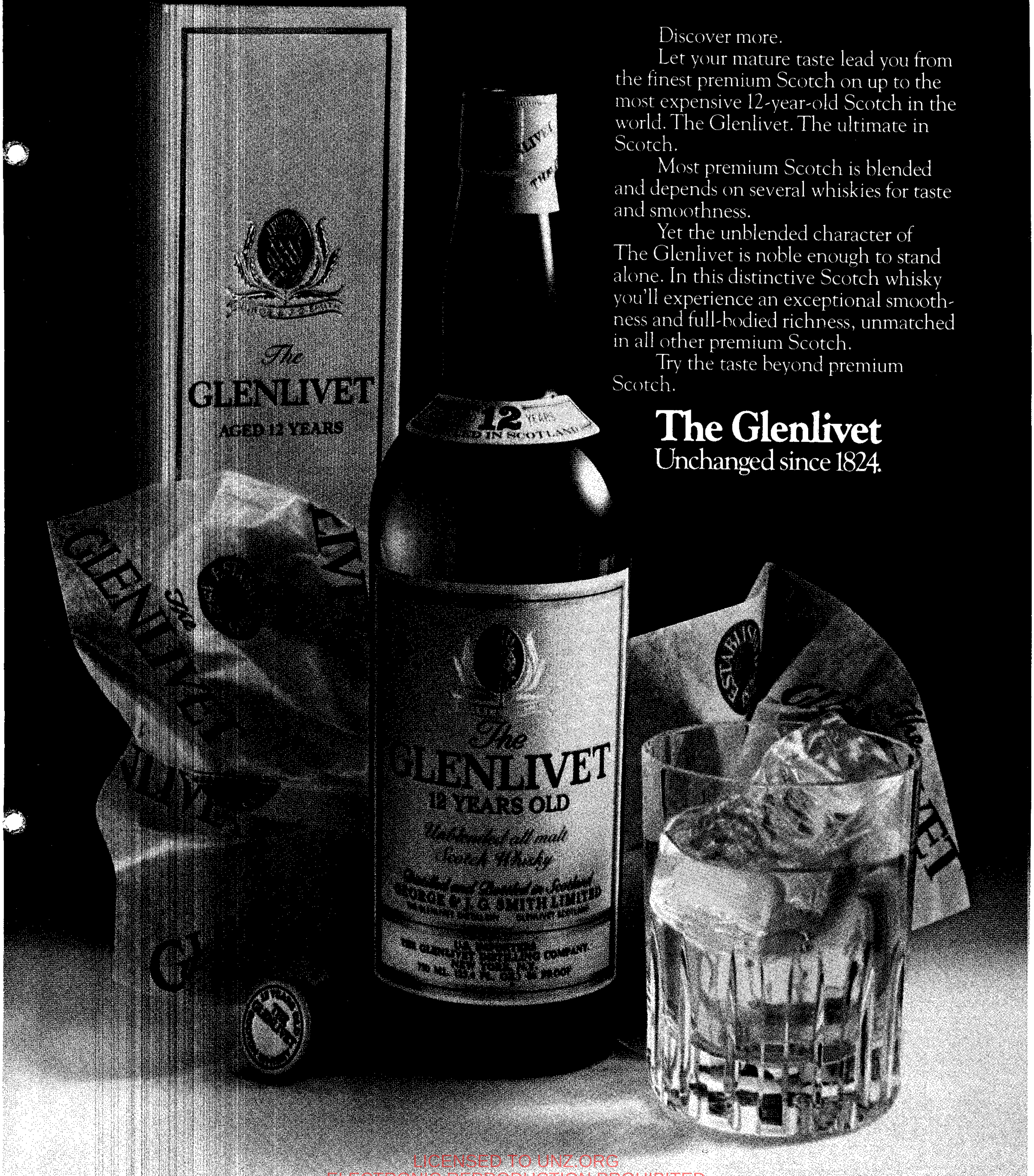
AUTUMN SONATA (1978)—Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her majestically worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. Ingmar Bergman's whole film is like the grievances of someone who has just gone into therapy—Mother did this to me, she did that to me, and that and that and that. Ullmann enters into Bergman's disturbed emotions and puts them on the screen just as he desires; neither of them does the shaping job of an artist here. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 23.)

BACK STREET (1932)—Irene Dunne does the suffering in this version of the Fannie Hurst classic weeper about a woman who loves a selfish married man (John Boles) and spends her whole life in the shadow of his. Fannie Hurst had a shameful genius for this sort of muck. John M. Stahl directed, and the great Karl Freund did the cinematography. With ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell, Jane Darwell, Walter Catlett, Robert McWade. It was remade in 1941 and 1961; the 1941 version, with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer, is delicately acted and considerably easier on the stomach than this one. (Mini Cinema; Feb. 24-26.)

BEING THERE (1979)—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel. The picture, which has gained depth and character because of Hal Ashby's thoughtful direction, is frequently comic, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 28.)

THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES (1946)—A hefty (almost three-hour) piece of moviemaking that

THE TASTE BEYOND 12-YEAR-OLD SCOTCH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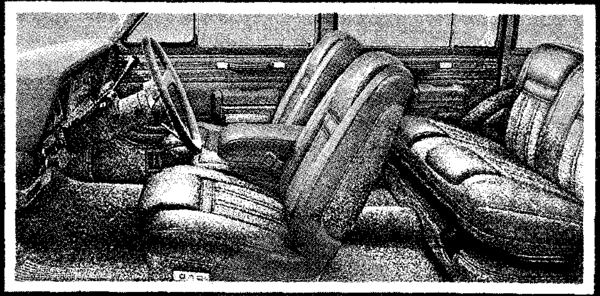

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seemed to satisfy the public's desire to see what changes the Second World War had made in people's lives. Despite its seven Academy Awards, it's not a great picture. However, episodes and details stand out and help to compensate for the soggy plot strands, and there's something absorbing about the banality of its large-scale good intentions; it's compulsively watchable. Fredric March is the infantry sergeant who comes home to the love of his wife (Myrna Loy) but finds no pleasure in his job as vice-president of a bank. Dana Andrews, an Air Force captain who had been a soda jerk before the war, discovers that his hard-as-nails wife (Virginia Mayo) doesn't want him any more than he wants her; he turns to the sergeant's daughter (Teresa Wright). Harold Russell is the machinist's mate second class who has lost his hands but has retained the love of his childhood sweetheart. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn and directed by William Wyler from Robert E. Sherwood's adaptation of MacKinlay Kantor's material. (Art; Feb. 20-22.)

THE BOYS IN THE BAND (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 26.)

CAMELOT (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner-and-Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture wavers in tone, and it's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at, but it does have goodies and oddities tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, and Laurence Naismith as Merlyn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 22.)

CHILDREN OF PARADISE (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and writer Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot; Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich) and the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker informer; and Maria Casarès, in the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 28.)

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "the Special Edition;" Spielberg has reëdited the film—he has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut, and find that the outtakes that Spielberg has substituted for the scenes you remember keep jarring you. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (11/28/77 and 9/1/80) (Ziegfeld.)

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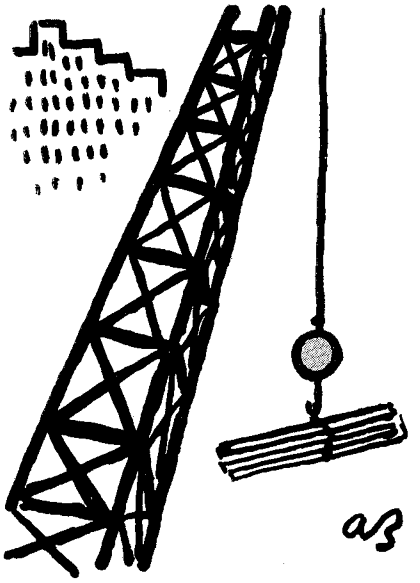
COME AND GET IT (1936)—Edward Arnold as the great lumber millionaire of Edna Ferber's story. Some moments of excitement, and even humor. With Joel McCrea and Frances Farmer, directed by Howard Hawks and William Wyler. (Art; Feb. 18.)

THE COMPETITION—Amy Irving and Richard Dreyfuss are two of the six finalists in an international piano competition being held in San Francisco. When they fall in love, will Amy, who is rich, sure of herself, and only twenty-one, throw the contest to Richard, who is poor, distraught because of the financial strain he has caused his dying father, and almost thirty? And if Amy doesn't, and *she* wins, will she lose Richard? The picture doesn't rise above this daytime-soap-opera level, and between them Irving and Dreyfuss have acquired enough bad acting habits for a different kind of competition. As Irving's teacher, Lee Remick delivers some stunted, pathetic little howlers about life and art; as the vain, lecherous, silver-haired maestro of the symphony orchestra that performs with the finalists, Sam Wanamaker (who looks startingly like Leonard Bernstein here) gives a polished, old-pro's satirical performance, and struts away with the picture. Directed by Joel Oliansky, from his own screenplay (based on a story he conceived with the producer, William Sackheim). (1/19/81) (Loews Tower East.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Regency; Feb. 22-23.)

DEAD END (1937)—The setting of Sidney Kingsley's once celebrated play is a dead-end street on the East River, where an expensive apartment house towers over the slums; the play is about the confrontation of rich and poor, and it features a gang of street-wise kids and a gangster, bred there, who comes back for a visit. (The film was advertised as "Dead End, Cradle of Crime.") The movie has the ambience of Broadway social consciousness of the thirties, which, like the beautifully engineered plot, is highly entertaining. Humphrey Bogart is the gangster—Baby Face Martin—with Allen Jenkins as his sidekick, Claire Trevor as his old girlfriend who has turned whore, and Marjorie Main (before her Ma Kettle days) as his mother. The contrasting characters of the poor and honest lovers are played by Sylvia Sidney and Joel McCrea (who is almost tempted away by Wendy Barrie). And the thieves who steal the picture are the Dead End Kids: Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, and Bernard Punsley. William Wyler directed, Gregg Toland did the cinematography, Lillian Hellman did the screenplay. (Art; Feb. 18-19.)



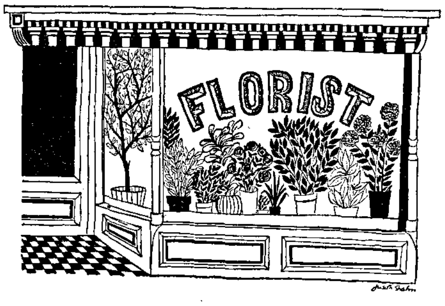
DU BARRY WAS A LADY (1943)—Sluggish in places but not bad, with Red Skelton, Lucille Ball, Gene Kelly, and Zero Mostel. Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra play most of the songs from the Broadway Cole Porter show. (Regency; Feb. 26-28.)

THE ELECTRIC HORSEMAN (1979)—Robert Redford as a contemporary retired five-time All-Round World Champion cowboy out to save a famous race horse from the same heartless conglomerate that is exploiting him, and Jane Fonda as a city-slicker TV reporter out to get the story of his doomed venture. Boy and girl (and horse) fall in love out under the big Utah sky, just as we knew they would, but it's all so cheerfully mindless that it's hard not to have a good time as we watch the big stars and eat up the malarkey. If the story sounds familiar, it's because it's an almost perfectly preserved specimen of the nineteen-thirties Frank Capra populist-political comedy—a "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" in Frye boots and Las Vegas lights. With Valerie Perrine, Willie Nelson, and John Saxon. (12/31/79) (St. Marks Cinema; Feb. 20-26.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN—A very pleasurable surprise. The by now well-known story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director David Lynch with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. With John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, and Hannah Gordon, and less effective performances by Anne Bancroft, as the actress Mrs. Kendal, and Freddie Jones as the drunken Bytes. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is perhaps the most beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography in the last fifteen years. Script by Christopher DeVore, Eric Bergren, and Lynch. (10/27/80) (Embassy.)

THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS (1967)—Directed, written by, acted in, and then disowned by Roman Polanski, who made it in Britain under the title "Dance of the Vampires." When the picture was first shown in the United States, eighteen minutes were cut. The full version is being shown here—cut dance sequences have been restored, as well as the use of Polanski's own voice, which was dubbed in the original release. The film flails, but the talent is visible somewhere. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 26.)

FLASH GORDON—It's like a fairy tale set in a discothèque in the clouds. Up there, the archfiend Ming the Merciless (Max von Sydow) toys with Earth until three Earthlings—Dr. Zarkov (Topol), the golden-haired Flash Gordon (Sam J. Jones), and the cuddly Dale Arden (Melody Anderson)—go up in a rocket and crash-land at Ming's palace in Mongo. This picture has some of the knowing, pleasurable giddiness of the fast-moving Bonds. The images are flooded with the primary colors of comic strips—blue and, especially, red at its most blazing; the designer, Danilo Donati, and the cinematographer, Gil Taylor, make the colors so ripely intense that they're near-psychedelic. Ming's daughter, the tiny, voluptuous Princess Aura (Ornella Muti), wiggles and slinks through the palace wearing a shimmering scarlet jump suit; she's a flaming nympho and a perfect little emblem of camp. The director, Mike Hodges, gets right into comic-strip sensibility and pacing. With



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Brian Blessed as Prince Vultan, the leader of the hawk men (who have huge wings), Timothy Dalton as Prince Barin, and Mariangela Melato and John Osborne. From a script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr.; produced by Dino De Laurentiis; music by the rock group Queen. (1/5/81) (Olympia; starting Feb. 27.)

Fog Over Frisco (1934)—One of the routine Warners gangster pictures that Bette Davis was tossed into. She's a dissolute heiress, out for thrills; her socializing with the mob lands her, at last, curled up in a rumble seat, nastily dead. It's not much of a picture, and there's time wasted on Donald Woods as a smart-aleck reporter with deadline troubles, but Davis gives it that nervy spark of hers. She doesn't get much help from the likes of mush-mouthed Margaret Lindsay, or from Lyle Talbot. William Dieterle directed; with Arthur Byron, Irving Pichel, and Henry O'Neill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 24.)

Fort Apache, the Bronx—With Paul Newman and Ed Asner, directed by Daniel Petrie. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Loews Orpheum 1, and Criterion Center.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic. Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper. David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (D. W. Griffith; starting Feb. 20.)

Guys and Dolls (1955)—Samuel Goldwyn's big, beribboned version of the Broadway musical. Never one to skimp on words, the director-scenarist Joseph L. Mankiewicz seems to have fallen in love with Damon Runyon's cute, stilted locutions; the camera stands still while the actors mince through lines like "This is no way for a gentleman to act and could lead to irritation on the part of Harry the Horse." Frank Sinatra is the crap-game proprietor who bets Marlon Brando that he can't lure straitlaced Jean Simmons, a mission worker, to Havana with him. Sinatra and his partner, Vivian Blaine, sing pleasantly, and Brando and Simmons are ingratiatingly uneasy when they burst into song and dance, but the movie is too extended to be the light diversion it should be. With Stubby Kaye, Sheldon Leonard, and the Goldwyn Girls. Michael Kidd did the choreography, Oliver Smith the self-conscious sets. (Art; Feb. 23-28.)

The Hurricane (1937)—Handsome and exciting adventure film, directed by John Ford, with some exteriors shot in Samoa. The tall-corn story seems to enhance this particular movie; Dorothy Lamour, in her sarong, is the native girl, and chesty Jon Hall is her sweetheart, who is unjustly sentenced to prison by a vicious European governor (Raymond Massey). With Mary Astor, Thomas Mitchell, Jerome Cowan, John Carradine, and C. Aubrey Smith. The hurricane itself is a knockout. Dudley Nichols did the screenplay, from a Nordhoff and Hall novel; Samuel Goldwyn produced, lavishly. (Art; Feb. 23-28.)

Imitation of Life (1934)—Classic, compulsively watchable rags-to-riches-and-heartbreak weeper, from a novel by Fannie Hurst. Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers are the white and black women who go into business together, and Rochelle Hudson and Fredi Washington are their daughters. Ross Hunter did a remake in 1959 which pulled out all the stops; in both versions you want to laugh at yourself for choking up, but at least the original is simpler and the sobs aren't torn out of your throat. With Warren William, Ned Sparks, Alan Hale, Franklin Pangborn, Noel Francis, Hazel Washington, Madame Sul-Te-Wan (the black actress who worked with D. W. Griffith), Hattie McDaniel, Henry Armetta, and Henry Kolker. Directed by John Stahl. (Mini Cinema; Feb. 24-26.)

Johnny Eager (1942)—Lana Turner, in her dimpled prime, as a débutante girlfriend of a handsome, arrogant racketeer (the uniquely unconvincing Robert Taylor). This glossy, full-dress gangster melodrama from M-G-M is best known for Van Heflin's ingratiating, picture-stealing performance as Taylor's loyal friend. With Barry Nelson, Edward Arnold, and Glenda Farrell. Mervyn LeRoy directed. (Regency; Feb. 24-25.)

Kagemusha (The Shadow Warrior)—Warfare is treated dispassionately in this epic film in color by Kurosawa, which is set during the wars of the clans in sixteenth-century Japan (the period just before the country was unified). Kurosawa seems to be saying that wisdom dictates caution, security, stasis, but that to be alive is to be subject to impulse, to chaos. The film's style is ceremonial rather than dramatic; it's not battle that Kurosawa is interested in here but formations in battle regalia. He appears to see war as part of the turmoil of life, and he asks us simply to observe what he shows us. Perhaps he thinks that this way the horror will reach us at a deeper level. But he's also in love with the aesthetics of warfare—he's a schoolboy setting up armies of perfect little soldiers and smiling at the patterns he has devised. These two sets of feelings may have neutralized "Kagemusha"—put it at a remove and made it somewhat abstract. The film seems fixated on mountains, triangles, and trees. Tatsuya Nakadai plays the warlord known as The Mountain, and he also plays the thieving peasant who has been condemned to death but whose life is spared so that he can serve as the lord's double. In Japanese. (2/2/81) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 25.)

Lilith (1964)—Jean Seberg is the demonic, corrupt Lilith, a patient in an elegant Maryland asylum who wants to "leave the mark of her desire on every living thing in the world;" Warren Beatty is the trainee therapist who finds her madness seductive. This high-toned, humorless attempt to create a mystic enigma was the last work of Robert Rossen, who adapted the J. P. Salamanca novel and directed; it's an unusual sort of disaster—full of symbols, chitchat about schizophrenic spiders, and exquisite cinematography (by Eugen Shuftan), and utterly lacking in energy and depth. Beatty gives his most irritating performance: he broods over each bit of dialogue for an eternity, his heavy eyelids flickering. With Peter Fonda, Kim Hunter, Gene Hackman, Jessica Walter, Anne Meacham, and René Auberjonois; the score is by Kenyon Hopkins. (Cinema Village; Feb. 25-26.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Art; Feb. 19.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. (8th St. Playhouse; Feb. 22-23.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it happened that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter—the representative debt-ridden American for whom game shows were created. Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, helps him into his pickup truck but is bothered by his mean expression; in order to cheer him up (and give himself some company), he insists that the old geezer sing with him or get out and walk. When Robards' Howard Hughes responds to Melvin's amiable prodding and begins to enjoy himself on a simple level and sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a great moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer first wife, Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as the child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy foreman; and the real Melvin Dummar as the lunch counterman at the Reno bus depot. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Baronet; starting Feb. 20.)

Mr. Klein (1977)—Joseph Losey directed this French quasi-thriller set in Paris in 1942, during the Occupation. It's about a fashionable art dealer (Alain Delon), an Aryan, who buys up treasures from fleeing Jews and then, through what may or may not be a bureaucratic mistake, becomes confused with another Mr. Klein, a non-Aryan. This is a classic example of Losey's weighty emptiness; the atmosphere is heavily pregnant, with no delivery. With Jeanne Moreau and Michel Lonsdale; written by Franco Solinas. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 25.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—A classic among bad movies: despite the presence of Mae West and W. C. Fields (it's the only time they acted together), this satire of Westerns never really gets off the ground. But the ground is such an honest mixture of dirt, manure, and corn that at times it is fairly aromatic. Mae West is rather slowed down by the censors breathing down her décolletage, but even though she is less bawdy and rather more grotesque than at her best, she is still overwhelming. Fields is in better form: whether cheating at cards, or kissing Mae West's hand ("What symmetrical digits!"), or spending his wedding night with a goat, he remains the scowling, snarling misanthrope. Fields and West, who wrote most of their own vehicles, collaborated on the script. Directed by Edward Cline; with Joseph Calleia, Margaret Hamilton, and Dick Foran. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 26.)

Night After Night (1932)—Mae West in her film début, but no one would mistake her for a débutante. With George Raft. Archie Mayo directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 26.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and, as their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but it is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially. Alvin Sargent adapted the popular Judith Guest novel. With Judd Hirsch, Elizabeth McGovern, and Meg Mundy. (10/13/80) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

Popeye—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, and Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'-Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through Feb. 19.)

Private Benjamin—A women's-liberation service comedy, in which Goldie Hawn plays a spoiled honeybunch—a rich blond Jewish girl from Philadelphia—who becomes a real woman in the Army. The script goes from one formula to the next, and it reworks the pranks of generations of male service comedies, but the director, Howard Zieff, refurbished the stale material with smart small touches, and Goldie Hawn has such infectious, frothy charm that she manages to get laughs out of ancient routines about a tenderfoot going through the rigors of basic training. Her likableness makes the picture moderately amusing until the last third, when she gets involved with a dream prince (Armand Assante) who turns out to be a thickheaded chauvinist, and she has to be liberated all over again: the picture seems to be stuck in a revolving door. This is the sort of feminist movie in which almost every man is an insensitive boor or a fool, yet the heroine gets what she wants by manipulation and the shrewd use of sexual blackmail—which we're meant to find adorable. Basically it's just Daffy Duck TV sit-com. With Albert Brooks, Eileen Brennan, Harry Dean Stanton, Hal Williams, Toni Kalem, Damita Jo Freeman, Mary Kay Place, P. J. Soles, and Robert Webber, and Sam Wanamaker and Barbara Barrie as the heroine's parents. Written by Nancy Meyers, Charles Shyer, and Harvey Miller. (11/10/80) (D. W. Griffith; through Feb. 19.)

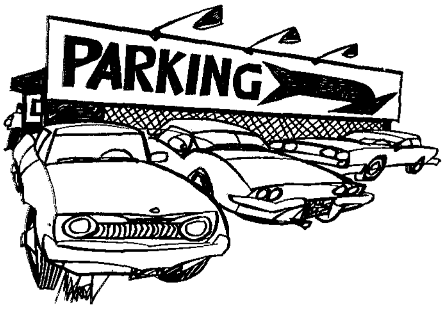
Raging Bull—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese's and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (12/8/80) (Quad Cinema, Paramount, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Resurrection—Ellen Burstyn dies, has an "out of body" experience, then returns with the gift of healing through the power of love. The picture is even and smoothly tasteful—a vat of nondenominational caramel custard. Lewis John Carlino was commissioned to write the script for Burstyn, and he shaped it to her; she bestrides the movie, glowing with love and wholesome humor. (Her simulation of beatific ordinariness is a little frightening.) The director, Daniel Petrie, does some very polished, fluid work, but you're always aware of the planning and the calculation. Mysticism doesn't come easy to him. Carlino's script, which attempts to combine holistic healing and feminism, is an amazing fusion of old corn and modern cant. With Sam Shepard, who brings the film some sexy tension as a hell-raising kid whom Burstyn heals after he has been stabbed in a drunken fight, and Richard Farnsworth, Roberts Blossom, Lois Smith, Madeleine Thornton-Sherwood, and Pamela Payton-Wright. And as Burstyn's grandmother, Eva Le Gallienne wrinkles her nose and lifts her head so she can look out of her half-blind eyes, and she spouts homilies as if she'd lived her whole life onstage. Cinematography by Mario Tosi; Maurice Jarre did the music. (12/22/80) (Festival. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Feb. 20-26.)

The Servant (1963)—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 25.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—André Gide supervised this too little known version of his early, subtly disquieting novel. The director, Jean Delannoy, is, as usual, careful and literal, and this time his sensitivity enables Pierre Blanchar and Michèle Morgan to give perhaps their most memorable performances; the film itself is emotionally overwhelming. Blanchar plays a Swiss pastor who finds an ignorant, neglected blind girl (Morgan) and teaches her to live without sight. The pastor's passion for the blind girl destroys his wife and family, and when the girl gains her sight she realizes the damage she has caused and becomes tormented and withdrawn. The film is about the spiritual and psychological blindness that people cannot overcome. With Jean Desailly and Line Noro; score by Georges Auric. Truffaut did homage to this film in Marie Dubois's death scene in the snow in "Shoot the Piano Player," and also in "The Wild Child," and he used Desailly in the central role in "The Soft Skin." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 24.)

Tess—Roman Polanski's version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is textured and smooth and even, with lateral compositions subtly flowing into each other; the sequences are beautifully structured, and the craftsmanship is hypnotic. But the picture is tame. There's a visual passion in Hardy when he describes the Wessex countryside; Polanski's tastefully cropped compositions and unvaried pacing make nature proper. For a reader, the shock of the 1891 book is that Tess isn't simply a woman at the mercy of men, society, and nature; she's also at the mercy of her own passions. Polanski's Tess (the lovely young Nastassia Kinski, seventeen when she played the role) is strictly a victim of men and social conventions. The film takes a sympathetic, feminist position toward her—in a narrow and demeaning sense. She isn't a protagonist; she is merely a hapless, frail creature, buffeted by circumstances. And Kinski—a soft, European gamine—isn't rooted in the earth of England or any other country; she's a hothouse flower who manages the West Country sounds in a small, uninflected schoolgirl voice. She's affecting and sensitive, but she's in the wrong movie. With fine performances by Leigh Lawson as Alec and by Peter Firth as Angel Clare, and amazingly sharp, clear performances by John Collin as the drunken Durbeyfield, Tony Church as Parson Tringham, and by just about everyone else in the supporting cast. Made in English; shot in France, with cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet. (2/2/81) (Little Carnegie.)



Urban Cowboy—Aaron Latham's article "The Urban Cowboy," featured on the September 12, 1978, cover of *Esquire*, was subtitled "Saturday Night Fever, Country & Western Style," and it was quite clearly a set of variations on the "Saturday Night Fever" theme. According to Latham, the headquarters of the young hardhats who worked in the petrochemical plants around Houston was a vast honky-tonk called Gilley's, which featured a mechanical bull, and these anomic young Southwesterners had no way to prove their manhood except by dressing up in boots and jeans and cowboy hats and trying to live out the myths of the West by riding this contraption. The film, directed by James Bridges, from a script he wrote with Latham, views its young hero, Bud (John Travolta), as rootless and ignorant. But on the assumption (probably false) that the audience believes in those antiquated macho values and wants to see them on the screen, the movie also tries to reactivate the cowboy mythology. It dredges up an ex-convict villain (Scott Glenn) out of an ancient Western, so Bud can defeat him on the bucking machine and beat him up in a fistfight as well. The picture is scrappily edited, and the director seems willing to do almost anything for an immediate effect. In the best moments, satire and sultriness work together; in the worst moments, the sentimentality is so gross it makes us feel contemptuous of the moviemakers' shamelessness. With Debra Winger, who gives a steamy and very appealing performance as the girl Bud marries, Madolyn Smith as a slumming rich bitch, and Brooke Alderson and Barry Corbin as Bud's aunt and uncle. The country music doesn't supply much excitement. (7/21/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 19.)

A Wedding (1978)—Robert Altman's satirical farce takes place during a single day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. It's as if Altman had set out to prove that those who couldn't see the innovative greatness of his earlier films were right; it seems to have been made by an Altman imitator. The forty-eight members of the cast (especially Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker) do many charming things, but the flimsy movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way; at the end the characters seem to have been chopped up by a pixieish, yet rancorous, comedian. (8th St. Playhouse; Feb. 22-23.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. The picture works in the end, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. Brad Dourif is painfully convincing as the black-hatted, Jesus-haunted prophet Hazel Motes, and Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce are also funny and heartbreaking by turns as they pursue their lonely paths of scam and vision in the back alleys of our gothic South. (2/25/80) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 27.)

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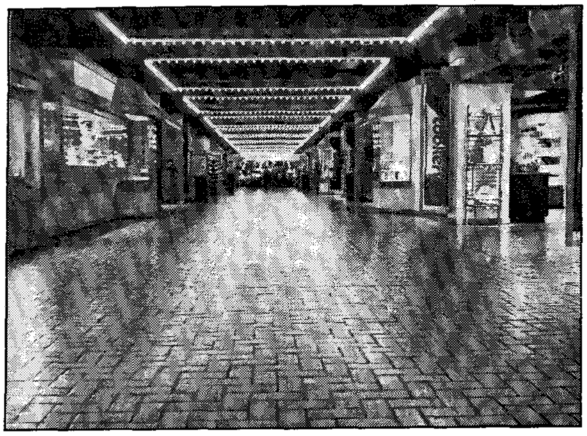

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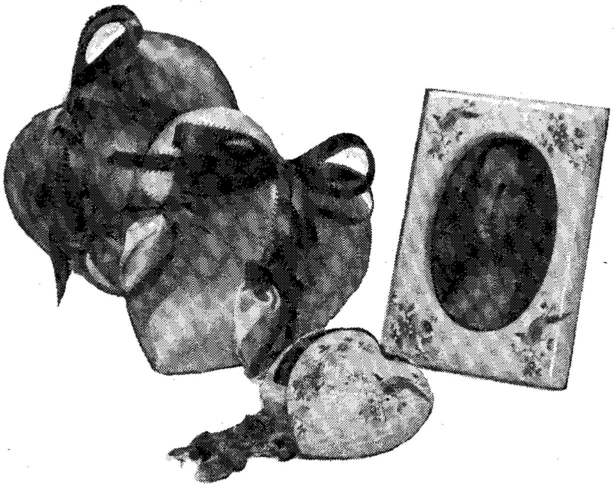

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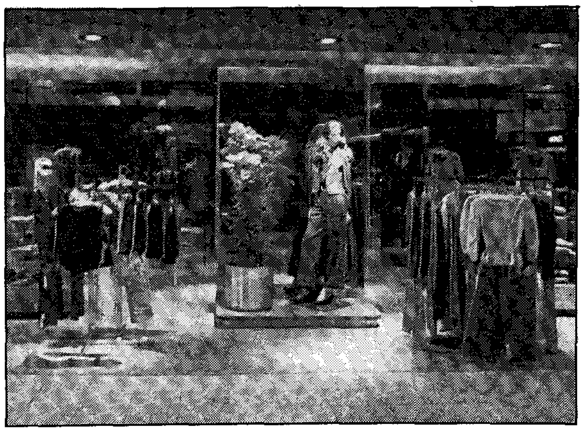

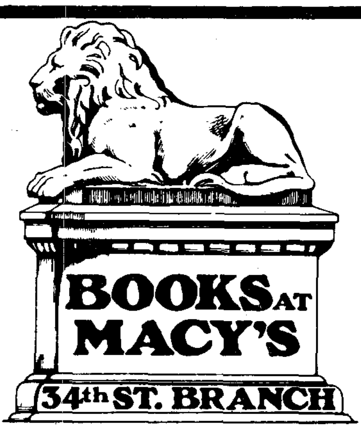

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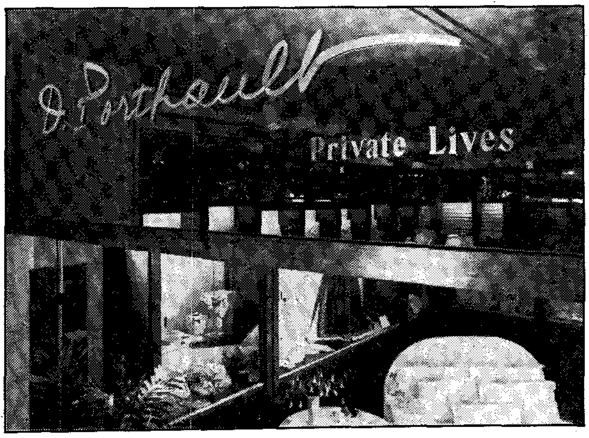

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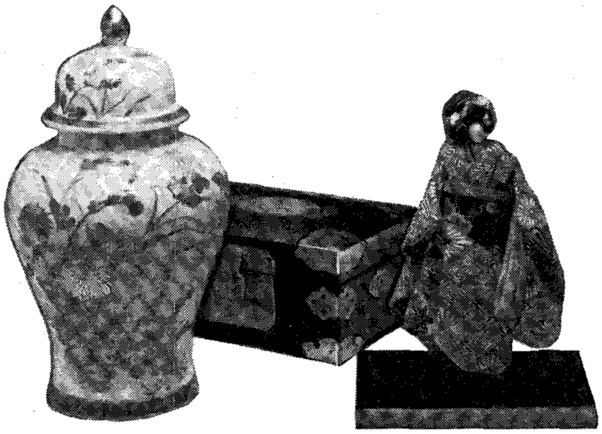

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

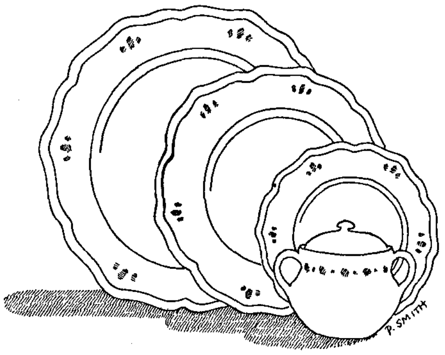
Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

I am sitting at ease thirty or forty thousand feet above the earth and travelling at a speed undreamed of hardly a generation ago. Leaning a little to left, I look down through a sky of intense blue to an infinity of snow and ice and thrusting peaks of naked rock. It is a view, a vision, an experience unimaginable not much more than a generation ago, and it lies open to my idlest glance. I lean back and cut myself another pink-and-charcoal bite of filet mignon. I take another sip of Cabernet Sauvignon. And all the while, through the gift of a dozen electronic miracles inconceivable at the turn of the century, I am listening to the glory of Bach's "Italian Concerto," played by a French pianist now dead. A line of Andrew Marvell comes pleasingly to mind: "What wond'rous life is this I lead!" I think of Marvell's wonders—his luscious clusters of the vine, his nectarine and curious peach—and, smiling, of mine. I think—and then I realize. I catch myself. I feel a flush of embarrassment, almost of shame. This isn't wond'rous. It can't be wond'rous. I am in an airplane, a 707, a flying bus, en route to Los Angeles, and nothing could be more uncomfortable, more commonplace, more boring. I lie back in my seat and close my eyes. I can feel my heart pounding. It has been the narrowest of narrow escapes.

IN political theory, a distinction is often drawn between liberation (the overthrow of a repressive regime) and the establishment of liberty (the foundation of a lawful regime that respects the rights of its people). The point is made that all too frequently liberation goes unaccompanied by liberty, and the old repressions are resumed, or even increased, under a new set of masters. Events in Poland in recent months have reversed this classic sequence. Not only are the Poles establishing liberty but they are doing it *without* first achieving liberation. If they succeed, it will be as though the French Revolution had somehow taken place with Louis XVI left on the throne. Violent insurrection cannot be their course, because they know that, owing to their geographical position at the heart of the Communist bloc, the Soviet Union would invade their country if they brought down the Communist regime. So the Polish people, organized for collective action by Solidarity, the national federation of independent unions, have chosen to let the government remain in place, and to attain their liberties one by one, in the teeth of official opposition, through militant but peaceful social action of a kind that may be unique in political history. Their field of action, on which not a shot has been fired, is not the battlefield, or even the wood or the back alley of the guerrilla fighter, but the arena of daily life: the shop floor, the shipyard, the office, the university, the newspaper, the movie theatre. Above all, they have used the nonviolent but highly effective weapon of the regional or national strike—a means that by its very nature cannot be resorted to without the full support of the public. And as the people have regained control of their lives from the authorities, there has been a burst of civic energy and activity, which, in turn, has contributed new strength to the movement. All the while, the authorities, backed by the Soviet Union, have portrayed the movement as an outbreak of "anarchy" and disorder, but it would be more accurate to say that as people begin to go about the ordinary business of their lives without government interference and repression, a previously disorganized and disorderly Poland is experiencing an outbreak of stability and order. Of course, all of it can be lost if the ultimate destabilizing force—the Soviet Union—steps in. So far, however, the Soviets, faced with the determined, ebullient spirit of the Poles, and with the spontaneous sympathy it has evoked around the world, have held back.

For Americans, the spectacle has been exhilarating and, in a way, startling. Freedom itself has been placed in a new light. It seems to be a peculiarity of freedom that it quickly becomes invisible to those who, like us, are in possession of it. When we do think about it, we tend to regard it as something abstract—as a "principle" written down somewhere in a book or a document, or as an "ideal" floating somewhere high above our daily activities. The Poles, fighting for it inch by inch, have shown it to be more mundane, more concrete, and more important than it usually seems to us. Each day, we do scores of things that the Poles are risking their lives to be able to do: we read an uncensored newspaper, we make an untapped telephone call, we meet with anyone it pleases us to meet with, we attend a class, we present our employer with a grievance,



we air our disgust with some governmental action, and we do all this without fear of being seized on the street, beaten up, interrogated, and thrown into jail for an indefinite period. Perhaps it is precisely because freedom is such a basic good—so natural to human life—that its presence, like the air we breathe, is scarcely noticed until it is taken away. Whatever the reason, the Poles, by fighting, at such high cost to themselves, to regain their freedom, have offered us a chance to rediscover the meaning of our own.

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Anna, Pete, Louisa, and Mike

WITH all the former hostages in Iran back in their homes around the U.S.A., we looked in on Mr. and Mrs. Moorhead C. Kennedy, Sr., Manhattan's only hostage parents. Moorhead C. Kennedy, Jr., who lives in Washington, D.C.—with his wife, Louisa, who coördinated the efforts of the hostage families throughout the cliff-hanging four hundred and forty-four days and served as their spokeswoman—had been the economics officer on temporary duty at the American Embassy in Teheran when the Iranian students took over, on November 4, 1979. He was the one—still wearing the white-fur-trimmed United States Air Force parka that was given to him on the plane from Algiers before the landing in Frankfurt—riding with Mayor Koch in New York's ticker-tape parade. The senior Kennedys—he is seventy-nine and she is seventy-three—live in a cozy, high perch on upper Fifth Avenue, and we saw them there the other day, in their sunny, book-lined, newspaper-strewn, flower-filled study overlooking Central Park's Reservoir and a good part of the surrounding territory. They are a tall, attractive, invincibly gracious, and unconcealably elegant couple, with exemplary posture, firm steps, clear eyes, splendid diction, terrific energy, strong purpose, engaging manners, and downright charm. At the outset, he, wearing a dark-gray suit with vest and a Knickerbocker Club tie, and she, wearing a blue-green soft wool dress and black leather pumps, let it be known that we were to address him as Pete and her as Anna.

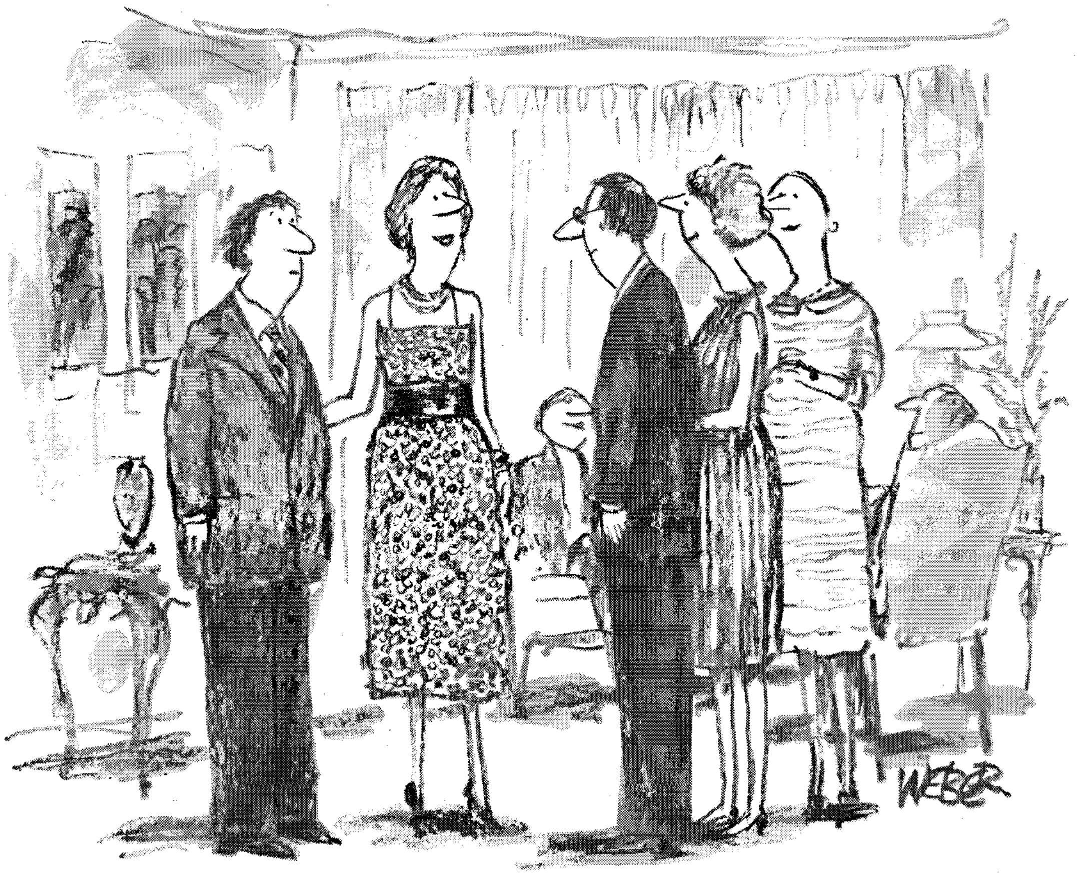
"I haven't had a minute to straighten up the place," Mrs. Kennedy told us. "We've had grandsons sleeping all over the floor. The phone keeps ringing. Flowers keep coming, and the newspapers continue to pile up. Pete has kept *everything* since November 4, 1979. As you see, we have pictures of Mike all over the room—and pictures of our daughter, Maisie, and our other son, Sandy, and all our grandchildren. And we have all their letters, and all Mike's letters from Iran, and letters from people I haven't seen in forty years. I have letters from everybody I've ever *known*. It's been wonderful. I didn't shed a tear for four hundred and forty-four days. I never cried. Since January 20th, I haven't *stopped* crying." She gave one quick blink. "And in the middle of all the excitement, right after the Mayor's big parade, I had to answer all the telephone calls, because Pete was trying to do his income tax."

Mr. Kennedy tugged at the points of his vest and gave us a hint of a smile.

"Fortunately, I've been able to take some time off from work," Mrs. Kennedy went on. "I teach at P.S. 171, on East One Hundred and Third Street. I'm a school volunteer. I've been teaching for years. I enjoy it *enormously*. I'm one of the *original* school volunteers. There were only twenty of us in 1956. Now there are ten thousand volunteers, all over the city. I teach reading and literature to fifth graders, on a one-to-one basis, and I work with four *extremely* brilliant sixth graders—Jeanelle, Yvette, Lourdes, and Tiease—all of whom are reading almost at *eleventh*-grade level, or better. Miss Mann is the principal. She's absolutely *outstanding*. When she first came into the job, three years ago, only twenty-eight per cent of the children were reading at grade level, and now the figure is up to sixty-four per cent. I can't wait to get back to these children, but I just had to take some time off when Mike was released. Fortunately, Miss Mann says I can come back any time I'm ready."

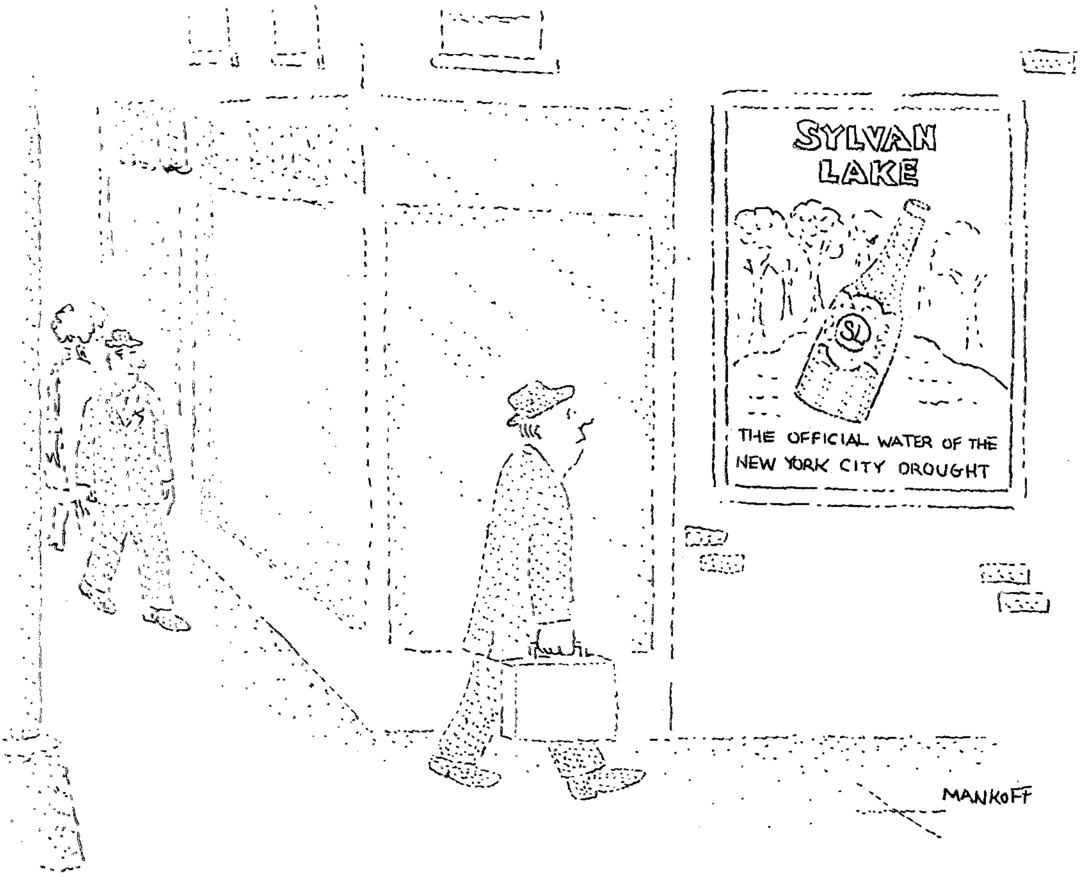
"She won't stop," Mr. Kennedy said, throwing his wife an almost unnoticeable look of admiration.

"The children put up a picture of Mike in the classroom, and they sent me the most *wonderful*



"Mr. Washburn is with the 'Times.' He's in reportage."

letters about him," Mrs. Kennedy said. "I love working with those children. Before P.S. 171, I taught at a private school—St. Bernard's, on East Ninety-eighth Street. For years, I worked as assistant director to Miss Edith King and Miss Dorothy Coit, who ran the King-Coit Children's Theatre. When my Maisie was seven, she was Miranda in 'The Tempest,' and Sandy, at seven, was Mr. Titmarsh in 'The Rose and the Ring.' The theatre took children from four to eleven. They went twice a week, and had painting and dancing, too, but it had none of that progressive education. The children loved it. All the first-string theatre critics went to the King-Coit productions. The Lunts went. Katharine Cornell always went. Everybody went. I was there as a parent. A *worshipping* parent. I've also taught—English and composition—at the Professional Children's School, and in 1959 I started the New York Children's Theatre, owned and directed by myself, where we put on a show every spring. We had a fourteen-year-old musical director, who stayed with me until he was nineteen, and his name was *Marvin Hamlisch*." Mrs. Kennedy delivered the line like a pro. "I've always loved the theatre," she went on. "I've had so many friends in the theatre. Cyril Ritchard. Millie Dunnock. Ethel Barrymore. My Sandy played the part of Gertrude Lawrence's ten-year-old son in the original production of 'The King and I.' He and Gertie introduced the song 'I Whistle a Happy Tune.' They had the most beautiful two years together. He was president of the Triangle Club at Princeton, and he took its show across the country and to Europe. He did summer stock and studied with Sanford Meisner and Philip Burton, but then he decided to become a banker. He's now a vice-president of Morgan Guaranty in Milan. Mike never wanted to be in the theatre. When he was a little boy, he absolutely refused to join the King-Coit Theatre. He didn't want to act. He said he'd rather be *dead*."


SYLVAN LAKE
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Mr. Kennedy, who is a retired banker and a former president and current director of Goodwill Industries of Greater New York, gave a restrained nod of punctuation to the remark, and Mrs. Kennedy laughed.

"Why the names Mike and Pete?" we asked. "Based on what?"

"Well, you can't go to school and be called *Moorhead*," Mr. Kennedy said. "That's when I started being called Pete. And Mike's son Moorhead C. Kennedy III is called Mark."

We asked for a brief genealogical rundown, and Mr. Kennedy replied affably that his grandfather Thomas B. Kennedy had led a wagon train—the Iron City Rangers—from Pittsburgh to California in 1849, and then, having studied law, decided that the legal life would be better than digging for gold. He returned to Pennsylvania, married a Riddle who had a Moorhead in the family, built a large, beautiful house in Chambersburg, which was burned down by the Confederate troops in the Civil War, and became president of the Cumberland Valley Railroad. The first Moorhead C. Kennedy, born in 1862, went to Andover (Class of 1880) and to Princeton (Class of 1884), where he played on the football team, and later became vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Moorhead C. Kennedy we were interviewing was born in 1902, went to Princeton (Class of 1923) and to M.I.T. (Class of 1925), and then went into investment banking. He and Mrs. Kennedy were married in 1929.

Mrs. Kennedy told us that she was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, at her family's summer home. She went to the Shipley School and to Bryn Mawr. Her paternal grandfather, Thomas A. Scott, who was president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was in charge, as Assistant Secretary of War under Abraham Lincoln, of all transportation for the Union Army. Scott's secretary, a young, red-headed immigrant boy from Scotland, who was known as "Scott's little Scotch devil," told Scott that he was quitting the railroad business in order to go into the steel business, and his name, Mrs. Kennedy said, with just the right dramatic pause, was Andrew Carnegie. Mary Cassatt, the painter, was a first cousin of Mrs. Kennedy's paternal grandmother, who, when she visited Europe, was steered by Mary Cassatt toward buying paintings by Degas and Manet. When Mrs. Kennedy was fourteen, her mother took her and a younger sister to Paris, where the two girls embarked on a program of studying for the French theatre, with the serious aim of eventually joining the Comédie-Française.

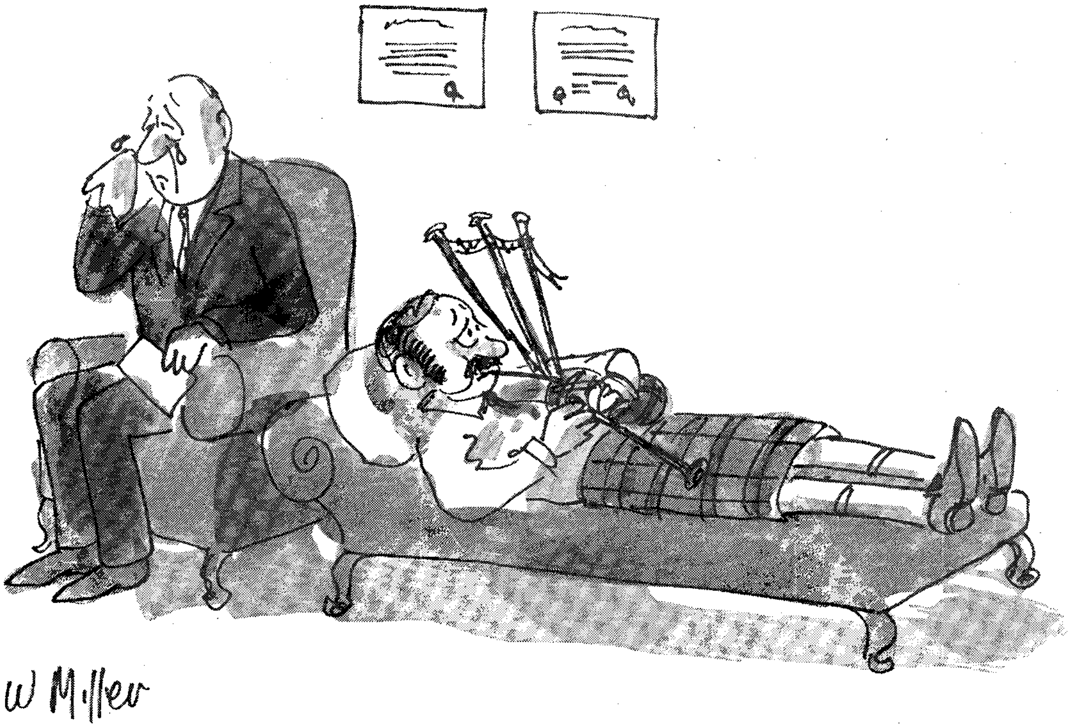
The Kennedys had four children: Moorhead C., Jr., now fifty; Mary, known as Maisie, a banker in Philadelphia, forty-eight; Alexander, or Sandy, the banker in Milan, forty; and Peggy, who was born in 1938 and died at the age of eighteen. There are eight Kennedy grandchildren—including four sons of Mike and Louisa—and a great-grandchild is expected next month, to be born to Maisie's son Richard Storey, Jr., and his wife, Diana Mei, from Taiwan.

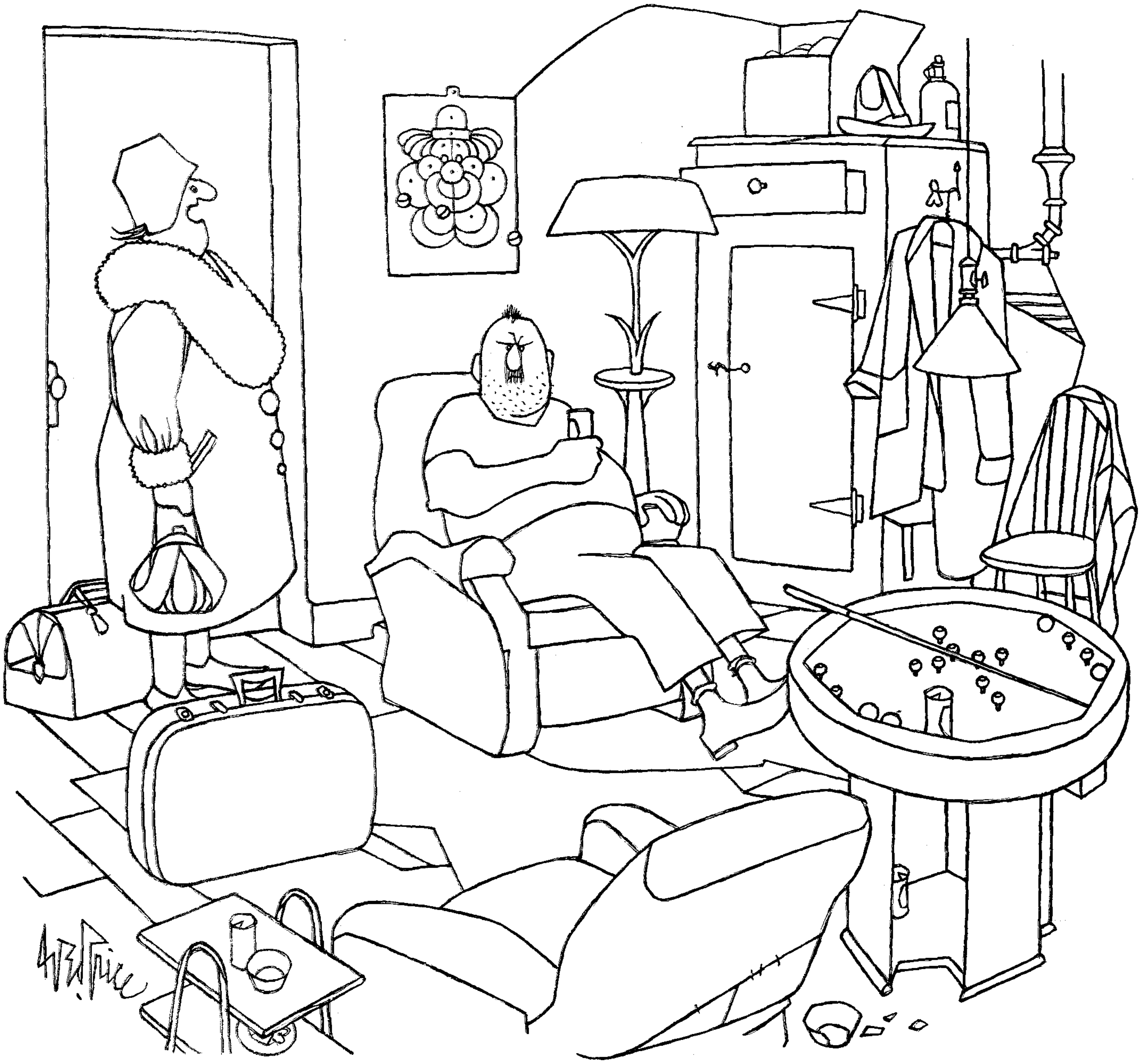
"We're a very close family," Mrs. Kennedy said. "All my children spent their summers with my mother in Bar Harbor. My parents first went there in 1870. I am repeating that pattern with my grandchildren. All the babies were christened at our house—Lilac Hill, at Northeast Harbor—in my garden, wearing my own christening dress, which was made in Paris, for my brother, in 1899. The Reverend Palfrey Perkins married us there, and christened all our children and all our grandchildren there. Mike got to be a marvellous sailor at Northeast Harbor. He has cups all over the house. But his passion is the mountains on our little island. He loves climbing those mountains. He knows every bit of ground—every mountain, every view. He loves those woods. Mostly, he goes alone. But he and I climbed together in the late summer of 1979, just before he left for Iran. I said, 'But, Mike, that's a crazy country to go to.' He was supposed to be working in Washington, and he said he'd surely be home for Christmas. He is utterly without fear. He was always a wonderful scholar. He'd been reading everything since he was five years old. At Groton, he was the editor-in-chief of *The Grotonian*. When he was fifteen, he announced to us, 'I'm going to the State Department. I'm going to work in the Middle East.' At Princeton, he majored in Arabic and Oriental studies, graduating magna cum laude in 1952. He studied Islamic law at Harvard Law School. He was in the Army from 1952 to 1954, stationed in France and in Germany. The night he came home, I said, 'Let's go to the Livingstons' for cocktails.' He was reluctant, but he went. When we arrived, there in the corner was this beautiful creature in a black dress. It was Louisa. She's a brilliant, brilliant girl, and such a good sport. One of her ancestors, Philip Livingston, signed the Declaration of Independence, and another helped write it. She went to the Brearley School, then to Ethel Walker, and to Sarah Lawrence, but she left after her junior year in order to marry Mike. An hour or so after the seizure of the Embassy, Louisa went to the State Department and joined the regular staffers, who at that point were still on the telephone with our people at the Embassy and in the compound, and she's been helping ever since. The last night of the negotiations, she slept on a cot in the Operations Center at the State Department. She is a heroine, a most remarkable person. She went to Yemen to join Mike and took their first two sons, Mark and Philip, at the ages of three and one and a half. She had just given birth to Andrew, who couldn't go to Yemen until he had had all his shots, so he was *our* baby for a year. Pete and I took care of him. In Yemen, she had hepatitis for a long time. Then, one day, she took the boys for a walk to a town square, where they saw men kneeling, and the men were being *beheaded*. After that, they were always on the move—children, dogs, the whole household. Athens, Beirut—from which they were evacuated during the 1967 crisis. Washington for a few years. And then three years in Santiago, Chile."

"Why do they do it?" we asked. "Go through all that?"

The Kennedys looked at each other for an instant, and then Mr. Kennedy, with a small smile, nodded to his wife.

"It's an *adventure*," Mrs. Kennedy said. "Mike and Louisa would tell you they've *always* looked at life as an adventure. Mike, you know, is a deeply religious man. He read the Lesson for the ex-hostages at the National Cathedral. He read from the Book of Acts, Chapter XII, about Peter's leaving prison. During Lent, he's been invited to preach here, at the Cathedral of St. John. In Iran, after last April 24th—after the military-fiasco attempt to rescue the hostages—everything got rough. Mike was moved immediately to the south, to Isfahan, and then he was moved back to Teheran and put in Komiteh Prison. He told us he was fed adequately and was not physically abused. When I saw him on that wild Tuesday in Washington after their return, he looked as if he'd just left the house, with his dimples and rosy cheeks. The government had put us up at this nifty hotel, and I was in my room when I heard his voice in the corridor. Well, I'd been hearing his voice for over a year, but this time it was





"Le Car keys, s'il vous plaît!"

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real, and there he was, looking as if he'd never gone away."

"He wrote a book while he was a hostage," Mr. Kennedy said. "But it was taken, with all his luggage, by the Iranians the day the hostages left. Mike says there's a chance they might get their socks and underwear back, and maybe the Iranians will throw in the manuscript."

Mrs. Kennedy looked through a sheaf of letters about eight inches high. "Mike wrote us so many wonderful letters," she said. "On January 4, 1980, he wrote to Mark, quoting Thomas a Kempis—'A man does well if he does the will of the community, and not his own will.' Then he asked Mark, 'But what is the will of the community? Is it the will of my employer? If so, then my employer has landed me in the most awkward predicament.' That's as close as Mike came to telling us that he was a little bit unhappy. He was obviously concerned about the way the Embassy had been left to absorb the rage of the students, following our government's decision to give asylum to the Shah. That's as far as he ever went in complaining. In this same letter, he wrote, 'You ask if our hands were tied. They have been at different times but are not anymore. Anyway, as St. Paul reminds us, God's *word* is not bound.' "

Mrs. Kennedy pulled another letter out of the stack. "This one was written by Mike last November 18th, from Komiteh Prison," she said. "By then, he has since told us, he had come to terms with his situation, and he realized that this terrible situation had its benefits—that it had given him an opportunity to develop, once his protected, structured, little diplomatic world was pulled from under him. And so he wrote, 'This year, for me, has been one of extraordinary growth. I see things with a clarity that never otherwise would have been vouchsafed to me.' "

THRENODY FOR THIRTY THOUSAND BUTLERS

BUTLERS are becoming rare. Today there are said to be "only about 100" in all Britain, and that I can easily believe, whereas—the astonishing statement leaps out at me from the columns of a dependable English newspaper—"before the war Britain boasted 30,000 of them." The word "boasted" is perhaps ill-chosen; we did not as a nation, so far as my experience goes, make much of a song in the nervous thirties about this remarkable figure, nor did we attempt to impress Hitler with the strength of these hidden reserves. But that is beside the point. It is the figure itself on which I wish to dwell.

There are aggregates, immensities, imponderables even, in the face of which my imagination has learned, as the years go by, not to flinch. Astronomical numbers, say. If I am told that such-and-such a galaxy is a million light-years away, I can shrug it off with ease, whether or no I take the trouble to multiply the million by one hundred and eighty-six thousand times three hundred and sixty-five times twenty-four times sixty times sixty in order to render the thing down into miles. It is the same with the number of molecules in a cubic centimetre of gas, which for the moment I forget. I can also visualize enormous masses of Chinese or Iranians, perhaps aided by the fact that I often see half a million or so of them on my television screen, carrying baskets of earth on their heads or shaking their fists in the air, as the case may be. But thirty thousand butlers are a different kettle of fish. The spectacle of such a multitude, in sombre tailcoated array, on (let us say) a protest march through Hyde Park is one that I cannot by any stretch of the imagination encompass. Why, if they were ranged in columns of threes and we allowed them one yard between ranks, I calculate the procession would cover the best part of six miles from head to tail, and, at two miles per hour, which is a gait your trained butler never permits himself to exceed, would take some three hours to pass the reviewing stand.

This failure of the imagination I put down to the very nature of butlerdom. Butlers are solitary; they never flock. They come as single spies, not in battalions. They stand alone—or used to stand—at the portals of their thirty thousand individual mansions, overseeing the arrival or, with backward-curved right hand, the departure of innumerable distinguished guests. To picture them in groups, even in pairs, is to do violence to their very essence. The two-butler household, though conceivable perhaps in Texas, is a phenomenon unheard of in these British islands even at the peak of our prosperity. An under-butler, it is true, is occasionally mentioned in the literature dealing with the organization and management of great houses, but him and his title I regard as no more than a piece of self-aggrandizement on the part of his employer; his duties, it seems to me, are indistinguishable from those of a senior footman. Your true, your veritable, butler can no more be duplicated—at his duties in the wine cellar, in his pantry, when announcing dinner, or taking his place behind his master's chair (on the left, mind)—than can an archbishop at a coronation.

You did not know that a butler's place at the beginning of dinner is behind his master's chair, on the *left?* There is no need to feel ashamed. I should not have known it myself, so far removed has my life been spent from the more delicate nuances of meals in good society, had not the great "Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management" (edition of 1909) been for so many years constantly at my elbow. When I was a child, the color plates were perhaps my favorite study, and even now I cannot look with indifference at "Household Utensils" (facing page 80, and including Wringer and Mangle, in red and green, and a very fine rotating Knife Cleaner embellished with the royal arms) or the double-page "Dinner Table, à la Russe" (between pages 1552 and 1553), with its pink-shaded candelabra; its massed chrysanthemums and delicate fronds of greenery trailing down at the four corners, to set off the dozen double-damask dinner napkins, each ingeniously folded to encapsulate its enticing bread roll; the guest cards cut to resemble shallops, dhows, or some Russian equivalent in full sail; the inimitable cruets; and the forty-eight wineglasses—that's only four per person, as may be readily reckoned—disposed so neatly to the side (the *right* side, naturally) of their relevant setting. A picture to set the gastric juices flowing, if ever there was one—and there are plenty in Mrs. Beeton's book; the halibut facing page 289 is masterly.

For serious reading, however, we must press on to page 1763, where the "domestic duties of the butler" are faithfully set down:

> At dinner, he places the silver and plated articles on the table and sees that everything is in its place. Where the dishes are carved on the dinner table he carries in the first dish, and announces in the drawing-room that dinner is on the table, and respectfully stands by the door until the company are seated, when he takes his place behind his master's chair on the left, to remove the covers, handing them to the other attendants to carry out. After the first course of plates is supplied, his place is at the sideboard to serve the wines, but only when called on. The first course ended . . .

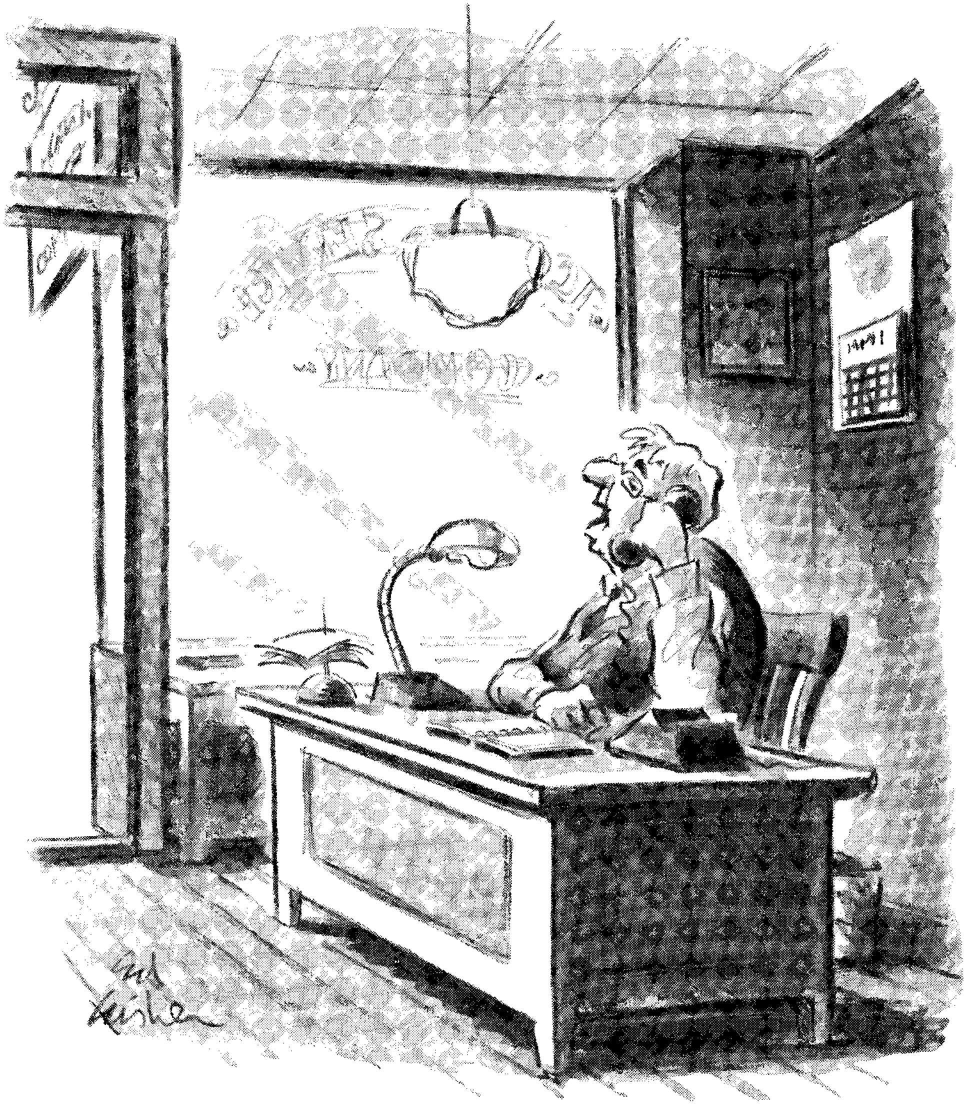
But enough. The realization that all over Britain, in the heyday of this country and its butlery, at eight o'clock in the evening precisely, thirty thousand butlers were taking their places behind their masters' chairs (on the *left*), removing the covers and handing them to the other attendants—this is a thought that comes near to paralyzing the mind with wonder. I see them as in a kind of dream: portly, swallowtailed, full-cheeked, balding and benign, a little bowed, a little stertorous perhaps (for even butlers must breathe)—though not, one likes to think, actually wheezing. I see this vast but fragmented army moving as one man from behind their masters' chairs toward the myriad sideboards, there to wait, patiently but not, no doubt, in vain, until called on.

The picture is perhaps a little overdrawn. Butlers, when they pullulated like flies, can hardly have been cast all in the same traditional mold. The stout and stately figure of my dreams, the Platonic ideal of a butler, derived, I daresay, largely from such creations as P. G. Wodehouse's butler Beach (see the Blandings Castle novels *passim*), has, on inspection, to undergo some modification. Not all butlers, it seems, were always portly, benign, or even (I blush to report it) as respectful as Mrs. Beeton and I would wish. There is that story—not, I believe, apocryphal—of the old butler whose demeanor at a grand dinner party was so markedly unbalanced that his mistress (was it Lady Astor?) felt impelled to scribble down and hand to him the curt message "Leave the room immediately. You are drunk." After the briefest glance at this instruction, the butler moved down the table and laid it, with, one feels sure, some return of his smoothest manner, before the astounded eyes of (I think) Sir John Simon.

Well, if that was his final act of butlery, one has to admit it showed a certain flair. But listen to what Max Beerbohm, that old favorite of mine, had to say in an essay on "Servants," written as long ago as 1918:

> I have seen, from time to time, butlers who had shed all semblance of grace, butlers whose whole demeanour was a manifesto of contempt for their calling and of devotion to the Spirit of the Age. I have seen a butler in a well-established household strolling around the diners without the slightest droop, and pouring out wine in an off-hand and quite obviously hostile manner. I have seen him, towards the end of the meal, yawning. I remember another whom, positively, I heard humming—a faint sound indeed, but menacing as the roll of tumbrils.

These, of course, were exceptional cases, as Beerbohm grants; among a host of thirty thousand, one or two backsliders were, I suppose, to be expected, and I cling to the hope, I am surely entitled to believe, that in the ranks of the pitiful one hundred or so butlers still left to us no single renegade is to be found—that they are, one and all, the finest flower of butlerdom: all portly, all drooping slightly, every man of them prepared to stand as respectfully by the dining-room door as their forerunners when the century was young.



"Oh, sorry, Mrs. Willett. Forgive me for not returning your call sooner. Our computers are down."

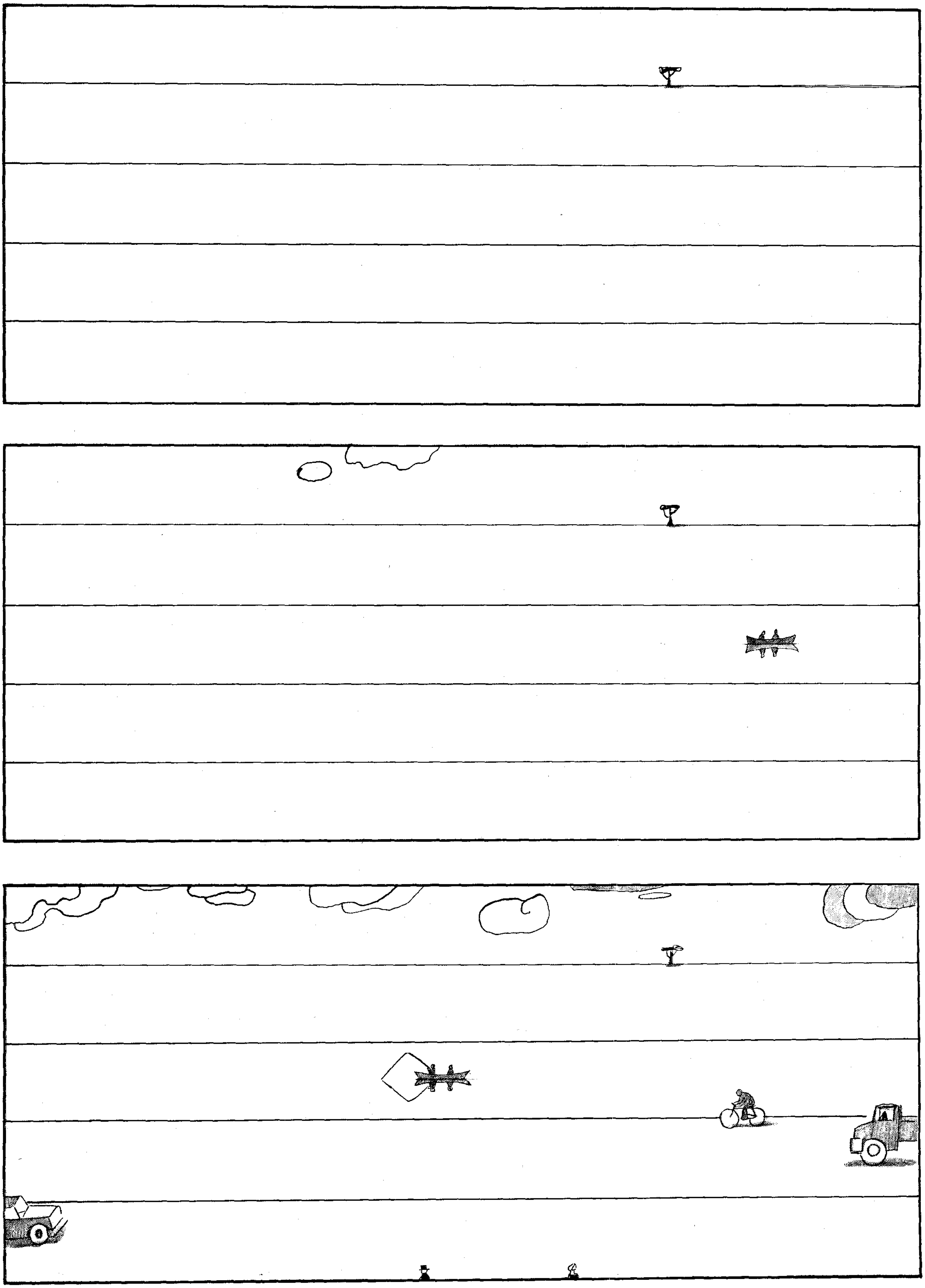
THAT new recruits to the profession will attain the highest standards of the past we can at least be assured. That same dependable newspaper of which I made mention at the start informs me that a School for British Butlers opened at Belair Mansion, Dulwich, on December 29th last, under the control of toastmaster Mr. Ivor Spencer, and with Mr. Leslie Bartlett, "professional butler to royalty" and a mature sixty-eight-year-old (no hummer he, we may be sure), as chief instructor. This is to be no harum-scarum affair, no crash course in cover-removing, with just a couple of days devoted to the care of wines. "Discretion and dedication," Mr. Bartlett declares, are to be the hallmark, and he "plans to enrol only two prospective butlers per 18-month course," thus insuring the closest personal supervision and an end product of which this country may assuredly in due time be proud.

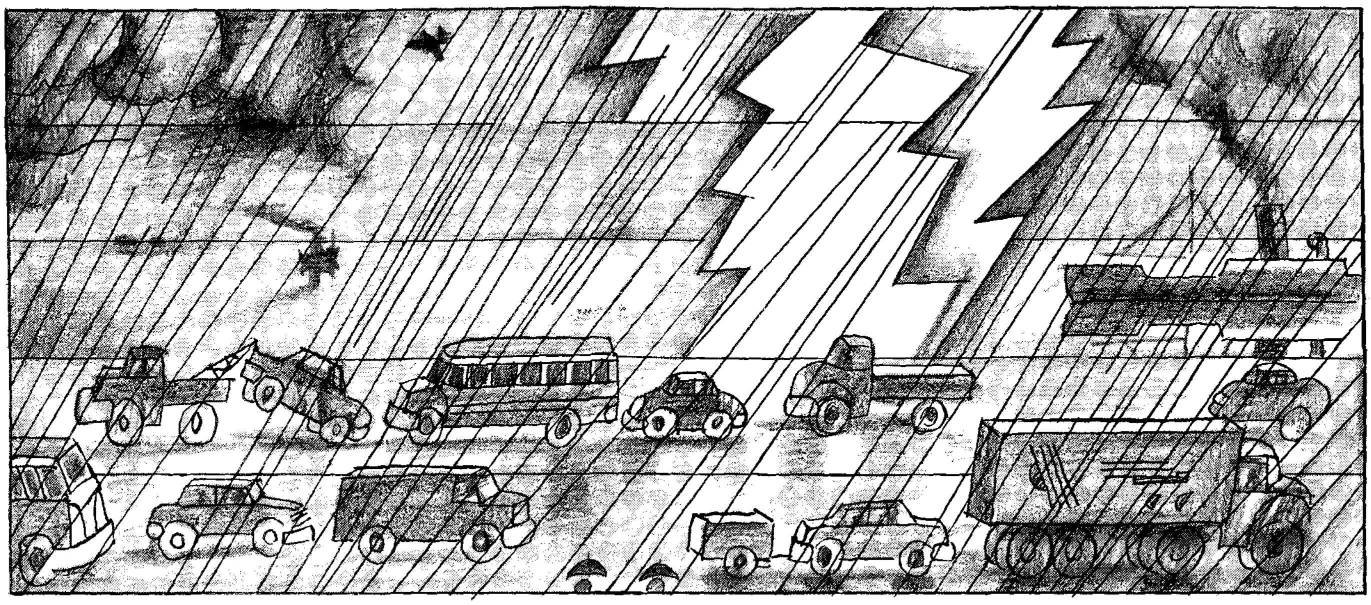
Proud of, yes, but not, I fear, benefitted by. An output of two butlers every eighteen months is hardly calculated to swell appreciably Great Britain's modest tally of butlers, in whose drooping ranks wastage must inevitably be high, and even those two are unlikely to take their places behind British chairs. For, so I read, "Wealthy American bankers and show business personalities [a plague on both their households] are already queuing up for the finished Jeeves [*sic*] product." Let them queue. They are in for a long wait, let me tell them—and longer still before their prized School graduate turns into the butler of their dreams. You can teach a man to stand respectfully at door or sideboard, to pour out wine, to perform with address and skill the multifarious duties of a butler in a well-established household, but only time can fill out his waistcoat, bow his shoulders, remove a sufficiency of hair, and in general lend him that air of loyal and dignified benevolence without which even a dinner table à la Russe lacks the final touch of distinction. And the first pupil enrolled at the School for British Butlers, you wealthy bankers may as well know, is aged sixteen at the time of writing. I reckon he should attain the full flower of butlerdom in or around the year 2025.

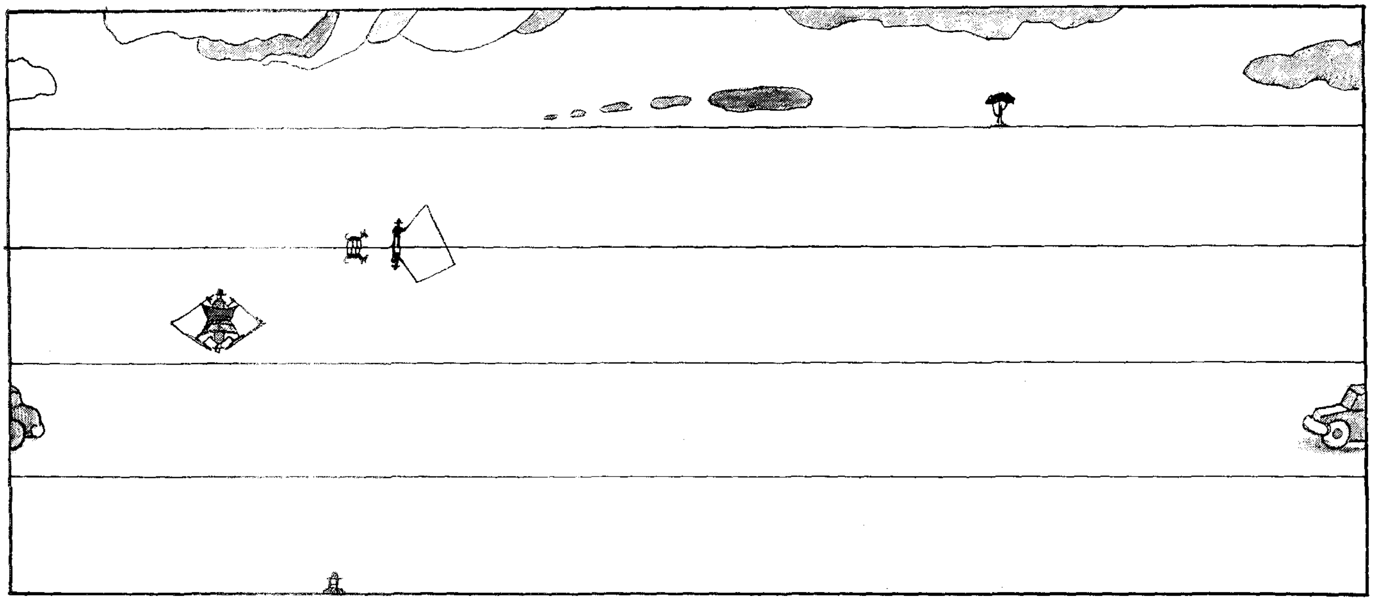
It only remains for me to withdraw an adjective twice employed, ill-advisedly and prematurely, above. A newspaper capable of confusing a valet, or gentleman's gentleman, with a butler would not be described either by Beach or by Mrs. Beeton, and least of all by Jeeves himself, as "dependable."

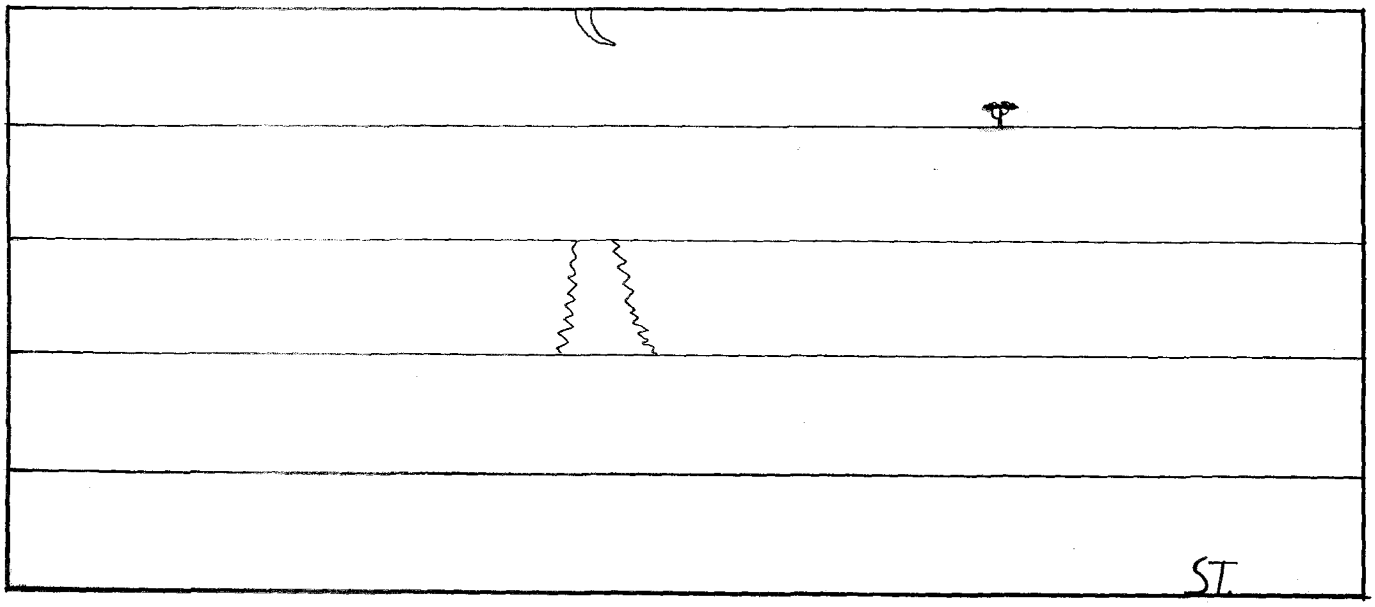
—H. F. ELLIS

SIX HOURS








ST.

IN JEWEL

I COULD be getting married soon. The fellow is no Adonis, but what do I care about that? I'd be leaving my job at the high school. I teach art. In fact, I'd be leaving Jewel if I got married.

I have six smart students, total, but only two with any talent, both at third period. One of them might make it out of here someday. I don't know. Jewel is coal mining, and it's infuriatingly true that all the kids end up in the mine.

One of my two talented students is a girl. She's involved with the mine already—works after school driving a coal truck for them. I've had her in class since her freshman year. She's got a ready mind that would have wowed them at the design school in Rhode Island where I took a degree ten or so years ago. "Dirty Thoughts," she titles all her pieces, one after another. "Here's D.T. 189," she'll say to me, holding up some contraption. She does very clever work with plaster and torn paper bags.

Jack's the name of the man I might marry. He's a sharp lawyer. He looks kind of like a poor relation, but juries feel cozy and relaxed with him. They go his way as if he were a cousin they're trying to help along.

Jack's a miner's best friend. He has a case pending now about this mammoth rock that's hanging near the top of a mountain out on the edge of town. And the mountain's on fire inside. There's a seam of coal in it that's been burning for over a year, breaking the mountain's back, and someday the rock's going to come tumbling straight down and smush the Benjamin house, it looks like, and maybe tear out part of the neighborhood. The whole Benjamin family has seen this in their dreams. "Hit the Company now," Jack says, "before the rock arrives."

Jack first met me when a student was killed a couple of years ago and the boy's parents hired Jack to file suit against the Company. As I understood it, there were these posts every few or so feet in the mine, and the Company had saved a buck skipping every third post. Well, Rick, the boy—he was a senior at school but he worked afternoon half-shifts in the mine—was down in the shaft one day, and some ceiling where there wasn't a post caved in and he died on the spot. Rick was a kid who was *never* going to be a miner. His ceramics, done for me, weren't bad, when they didn't explode in the kiln.

Jack asked me out for coffee one of those days when court was in recess. We blew a couple hours at the Ballpark Lounge, playing a computer game called Space Invaders.

"You could win money at this," Jack said. "You ought to have your own machine." Don't I wish. That's how Jack thinks: big.

My gifted student who might get out of Jewel someday is Michael Fitch. "Maybe I'm nuts," he said to me after homeroom had cleared out one morning. I have him for art and homeroom.

"I don't mind," I said.

"There's a lot of noise because I won't say the pledge of allegiance in assemblies," Michael said. "I refuse."

"You got to stay alert from now on, Michael," I told him. "For the next little bit, you'll have to be on your toes."

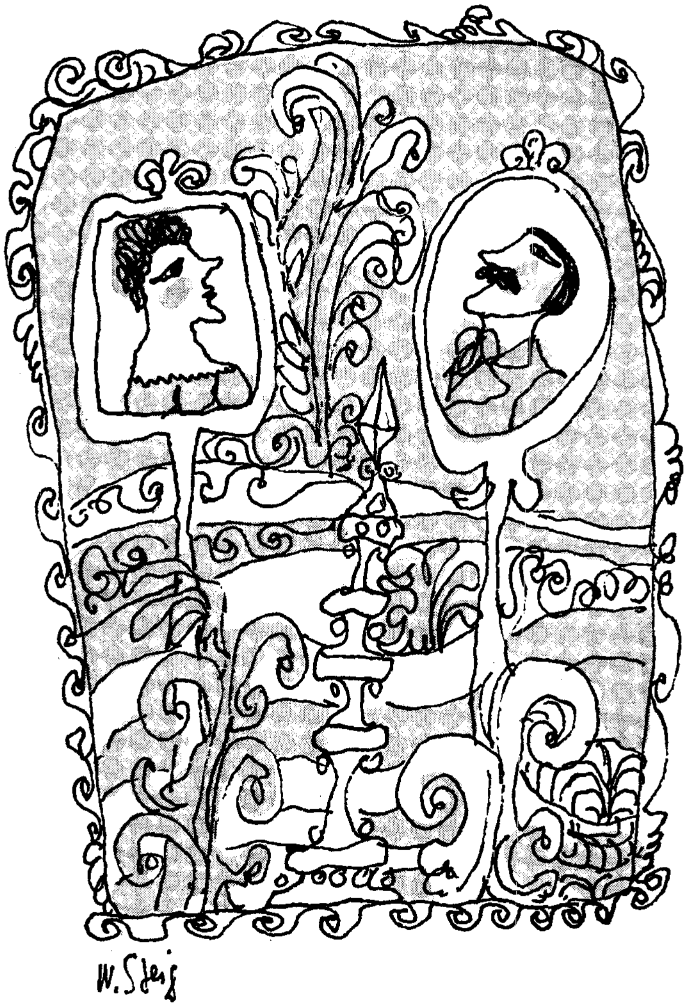
He took a pink stick of chalk to the blackboard and worked in thick, porous contours. Clouds, maybe. "I think the entire town's afraid of me," he said.

"Probably," I said. Why would anyone balk at the pledge?

JACK and I would go live in Charleston if we got married. We've talked about being there by the end of August. He even has a house lined up. Actually, it's half a house. The downstairs is a crisis center where they take "hot line" calls. Jack says I could work there, if I want to work. He got me to spend an afternoon with the people, learning their procedure. They listen to these calls, I found out, and then they more or less repeat back whatever the caller's just said. Such as "You discovered your dearest friend in bed with your husband." Then they add something like "You sound angry."

Jack thinks I'd be terrific at this sort of thing. He doesn't realize my worst moments as a teacher are when somebody confides in me. Brad Foley, for example. He confessed about some stuff he was going through with his dad, and when we were all finished talking, Brad, crying, asked if he could kiss me. I said he could hug me, the poor thing, but just for a second.

I wouldn't mind waving goodbye to Jewel, but it would be tough leaving my family. Mom's all right here, and so is Russell, my big brother. Russell recently got Mom a new clothes washer. He does things like

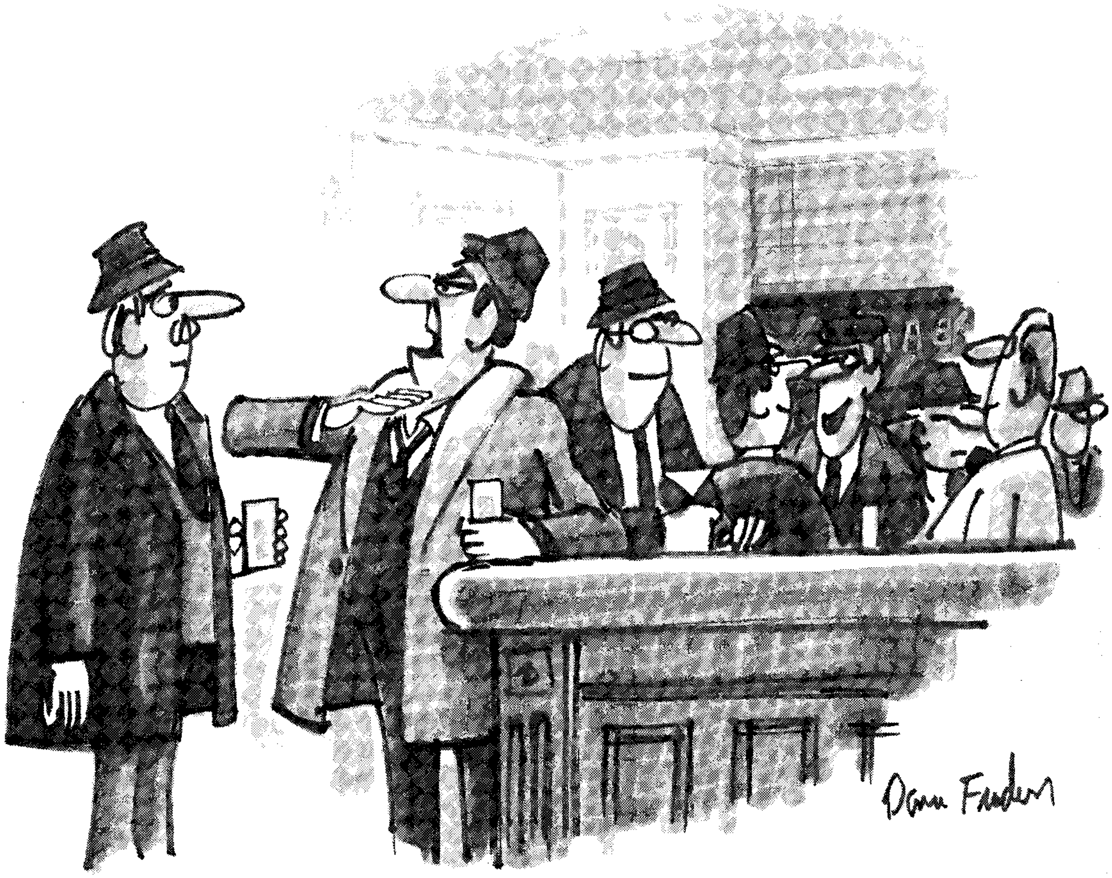


Page from an Album

that, and they're a very contented couple.

Russell's nuts, though. I mean, here's a guy working in three feet of coal every day, contending with a couple kinds of gases that are there, also the dust from the machines, and all he wants is to be allowed to smoke cigarettes. He says it isn't because of methane that you can't smoke in the mine, it's dollars. Most of the miners roll their own cigarettes, see, which takes a minute or two. So you figure a couple of dozen smokes would cost the Company a half hour's time every shift.

I get sad for Russell. The biggest achievement in his life is being respectable. He'd cheat and lie before he'd do anything that's frowned upon.



"Everywhere you go it's Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. I've had it up to here *with Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart!"*

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But I was always respectable, I admit. Two years in a row I won the Jaycees' Good Citizenship award—Women's Branch. Really, though, that was for my dad. I couldn't like Dad, but I often pleased him. He was superstitious about women ever working in the mines, and very confident about his opinions, which weren't backed by anything but his fears. He would hate that there are five women down there now. If he were alive, he'd be yelling about it.

The women won't last long. They'll get sick or quit for some reason. You can't blame them—it's no fun making everyone nervous.

My fiancé doesn't get too excited or too blue. He won't allow himself. He's learned to take comfort in small things. Say, if he finds a word he likes he speaks it with relish. He makes you enjoy the word with him—its aptness or strength. "I like a shower head that throws an aggressive spray," he says, and leans on that word "aggressive." Or he tells you that for supper he can get by gladly with a plate of fresh yellow tomatoes and just a mug of coffee, so long as the coffee is "pitchy."

One thing that bothers me about leaving Jewel is that I just wallpapered my bedroom at Mom's. The wallpaper I put up has a poppy pattern that's like Matisse.

Charleston wouldn't thrill Jack for long, I bet. He's headed for growth: Atlanta, Houston, D.C.

You name it and it went wrong for me up in Rhode Island. I got mangled or something. I was at the School of Design there. I finally did graduate, or some version of me graduated. I really wasn't present. I'd be walking on Thayer Street and all of a sudden realize I was looking for my reflection in every shopwindow.

Those who say you can't go home again haven't been to Jewel. Anyway, what *can* you do but go home? Back in Jewel again—surprise—I was fine.

Imagine teaching at the same high school where you and your whole family went—it can't be good. I figured out my dad was a freshman there in 1924.

Some days, the Rhode Island thing seems like a dream. I'll be pushing a cart around the market here, say, and it comes to me that I know all the people in the store—first and last names. I know the meat cutter. I was a Camp Fire Girl with Marsha, who works the checkout counter. I went through twelve grades with the milk guy, Lewis, who loads the dairy refrigerator. I even know what grief sends his family running to the therapist at the new guidance center. And, outside, those Leahy brothers, with their beef-red faces, on their bench on the courthouse lawn I know, and Sue Forrest, pacing around carrying a sandwich board for her son's bakery, and the guys crowding the Ballpark Lounge and the Servo Hardware. I like feeling at home, but I wish I didn't feel it here.

Little Brad Foley sent me a note of congratulations when he found out from the newspaper that Jack and I are engaged. "I hope for your sake you'll be moving," he wrote. The note's still on the shelf of my secretary. I don't throw anything away. No, worse—I don't put anything away. All that I've ever owned or had is right out here for you to examine.

—Mary Robison

PORTRAIT OF THE ADMIRAL

PRUSSIAN blue, Veronese green, pink, violet, vermillion . . . Commodore Blakesley is a beetle-browed man, thin-lipped, with a fine hooked nose. He fills his uniform well and wears many decorations. The light comes in from a large bay window overlooking the harbor at Plymouth. The medals on his navy-blue coat rush into reds, yellows, greens, and turquoise. His eyeballs are fiery white. He is very pleased with my portrait of him and asks what I should like in "this man's Navy," and I say, "I should like to paint the war, sir."

THERE is a grinding sound as the bottom of our boat hits sand, the engines racing. Our LST (Landing Ship, Tank) disgorges some First Army infantry. They come out in droves. They run after tanks. I try to thumbnail some sketches from behind a landing craft . . . terror and confusion. Monumental contraptions in cast-iron shells—German crabs full of explosives—rumble and draw toward us; we are digging in, shovelling emplacements for guns and holes for ourselves. We are under direct fire. I scrabble with my hands into the beach soil. Everybody has written about it, but nobody can describe it. The arms and legs of the dead stretched out . . . the dead faces of the soldiers looking up at you . . . the beach, torn and vile, the poisonous breath of gunfire . . .

THE tram shelter in the center of Cherbourg is burned out. I sketch the crater and the pockmarked streets and squares. Outside the Rex, a gutted cinema, a piece of an electric organ is intact in the rubble. I press some of the buttons on the organ, still connected to a live wire, and it gives off some snare-drum beats, a birdcall, and tambourine jangles.

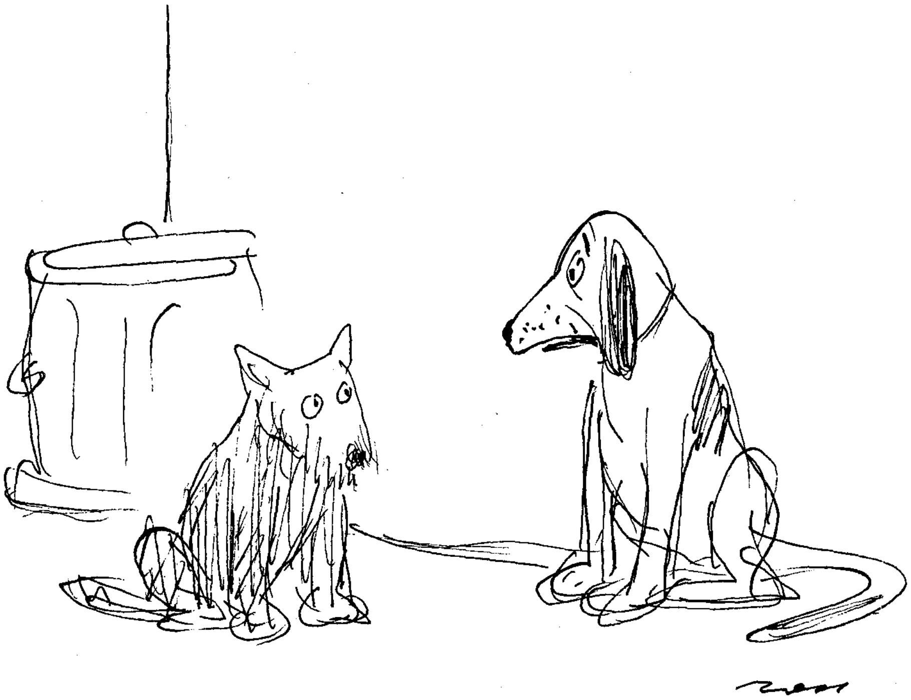
At the Hôtel Splendide in Cherbourg I am painting the portrait of Lieutenant Mullenberger, a large man with a moon face, full lips, and wavy blond hair. He pops a stick of chewing gum into his mouth, and I suggest he's going to have fat cheeks. The Lieutenant can't keep a single mood for more than a few seconds. He speaks of his wife, Blanche, who has left his bed and board back home. He rolls his eyes ferociously. I can't paint that! I tell him that my wife has also left and that she's taken the furniture. That cheers him up a bit. Now his big head, overwhelmed with sleep, is drooping; his large features give him an inconsolable expression. I clear my throat to awaken him. His eyes suddenly pop open—a bullfrog. He is astonished and pleased with the painting and says he's gotten me a lend-lease chit for four hundred dollars to replenish my dwindling art supplies. I rush down to the paymaster, redeem the chit for dollars, and am off to the Le Franc art shop on Rue Pergolèse. Turquoise blue, ultramarine, violet, permanent green . . . linseed oil, turps, a hundred brushes, a roll of linen canvas . . .

THE retreating Germans have left thousands of potato mashers (hand grenades with handles) scattered about the beach. Some of the sailors have picked them up and are playing chicken—tapping each other on the head to see who taps hardest. One of the men tells me that there are a number of dead Germans with Lugers in a pillbox on top of the cliff nearby. We climb up. We have to be careful of mined bodies. The smell is unbelievable. There is the buzzing of flies. A gray-green army jacket on a corpse is one big jelly. The worst is prying the gun loose. The handle is stuck hard to the congealing blood. There is hardly any head left. We're intent on getting that Luger, but it won't come clear and we aren't getting anywhere. We tug a little harder. . . .

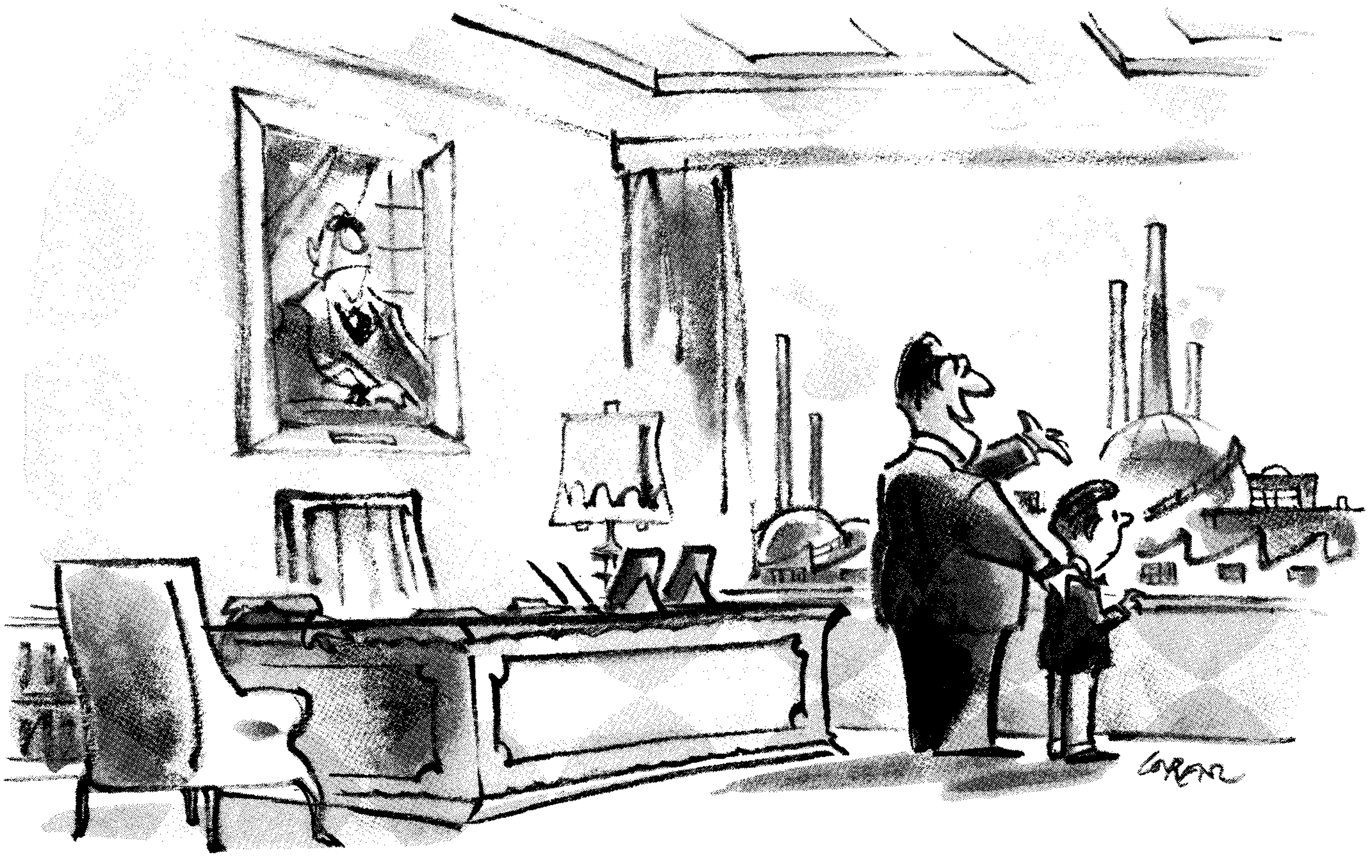
THE advance troops have penetrated some distance inland and will be followed up with supplies, ammunition, and artillery. We are rolling out burlap, which will be covered with wire mesh to form a road over the sand dunes.

TODAY I am in a command wagon with a Seabee convoy, on my way to Le Havre, which was liberated yesterday. A tank up ahead has run over a black-and-white cow and flattened it into a carpet—limbs akimbo, head up front, tail outstretched. A map of a cow.

A huge crimson cross marks the entrance to the German cemetery in Le Havre, on top of the hill, overlooking the harbor. The French gravediggers have a spillover of hundreds of bodies stacked three and four deep, awaiting burial. There is a tinkle of rings being pulled or cut off fingers by the gravediggers and then thrown into pails, a tap-tap of hammers and chisels as they knock gold fillings out of the open mouths of the Germans, turning this grisly panorama into an industrial park. A young boy brings one of the men a sandwich for lunch. The man



"I don't know. My bark isn't worth a damn and my bite isn't worth a damn."



"Someday, my son, all this will be part of your personal mythology."

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does something to the body he's working on and a strange growl comes out of its mouth, frightening the youngster, who runs away. There is an outburst of laughter from the gravediggers. I make some pen-and-ink notes of the scene, hoping to catch some of the tension by jagged outline and bits of rendering. The anatomy of the heads and hands, the shoes, buckles, and such anchor the slack of the muddied and tattered uniforms. The bombed-out valley below the German cemetery is about three square miles, with thirteen thousand French dead in the rubble. Some of the people have returned and are refusing to give up the search for members of their families. A woman is shouting "Raoul!" over and over. She doesn't quit and continues to poke around in what's left of the cellar of her house. I begin painting in gouache on tan paper, with a network of brittle lines and massed flat areas of raw color, trying to capture what was left of the port of Le Havre behind the disaster. Green, black, yellow . . . my loaded brush rushes over the pad. I'm in a hurry.

The sun has set. The roadways back to the barracks are bombed out, and I have to retrace my steps by rock-hopping. Some of the unburied in the German cemetery are laid out alongside freshly dug graves. It is a moonlit night. A number of the bodies seem to be peacefully sleeping; the faces of others are racked with pain. In places the corpses are lying about so densely that with each step I take, I have difficulty avoiding them. Unusually large rats scurry about, their coats streaked with the slaked lime spread throughout the cemetery. I recognize the staircase along the wall. I race up the steps and am glad to hear the "Who goes there?" of the armed guard at the Navy barracks.

At the officers' hotel in Le Havre I paint a Lieutenant H. P. Brown. He says, "I think it is an excellent job. I am confirmed in this by the fact that Captain Willowbrook says it doesn't flatter me and Commander Temple insists that it looks like an Arrow Collar ad, which all goes to prove one of two things, or both: that I look like an Arrow Collar ad, which I doubt, and that it is a very good painting, since there are diverse views." Paris is being liberated, and Lieutenant H. P. Brown phones the Navy contingent there, asking if they'd like an artist and portrait painter attached to their command. I'm on my way to Paris in a jeep with another sailor.

WE drive slowly toward the Arc de Triomphe as thousands of Parisians pour into the Champs-Élysées, applauding us, kissing us, cheering, and singing the "Marseillaise." It's August 25th. From the direction of the Concorde comes the staccato sound of machine-gun fire. We drive past a burning German tank. It teeters, dances at the edge of the wall along the Seine, tips, and falls into the river.

The Navy is billeted at the Hôtel des Acacias, near the Arch of Triumph. I begin a portrait of Lieutenant Wilson, the commanding officer of the enlisted men's barracks. He has grandiose ideas about my painting murals of U.S. naval history all over the hotel walls, starting with a cutaway view of life aboard a warship of the Revolutionary War period at the main entrance of the hotel. We settle for a portrait of himself. Lieutenant Wilson insists on being painted outdoors in front of the hotel. I render his head down to the shoulders, twice life-size. Snoopers in the street climb up on each other's backs to watch me painting him. In the front row, right against the iron fence, a whole slew of men and women fasten on to the window shutters. "*C'est bizarre, n'est-ce pas?*" I take a bow, and they laugh and applaud.

At the hotel, I run into Ted Bailey, Storekeeper First Class. We were stationed together at the Exeter naval base, in southern England. He is now on permanent duty here in Paris. We go up to his room on the *cinquième étage*. His place is fixed up like a liquor store, with hundreds of bottles of Scotch, bourbon, cognac, Calvados, Irish whiskeys, slivovitz, and assorted wines and champagnes on shelves along the walls. Bailey's function is driving a truck up to the front lines to newly liberated wine cellars to buy the best bottles for the Admiral's table. He has been very successful in recent weeks, returning with a great Riesling for breast and Bordeaux for drumstick—one hundred cases of each. He is a favorite son and dresses out of uniform as he pleases. We drink a wine that he says is the Napoléon of Burgundies.

Ted Bailey comes up to my room, where I begin his portrait. His features are flat on the surface of his face and head, and he is hard to catch in paint. The dark mass of his body in the Navy blues emerges from neutral hues in the background, which I deliberately blur so as to bring out more strongly the light vibrating in the face and hands. The white stripes of the Navy shirt, framing his neck, emphasize his face rising above it. I am finished in an hour and a half. I ask Bailey to advance me two hundred dollars. I am on temporary duty, and my pay is being held up in England until my return. He gives me four hundred dollars and asks if I'll come with him to help unload some refrigerators.

GOING WEST

Westward the Great Plains are lifting, as you
Can tell from the slight additional pressure
The accelerator requires. The sun,
Man to man, stares you straight in the eye, and the
Ribbon of road, white, into the sun's eye
Unspools. Wheat stubble behind,
Now nothing but range land. But,
With tire song lulling like love, gaze riding white ribbon, forward
You plunge. Blur of burnt goldness
Past eye edge on each
Side back-whirling, you arrow
Into the heart of hypnosis.

This is one way to write the history of America.

It was that way that day—oh, long
Ago. I had to slap
The back of my neck to stay awake,
Eyes westward in challenge to sun-gaze, lids
Slitted for sight. The land,
Beyond miles of distance, fled
Backward to whatever had been,
As though Space were Time.

Now do I see the first blue shadow of foothills?
Or is that a cloud line?
When will snow, like a vision, lift?

I do not see, sudden out of
A scrub clump, the wing-burst. See only
The bloody explosion, right in my face,
On the windshield, the sun and
The whole land forward, forever,
All washed in blood, in feathers, in gut-scrawl.

It is, of course, a fool pheasant.

Hands clamping the wheel with a death grip
To hold straight while brakes scream, I,
With no breath, at the blood stare. The ditch
Is shallow enough when the car, in the end, rolls in.

Clumps of old grass, old newspaper, dry dirt—
All this got the worst off. Slowly,
Red sunset now reddening to blood streaks,
Westward the car moved on. Blood
Fried on the glass yet stove-hot. For the day—
It had been a scorcher. Later,
Handfuls of dry dirt would scrape off the fried blood.
Eventually, water at a gas station.

Even now, long afterward, the dream.

I have seen blood explode, blotting sun, blotting
Out land, white ribbon of road, the imagined
Vision of snowcaps.

—Robert Penn Warren

• •

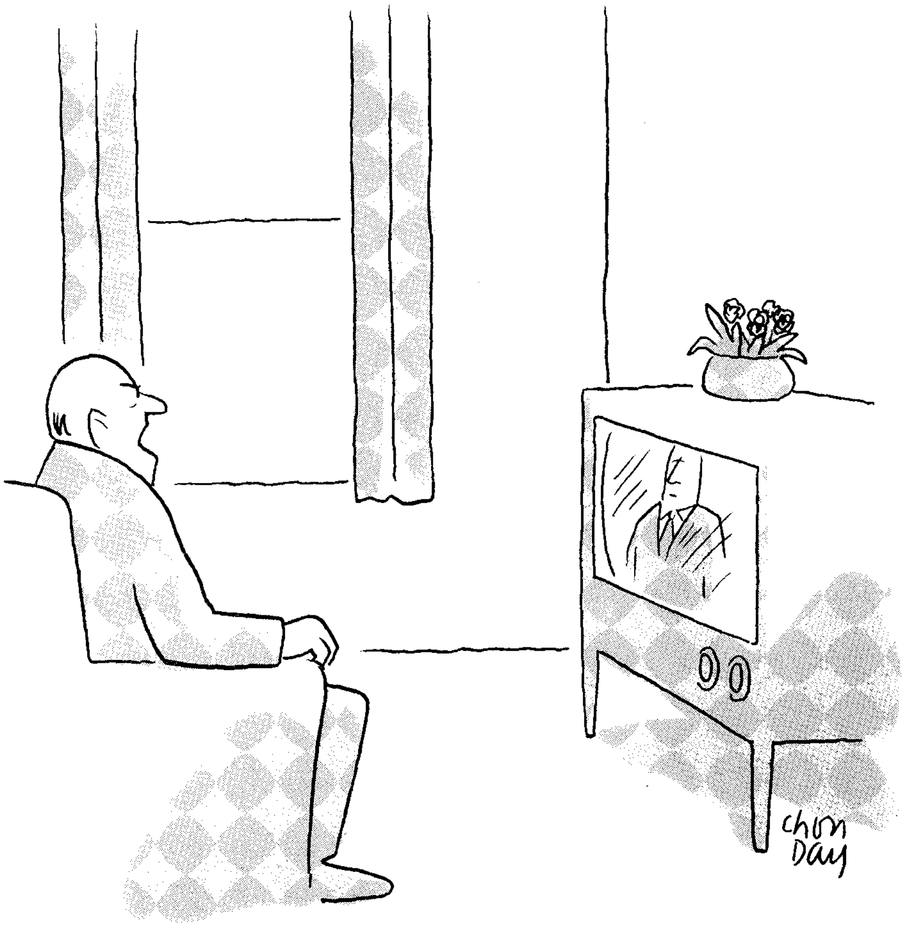
THIS morning at the Acacias I finish painting a four-by-eight-foot seascape of the Continental frigate Alliance fighting two British warships in 1781. I start a portrait of Esek Hopkins, the commander of the First American Fleet, who led the raid on Nassau, in the West Indies, in 1776. He captured the port and came home with munitions and supplies for Washington's army. Lieutenant Wilson has supplied me with scrap material from naval archives, and he is very pleased with the results.

AT inspection the Admiral is impressed with my seascape, the portrait of Esek Hopkins, and the large head of Lieutenant Wilson hanging next to the American flag. The next day I drive a jeep out to the Admiral's headquarters, the Château Louveciennes, in Neuilly, where I am received by the Marine guard and the Flag Secretary, Lieutenant Commander Peyton L. Adams. We find a good north light on the second deck, and I begin my drawing and underpainting as the Admiral sits in a Louis XVI chair holding an illuminated Bible in his right hand and a magnifying glass in his left.

As I prepare to leave, Lieutenant Commander Peyton L. Adams, returning my salute, says, "Those who associate the word 'artist' with long, flowing hair, smocks, and berets will no doubt be startled by the inclusion of painters like yourself in the Navy's program of reporting the war."

AT the Hôtel des Acacias I've finished painting John Paul Jones, the most daring and successful captain in the U.S. Navy, and have started a canvas of the frigate Randolph challenging a British ship of the line twice her size, the Yarmouth, in the year 1778 off Barbados, in the West Indies.

MUSIC halls and night clubs are opening all over Paris, and Ted Bailey advances me some francs. He's got a new outlet for a warehouseful of hams—a chanteuse in an act at the Cirque Medrano. Bailey and I hurry over. As the curtain comes up, her partner, the Great Alexander, picks her up and she sings "Mariage de Poupée" in a high-pitched voice. He slips her into a satchel, from which she continues to sing. He slips her into a smaller satchel, and then progressively smaller ones. Her voice grows fainter and fainter.



"That was not an important message!"

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AT the Château Louveciennes I am having a struggle with the Admiral's nose and lips. Lieutenant Commander Peyton L. Adams wants me to shorten the nose "and get some of that damned carmine off the Admiral's lips." The Admiral himself has spoken once. "I'm not sure," he says, "that I don't look less like William S. Hart than like Gustav von Seyffertitz." The paint of the Admiral's face is streaky from the changes, and I'm worried that it may not dry at all. During the past week Germans have been parachuting into Paris, and there have been some air raids at night; in Bastogne, the Battle of the Bulge is raging. I tell Lieutenant Commander Peyton L. Adams that there is a possibility the Germans may recapture Paris and I may wind up painting Field Marshal Kesselring. The Admiral leaves the room, and the Lieutenant Commander speaks to me in an icy whisper about the trouble he had talking the Admiral into sitting for a portrait. He gesticulates wildly and bangs into the easel, knocking the painting over. He sends a vase crashing. He changes color, demanding, "Sailor, what did you do with the resemblance?"

TED BAILEY and I are at Ève, a Pigalle music-hall fleshpot. The naked girls can't dance, but who cares? After the acts are over, we go around to the stage door to see the talent come out. A fat man with a mustache and a smile exits with four beauties. I show them some slapdash sketches I've done from the third row—drawings with reckless foreshortening. "The quicker a sketch, the better it looks," I say, making some rapid lines of the fat man. The pastels go wildly over the gray-toned paper, wiggles and swirls of light orange and sap green predominating. Ted Bailey frightens him by demanding one of the girls. The fat man walks in worried steps. I get a great scribble of him in six lines. He roams around us, he hesitates, he comes back. He salutes us majestically with a sweeping bow. His arm rises and falls. One of the girls talks to Ted Bailey. I have a little tin filled with turpentine to dip pastels into, giving an oil-paint quality to the drawing. I have to squat as I draw, resting the pad on the sidewalk. The fat man in his turnabouts steps on my tin and squashes it. I sketch the girl, who holds Ted Bailey in an iron grip. I am still groping in this medium. I do her all aglow in yellow and red, Ted Bailey in dark purple. She is an acrobat in one of the acts and certainly tough. The other girls dance about, offering us kisses—one each. "Hey, this isn't bad," I assure Bailey, as the fat man hails a taxi and drives off with the dancers.

AT the Hôtel des Acacias I am painting George Washington from a color print of Gilbert Stuart's famous portrait. I begin with a vague blob of a head, the precise color of the flesh. I then round out the blob and begin to get the features into focus. My near-magic ability to seize a likeness has Lieutenant Wilson all aflutter. "Sailor," he says, "you are the foremost portraitist in this Navy, and I have put in for a Specialist X rating for you."

I AM with a Lieutenant Atwood in a jeep following a fleet of small landing craft through Belgium into Germany. We are on a mission with a naval unit, trucking a monster LCI (Landing Craft, Infantry) to help the Third Army cross the Rhine. I see a most gruesome sight. A rifleman grins and waves at us in passing. There is a shot and the soldier is spun around and falls to the ground. From where he is, a few yards away, he looks up at us. He has been shot through the temple, and his eyes bulge out as in horrific surprise at what has happened to him, although it is impossible that he could have known what hit him. Our LCI gets stuck in Ehrenbreitsteinstrasse, in Koblenz, and Lieutenant Atwood, our commanding officer, is upset with the Navy engineers for not having measured the width of every narrow street before dragging this "whale" out of Normandy. We break out some K rations, after which I sketch some Seabees topside chopping away at the stonework of this building that wedges us in tight.

A FEW weeks later I meet Ted Bailey in the lobby of the Acacias. He is dressed up like Count Potocki, in leggings and a parka with a mink lining. He is about to take off for Germany on a wine-cellar mission for the Admiral's table.

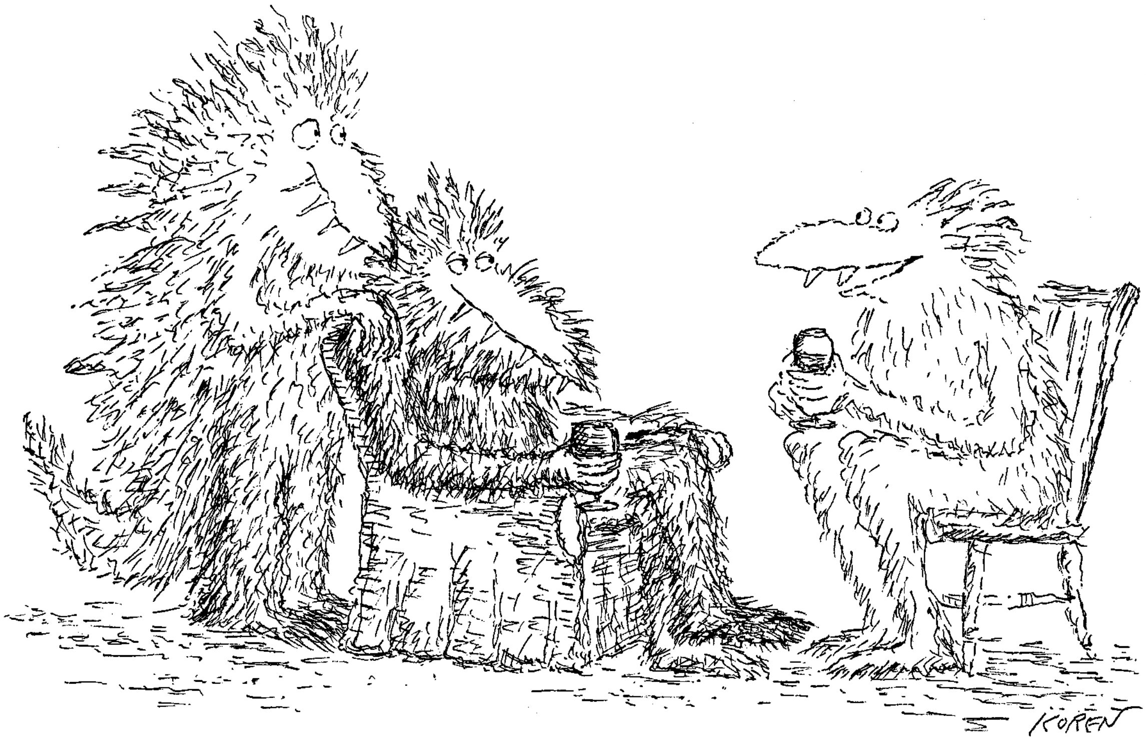
At the Château Louveciennes Lieutenant Commander Peyton L. Adams tells me it's not the Admiral's nose that's wrong—it's his eyes. The Lieutenant Commander had taken a group of officers into the studio the night before. There they had agreed that the Admiral's eyes in the painting were too close-set. I'm painting the coat and gold braid and medals now. The Admiral is restless, and Peyton L. Adams explains him as a man of action. "Take a look at his chest. You see before you the most highly prized, most envied medals for merit and courage. Sailor, never forget that we preserve the character of our performance whatever the task."

"Yes, sir, made to measure, sir, assembled according to the style and season of the year. Yours, dear gracious and benevolent master, yours in heart and body and spirit, sir." The Lieutenant Commander dyes his hair jet black and leaves his mustache gray. His hair and mustache bristle like a cat's, and his bushy eyebrows are ferocious—especially the one on the right. He has small, nervous eyes; they dart about and then stop dead.

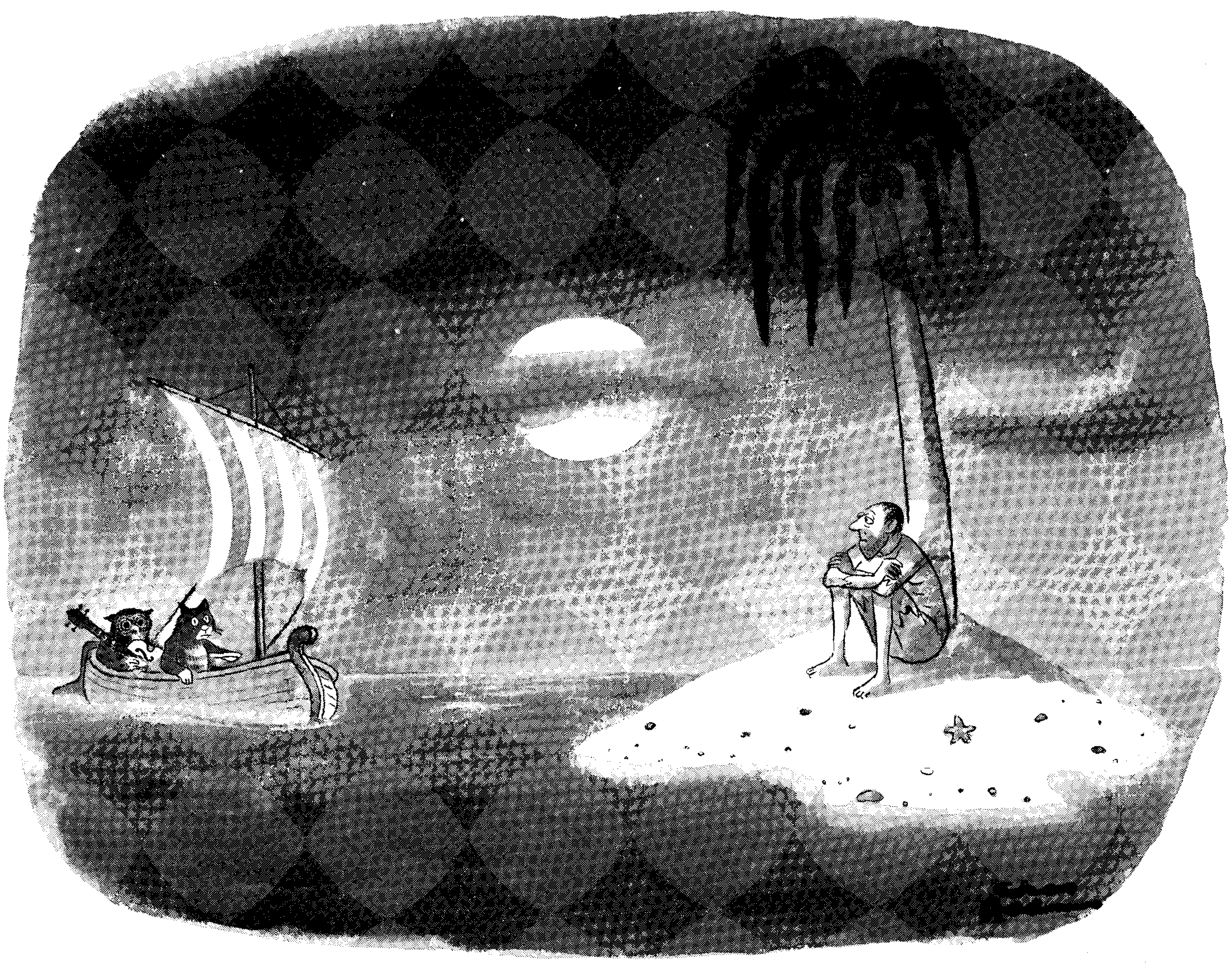
I try to salvage the Admiral's portrait by applying fresh paint over his head and suit, so that it literally oozes. The colors of the uniform are flattened, so that the medals are suddenly reëmphasized by jewel-bright splashes of pigment. A certain kind of accuracy becomes necessary now—and irony. I've had some trouble with the shape of the Admiral's head, which I've been able to correct by holding the canvas up to a mirror and viewing it inside out. The Admiral hasn't been in for a sitting. Lieutenant Commander Peyton L. Adams sends a Yeoman Saunders to sit in the Admiral's coat. He is too large and very active, forcing me to swish around in the suit creases, so that the Admiral's head, which has been done in slower paint, seems out of place. There are other surrogate sitters coming in—some too thin and some too large. Small sailors are the worst, as the whole coat folds up around them and they take on a burlesque character.

I HAVE painted a large still-life. Surprisingly, as one looks at the picture, there is a growing awareness that the still-life, although it occupies more than half the picture, is dominated by the small nude figure of a woman in the right background.

I am society to the Navy brass, who nod approvingly as I salute them in passing with a French Wac named Charlotte on my arm. Charlotte and I are sitting outside a café across the street from the Acacias. Ted Bailey sees us and comes over. He says that he's looking for a hostess for a night club he's planning to open on the Left Bank. He shows us a drawing of a seafood restaurant, The Yankee Doodle—an enormous red-white-and-blue carp anchored to the roof, with a mermaid riding the fish. I sketch Ted Bailey and Charlotte in ink and watercolor—pure intuition and the hope that it will settle into what they are. The English-speaking waiter says that I am painting caricatures. I tell him I see no purpose in drawing natural proportions. Ted Bailey signals the waiter and orders champagne, and of



"The institution of marriage gets a big boost from you folks."



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all damned things, he asks Charlotte for her slipper and then drinks out of it. He toasts her in Franglais. "*Mademoiselle*," he says, attaching two earrings to her lobes, "I give *ces bijoux* to match *vos yeux* of blue."

I DRAW in ink, and paint in yellow and blue wash. . . . The wreckage of defeat and retreat lies scattered over the countryside. . . . Dead horses, pigs, and cows, vehicles and abandoned guns. . . . Unshaven German soldiers in fatigue hats, arms over their heads, are giving themselves up. They come out of the fields all plastered with cowflop. They all want to be first. We tell them we don't have the facilities for collecting prisoners. Lieutenant Atwood climbs up on top of our jeep and tells them straight from the shoulder. He shouts at the top of his lungs. There is a seething mass tangled and clinging to the smashed tanks and vehicles. More of them keep surrendering. They are blocking traffic. Women in embroidered blouses run toward the American Army waving their arms, giving the V sign. A wife with her dead husband in a wheelbarrow is taking him out of her village to avoid mass burial. We stop to empty a jerry can into the gas tank of our jeep. A woman clutches my arm, shouting, "America! America!" The jeep suddenly gives a jolt and we're off.

TED BAILEY is back in Paris. His truck is a mess. He is blocked behind the steering wheel and between the doors, which are jammed. He climbs out of the truck window. Walking with a limp, he pushes through the sailors in front of the Acacias. His parka has lost its sleeves; he is all powdery and looks like a Pierrot. Bailey's truck turned over near Mannheim, shattering every one of his bottles, and he says there wasn't much stuff left in the wine cellars anyway—the infantry got there first.

I HAVEN'T found a tight fit for the Admiral's coat yet, and the surrogates have stopped coming in. I wrap the painting in several copies of the *Stars & Stripes*. Making sure I'm not noticed by the Marine guard, I leave the Château and drive toward the Seine. At the Pont Neuf I throw the unfinished Admiral off the bridge, out into space, and watch him flutter down into the river. He floats away, an inch below the surface, his face wan and pale, his eyes staring.

—LOU MYERS

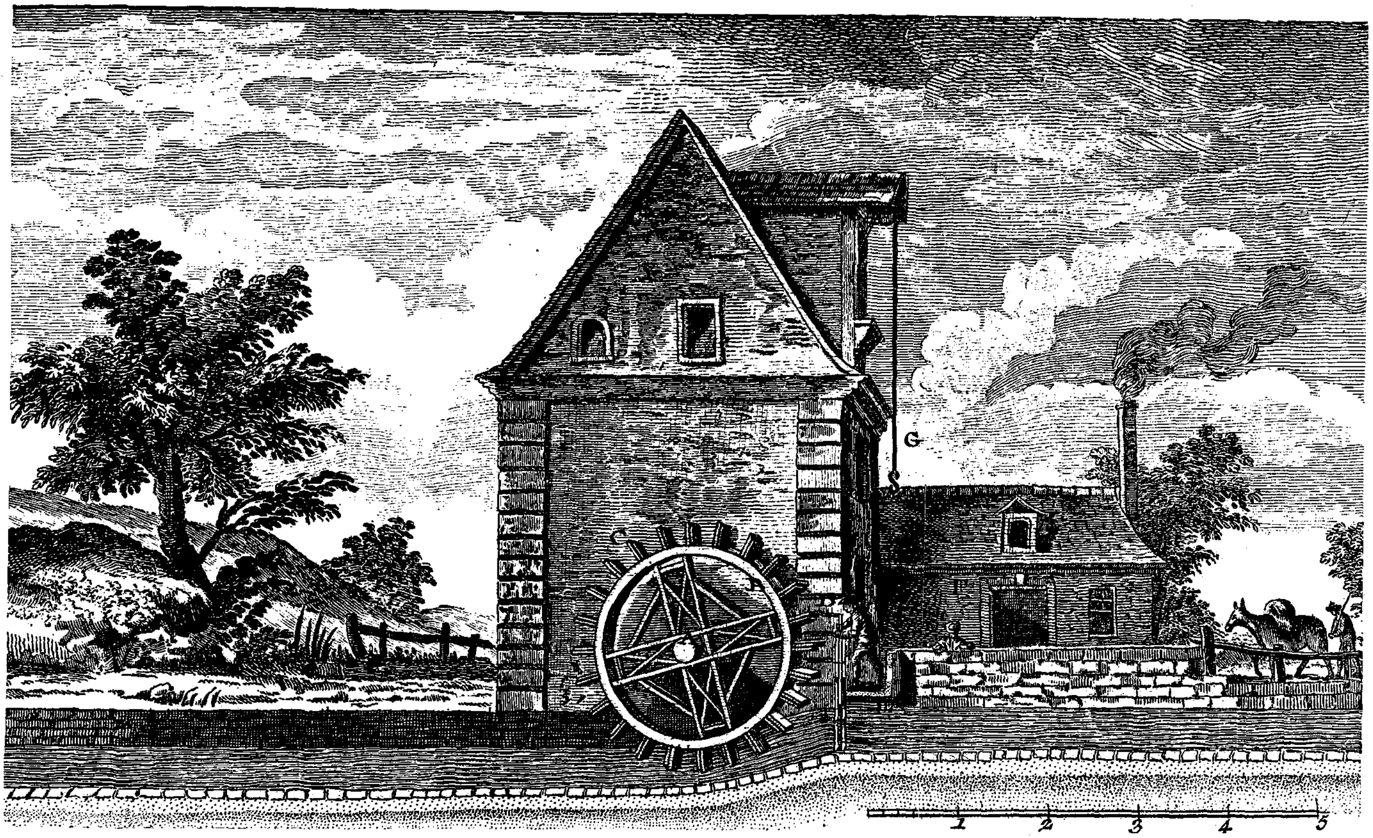
•

The acquisition of Burroughs, 30, 1974 American League Most Valuable Player, has been described as almost a fiat accompli.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

That's the little buggy the relief pitcher arrives in.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MINIHYDRO



AFTER twenty prodigiously successful years, Paul Eckhoff sold his resin plant. There would be a six-year payout. He was fifty-six. He had good health, a tinkerer's unresting mind, a wife, five daughters. Taking into account his own needs and theirs, he contemplated what to do with his growing pile of money. Before long, he was exploring a "track," as he called it—a swath of country as much as a hundred and fifty miles wide and lying between his North Shore home on Long Island and his two retreats in the Adirondacks, on Lake George. In person or through deputies, he intended to visit any town on the track which contained in its name the word "falls." Haines Falls. Hoosick Falls. High Falls. Hope Falls. He had several deputies. Primarily, they were his daughter Mary and her friend Peter Houghton. Mary was an artist—a potter. Peter was a carpenter, a sawyer, a rufous-bearded nascent writer of fiction. The couple, at the time, were adoptive Vermonters. With no driveway, they lived upward of a mile from the nearest road. They skied to and from their home. As a graduate student, Peter had been a literary scholar, but he was not much attracted to the academic world, and in the years that followed he had been experimenting unsuccessfully with other working milieux that might complement and stabilize a writer's life. Mary, Paul, and Peter searched for many months, in 1978 and 1979, making long erratic journeys on cambered rural roads, following stream courses, appraising the infrastructures of small river towns. They were looking for places where the power of falling water had for one purpose or another been utilized in the past. They were looking for falls and weirs and minor dams, abandoned power sheds, abandoned mills, with sluiceways, penstocks, and turbines that had been used, say, to crush pulpwood or to light the streets and houses of whole country towns. In the middle years of the century, electricity generated by big utilities had become cheap to the point where small-scale hydroelectric facilities were costing more in maintenance than their productive worth. An era that had begun with undershot and overshot nineteenth-century waterwheels ended with the outright abandonment of many thousands of relatively sophisticated impulse and reaction turbines, not to mention the generators that might be connected to them, the governors that kept things under control—all the works electrical and civil that collectively make power at dams. Corrosion, vandalism, desuetude rapidly made an eyesore of almost every one of the places where turbines had turned. River-borne debris piled high, neglected, at headgates and trash racks. Buildings stood vacant, the targets of stones, winds blowing through them over teeth of shattered glass. Dams rotted, spalled, cracked, breached, and began squirting water in high arcs—the hydrodynamic equivalent of death rattle. Some of these sites had belonged to the big utilities. Many were mills that had used the power for their own purposes. Others, privately owned, had made electricity and sold it to the utilities, but at rates that fell faster than water. In a subdivision of the legislation that became known as the National Energy Act of 1978, Congress decided that if someone wanted to make power at a small-scale hydroelectric facility and sell it for absorption into the regional grid, then the territorial utility—Central Hudson Gas & Electric, New York State Electric & Gas, Niagara Mohawk—would be compelled to buy the electricity, and at handsome rates conditioned by the rising price of oil. It is possible that in 1897 less action was stirred by the discoveries in the Yukon. There was a great difference, of course. The convergence on the Klondike was focussed. This one—this modern bonanza—was diffused, spread among countless localities in every part of the nation. As a result, it was a paradox—a generally invisible feverish rush for riches.

In the past, most utilities had refused to buy power from private sources. Those that did had paid sums that would embarrass Volpone. Niagara Mohawk, for example, paid as little as six-tenths of one cent a kilowatt-hour, take it and like it or bring on the vandals. Now, after the National Energy Act, the State of New Hampshire was promising eight and two-tenths cents as the price of a kilowatt-hour from a small-scale installation. Paul Eckhoff imagined that small producers in New York State might be given as much as eight cents, and surely five. Under the provisions of the act, prices were to be set by March of 1981, and they would vary according to regional economics, but in all instances the price could be expected to multiply the sum that had been paid before. Minihydro, as it is sometimes called, would be saving oil, and in effect it would be paid by the barrel.

One did not have to be a theoretical physicist to figure out that if water was falling, say, twenty-five feet where the annual average flow was four hundred cubic feet per second, it could turn modest turbines that could turn small generators that would earn, at six cents a kilowatt-hour, about two hundred thousand dollars a year. All you had to do was find and acquire a comely little waterfall or an unbreached dam. You would need a functional conduit for the water—a power canal or sluiceway or flume, usually leading into a pressure penstock (an inclined pipeline)—to take the water from above the dam and down through a powerhouse and out through a tailrace back to the stream. Ideally, you hoped to find a turbine, a generator, a gearbox standing idle in the basement of the Mill on the Floss. You would take over the place. Kick out the artists and sculptors. Minus a little rust, you would be ready to go. Possibly some of the components would be past repair, or missing. Possibly the penstock would have been sucked flat like an old straw. The powerhouse might be canting on its way into the river. The dam could be bleeding from a thousand wounds. You would address yourself to these problems. Some sites were definitely more viable than others—"viable," the magic word of minihydro, the vernacular synonym for "colors of gold." Every site was unique, each calculation "site specific," as would be anything that depended on the size, age, and condition of many expensive parts in addition to the drop and volume of the available water. Drop and volume varied greatly from river to river, drainage to drainage, region to region, waterfall to waterfall, dam to dam.

In Stuyvesant Falls, New York, twenty-five miles southeast of Albany, Peter and Mary went into the post office one spring day in 1979. They had just crossed a bridge over Kinderhook Creek, a tributary of the Hudson River. Beside the tumbling water they had seen a penstock running downhill into a powerhouse in an evident state of disuse. They wondered who might be the owner. The answer was "Niagara Mohawk." As scouts, they knew they could forget about Stuyvesant Falls. Niagara Mohawk was not going to part with a hydroelectric plant, even a small and dead one. For Peter and Mary, it was just another drawn blank. At Victory

"Of course you've grown, Elsie. It's Englewood that hasn't grown."

Mills, near Saratoga Springs, they had found an old paper mill, now used as a warehouse, wherein every hydroelectric component seemed in such good condition that the power could simply be turned on. The owner liked the warehouse and had no inclination to sell. They had been impressed by a former glass-blowing factory near Lake Placid, but it was taken. In Troy, they had found another fine old mill, ideal in many respects, but the penstock was under the city. Now they were about to leave the post office in Stuyvesant Falls. Perhaps there were other facilities nearby. Well, nothing much, said the clerk behind the counter, only the old cardboard-box factory down the road. Down the road were red barns and white silos and freshly planted open fields. Kinderhook Creek had deeply cut its bed and could not be seen from the fields. Suddenly, as the road began to descend, there protruded into this Arcadian scene an industrial smokestack of great height. It seemed to rise from the farmland like a finger. Then, with further descent, a water tower came into view beside the smokestack, and, below the tower, a factory hideous beyond the province of decay (Munich, 1945; Reims, 1918)—an apparently bombed-out, shell-crazed ruin, with gaping holes in masonry walls that had been desiccated and disintegrated by fire. There was a sign. "FOR SALE." They would learn that the price was eighty-five thousand dollars. The place was not small. The rubble ran along the river more than six hundred feet. There was a beautiful waterfall at the upstream end, more than eight metres high, a hundred yards across, and falling over cap rock of dark, limy shale. It had been heightened six feet by a concrete weir. Over the top came a greenhouse curve of water clear as glass. It turned to cotton on the face of the rough black shale. Chittenden Falls. In all, the water spilled thirty-four feet—a thirty-four-foot "head," in the terminology of the science. The average annual flow there was four hundred and forty-two cubic feet per second, measured since the nineteen-thirties by the United States Geological Survey. There were wooden headgates rotting under years of river trash—trees, automobile tires, lumber, and plastic, in a matrix of mud and gelatinous slime. There was an elevated sluiceway, part wood, part concrete: porous, pocked, inutile, filled with silt and more debris.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

It came about that there was no way of passing
Between the twin partitions that presented
A unified façade, that of a suburban shopping mall
In April. One turned, as one does, to other interests

Such as the tides in the Bay of Fundy. Meanwhile there was one
Who all unseen came creeping at this scale of visions
Like the gigantic spectre of a cat towering over tiny mice
About to adjourn the town meeting due to the shadow,

An incisive shadow, too perfect in its outrageous
Regularity to be called to stand trial again,
That every blistered tongue welcomed as the first
Drops scattered by the west wind, and yet, knowing

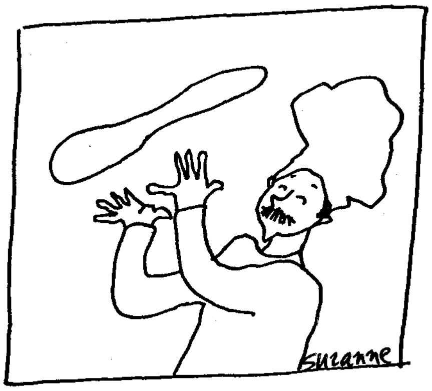
That it would always ever afterwards be this way
Caused the eyes to faint, the ears to ignore warnings.
We knew how to get by on what comes along, but the idea
Warning, waiting there like a forest, not emptied, beckons.

—JOHN ASHBERY

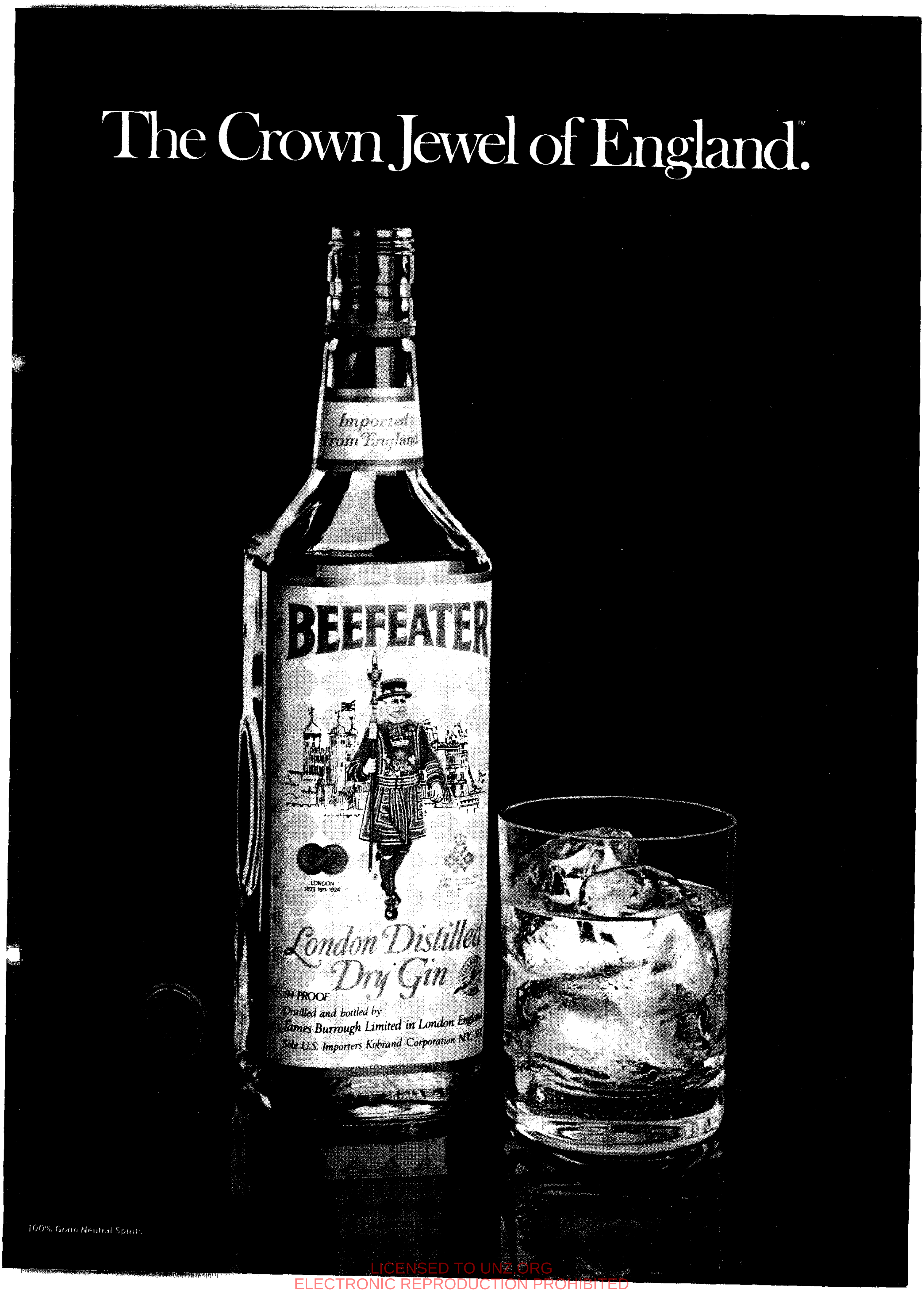
• •

The penstock was rusted thin and in some spots rusted through. The powerhouse was precipitously atilt. The generators were gone. The turbines were rusted in place. By almost anyone's standards, the scene as a whole was repulsive, depressing, defeating. To Paul Eckhoff, when he saw it, it looked like a four-ton nugget.

ON a bluff above Chittenden Falls stands a Victorian stone mansion with a full-length front veranda, tall symmetrical windows, a mansard roof, and a cupola. In its obvious request for attention, it easily exceeds the home of Martin Van Buren, a few miles away, as one might expect of a structure that was built to house the president of a box company. All mullions, muntins, sashes, glass are long since gone from the windows, however, and snowdrifts form in the parlor. The veranda has collapsed. The roof is rent. The masonry is grouted with daylight. The lawn is bearded with saplings. For all of that, the old house retains its position of view and command, and sends out faint proprietary signals. Eckhoff intends to restore it—"to correct the masonry, put on a new roof, shutter the windows, and wait until someone in the family wants it. Someone will."



One method of finding old hydro sites is to look for decayed mansions in the sumac of river hills. Look up from the banks of the Grasse, for example, in Pyrites, New York—across the Adirondacks, a hundred and seventy miles northwest of Chittenden Falls—and see a stairway winding upward into the forest to the remains of another Chartwell. It is beyond restoration—a condition that describes almost all the facilities that once stood below. This was the DeGrasse Paper Company, in its time the largest paper mill in northern New York, built around 1900, closed in 1930, reabsorbed now by the forest. The eroded walls of the DeGrasse Paper Company can be traced around a grove of fifty-year-old trees. The stream, nearby, picks its way through a gorge of Precambrian amphibolite—bends left, right, right again, left—and drops a hundred feet in half a mile. Its turns are not the smooth meandering arms of letters "S" but sharp deflections that indicate with rapids the strife between the rock and the river. Two small dams were built to enable the DeGrasse Paper Company to exploit this memorable scene—one of them diversionary at the top of the gorge and the other to block the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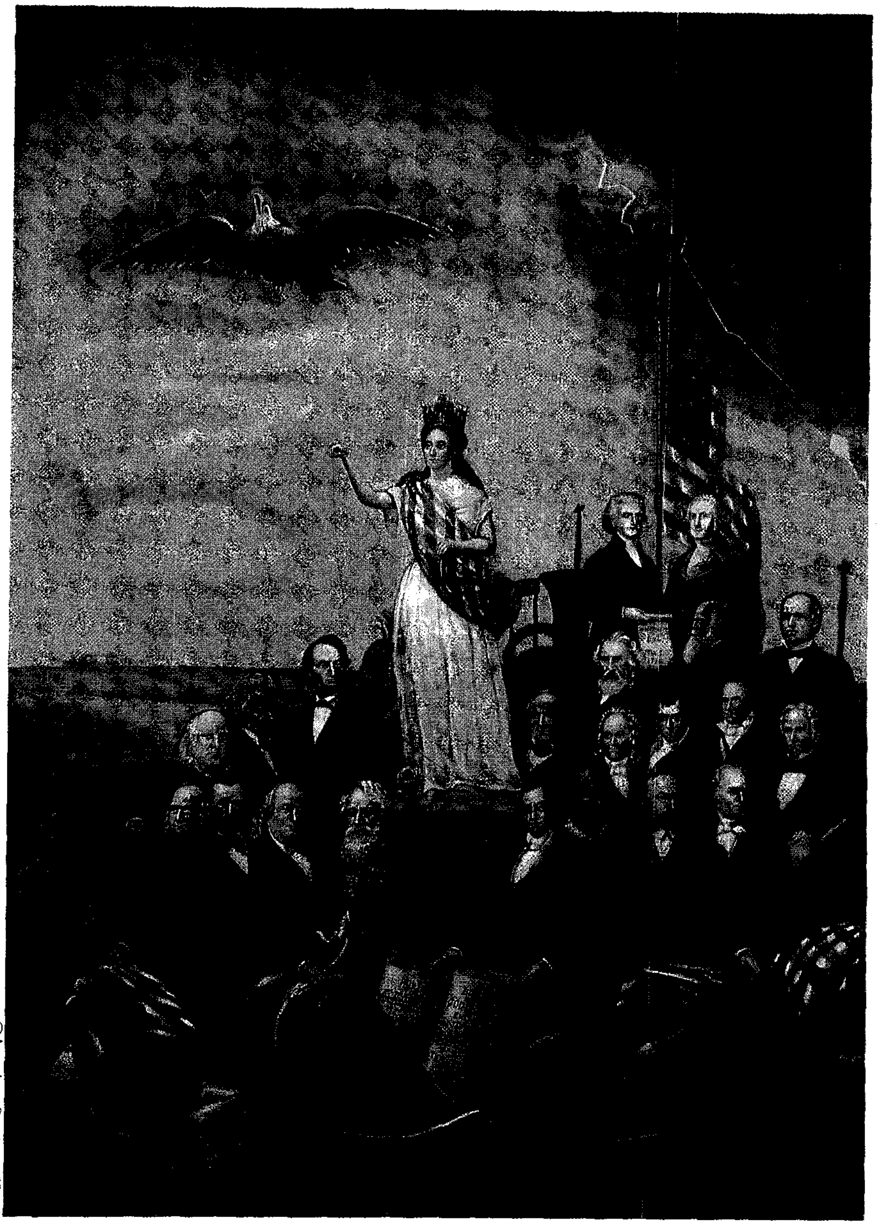

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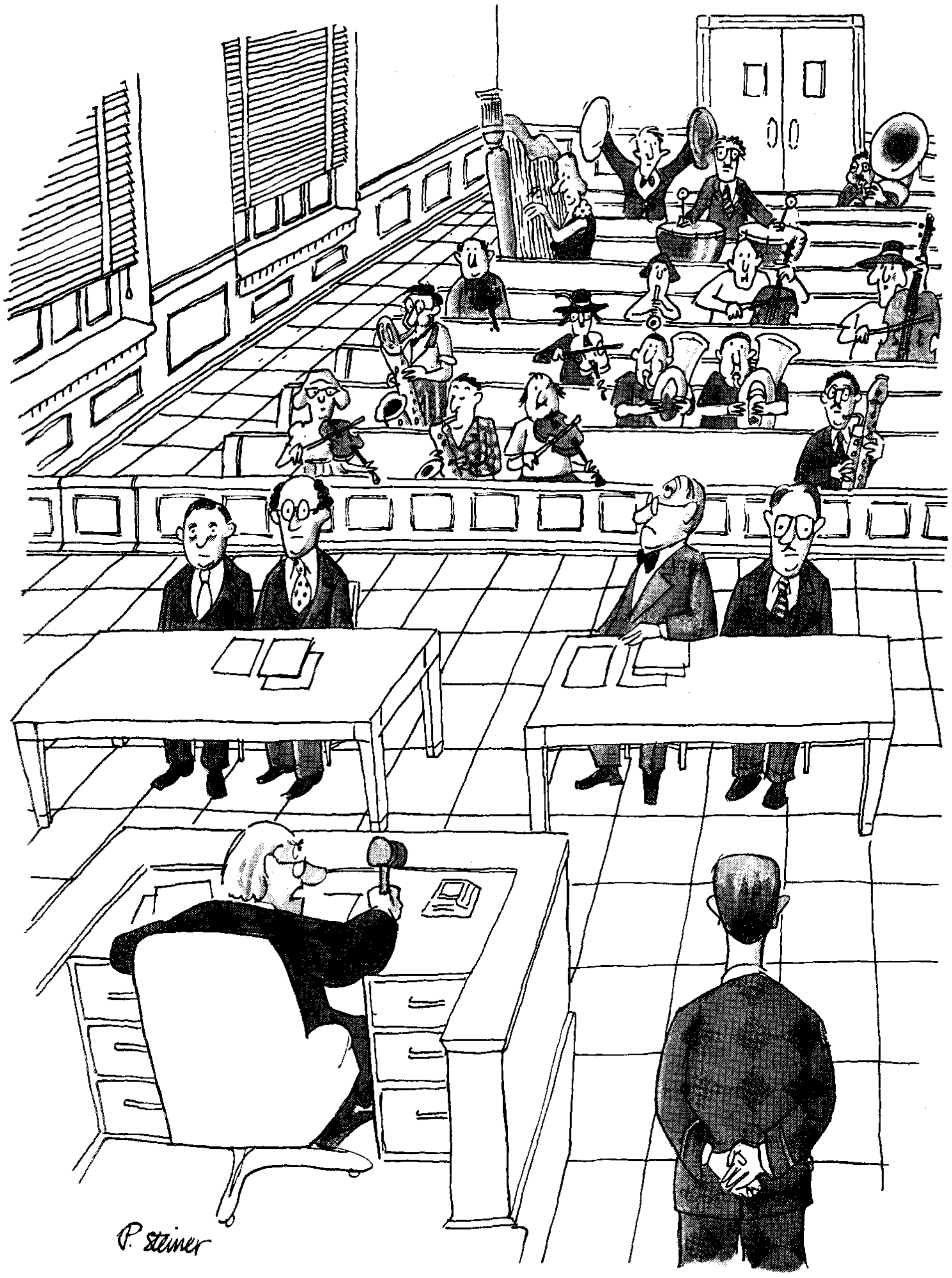
diverted water, to keep it from trying to make a new gorge by spilling untidily downhill through the woods. Instead, the DeGrasse people caused it to pour through a penstock a distance of seven hundred linear and seventy-six vertical feet. At the bottom is a small powerhouse, size of a garage, where a turbine and a generator long ago began to turn. They are turning again now. On a bad day, they produce twenty-five thousand kilowatt-hours of electricity. On a good day, twenty-eight. There is a meter on an inside wall. It is the reverse of the meters attached to private homes. It records, in effect, what Niagara Mohawk will pay.

For the most part, the powerhouse functions on its own, unattended, humming in the woods a couple of hundred yards from the river. At least once a week, someone comes along to listen to the hum—today a young man with a lumberjack look, boots, bluejeans, a sandy mustache. Mark Quallen. "Every machine is an individual," he says. "A turbine is a symphony of noise. You listen. You know if something is missing. Being able to listen to a waterwheel is something that is not in the books. This place was a mess, a disaster. We rebuilt it from one end to the other." He wears a mustered-out, threadbare military jacket with an emblematic patch: a hand holding a fistful of lightning bolts. The utility, not yet constrained by the government's coming rates, is paying 2.23 cents a kilowatt-hour for the electricity, a figure that is somewhat above the skinflint level but not as high as cheapskate. "Skimpy" is the word for it elsewhere in the industry. Even so—even at 2.23 cents a kilowatt-hour—the old turbine is making six hundred dollars a day. Quallen has drilled a row of vertical holes in the top of each dam. In the holes he has set galvanized pipes. Up against the pipes are planks of yellow pine. Pressing against these flashboards, as they are called, the ponded river has risen a foot. The additional foot is worth eight thousand dollars a year.

In 1978, Mark Quallen was an undergraduate at the University of Massachusetts, majoring in finance. He had served as a radio technician in the Strategic Air Command. He was older than most of his classmates and was therefore a little more than routinely interested in a course in entrepreneurial activity offered by Professor Robert I. Glass—how to get going in a small business, how to choose one in the first place, how to put a foot on the ladder to the sky. Glass, with a degree from the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at the University of Pennsylvania, had made an enviable fortune as a small manufacturer, an investment banker, a builder of suburban malls. First, assess the needs of the society, he lectured. Ask yourself what is *not* being done. Look closely at the three "T"s: taste, transition, technology. Look for changes in taste, changes in technology. Such changes have economic impact.

With a headful of that, Quallen went out looking. One assignment in the course was to find and analyze an entrepreneurial opportunity. Suggested by Glass were multiple possibilities in food, insurance for the young, the crisis in energy. Quallen and others chose energy. Remember, said Glass, you've always got to ask yourselves what *you* can succeed in doing. You are not going to compete with Exxon and Mobil, or with experimenters in synthetic fuels. You need something manageable and small.

In Millers Falls, Massachusetts, fifteen miles up the road, a wood-crib dam had been built in 1865, in the Millers River. The late Millers Falls Tool Company had used the head to



"One more outburst like that and I will ask the bailiff to clear the courtroom."

"This, from J. P. Holmquist."

generate electricity for its own use. Civil and electrical, the works were still there, preserved, after a fashion, in accumulated guck.

You must study the site, said Professor Glass, and ask yourselves if it is possible *at prevailing rates* to make a profit there in low-head hydro.

This was before the National Energy Act, and while the act may have been anticipated, the Professor's perhaps conservative point was that an intelligent entrepreneur would not base calculations on the hope or expectation of future high rates, would not depend on unvoted legislation, but would determine if a profit could be turned under conditions already prevailing. Given the rates being paid at the time for electricity produced by private sources, new sites and equipment seemed beyond conversation. Costs of labor were prohibitive, too. The only way to make a go of minihydro would be to refurbish an old site at the lowest possible cost—in short, to do it yourself.

Before long, Mark Quallen was at Millers Falls, up to his armpits in polluted silt. A company had been formed: Robert I. Glass, president; Mark Quallen, vice-president in charge of operations. In other words, Quallen was the company sandhog. He had a fire hose draped over his shoulder. Hydraulically, he exposed the old equipment, washed away the mud from flaking surfaces of rust. Right there by Bridge Street, he was working in a fairly public place. He fielded questions.

"What are you going to do with that junk? Cut it up and sell it?"

"No, we are going to make electricity with it."

"Yayup. Hah!"

While exhuming the facility, Quallen read everything he could find on hydroelectric power. In six or seven months, he had two turbines turning. That was in the winter of 1979. Some generating tests were successfully conducted. An application was filed for a grant from the Department of Energy, the purpose being "to secure the dam." Then breakup came, and ice began to move in the river. A jam developed just upstream. Water ponded behind it. The ice jam continued to build—ten, twenty, thirty feet high, a natural dam in itself, a plug of enormous tonnage, dwarfing in every respect the fragile dam below it. The ice wall at last exploded, and drove the wooden dam in splinters to Long Island Sound.

Quallen's knowledge, of course, survived, and so did his enthusiasm. A few days later, he went to a New York State Energy Research and Development Authority conference on small-scale hydro and learned of not one but a whole aggregation of available sites where streams coming off the Adirondacks flow north and west—Black River, Oswegatchie River, Grasse River. At Pyrites, twenty-five feet of debris had piled up at the dam and fallen over onto the penstock. It looked like the lodge of an extremely large beaver. The penstock, sixty years old, was in part rusted through and sagging out of round. Niagara Mohawk, asked for its opinion, had estimated a hundred and sixty thousand dollars as the cost of restoring the penstock alone. Glass and Quallen and a couple of young colleagues did the job for forty thousand dollars. Somewhere in Connecticut, they found a junkyard full of used underground fuel tanks, and hauled them to Pyrites, where they sliced off the ends of the tanks and welded the tubes together: penstock. They spent sixty thousand dollars strengthening dams and spillways, twelve thousand fixing up the turbine. In all, their expenditures amounted to less than a tenth of what has become in the minihydro industry the average cost per unit of producible power. For a hundred and twelve thousand dollars, they had refurbished the Pyrites power station. They got twelve hundred kilowatts—one and two-tenths megawatts—in return.

At Dexter, on the Black River, at Fowler and Hailesboro, on the Oswegatchie, there are waterwheels to listen to as well. Glass and Quallen and company have four sites in operation. They are restoring others. Headquarters, machine shop, and four working turbines are at Dexter—half a mile upstream from Lake Ontario—and the company is now called the Hydro Development Group. Its evident profitability is in large measure the result of a short personnel list (fourteen now), long working hours, and a wide-ranging search for used parts. In an old powerhouse in Mechanicville, near Albany, they found six turbines that had been standing there idle for twenty years, caked, crusted, swaddled in iron oxide, in flaking leaves of rust. Hydro Develop-

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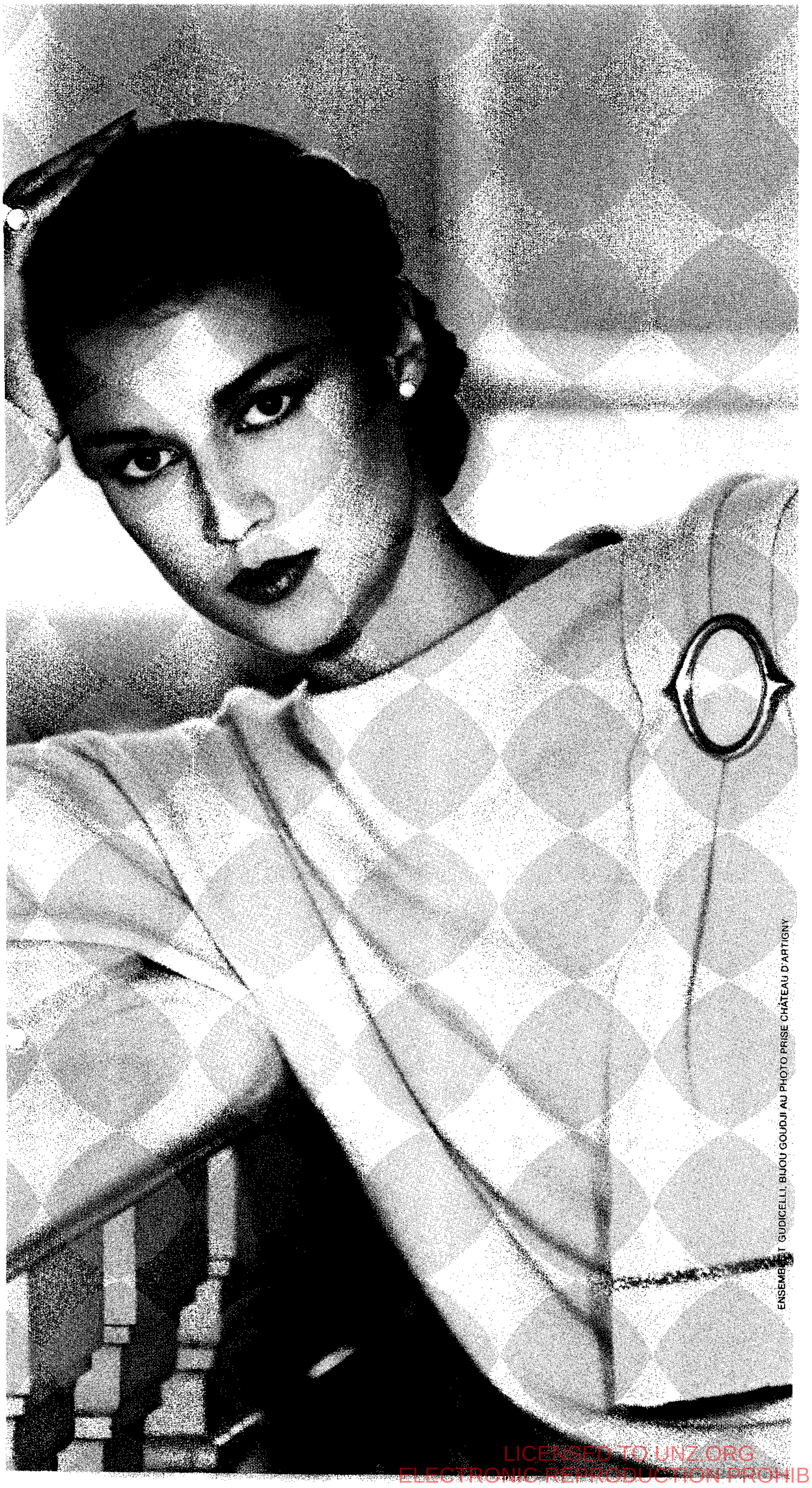

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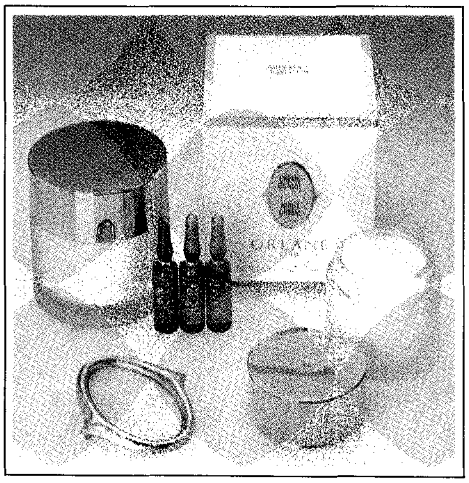

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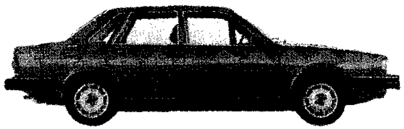

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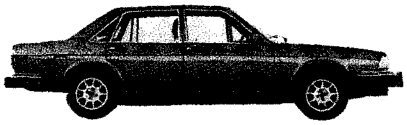

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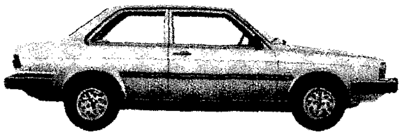

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ment bought them all, and they are now strewn around outside the machine shop, looking like sunken-ship parts brought up by divers after decades on an ocean floor. "We cannot afford new equipment," Quallen says. "We have to use used. There's nothing wrong with it. It's just frozen up and encrusted. We take it off with chisels. We sandblast." They bought a generator out of a power plant in Pennsylvania that had been crippled by a hurricane. By mail and phone, they have located much-needed components as far away as California. "We make a respectable return," Quallen continues. "A person approaching this sort of project in a more conventional manner would be hard put to it to make any money at all. A new waterwheel can cost five hundred thousand dollars."

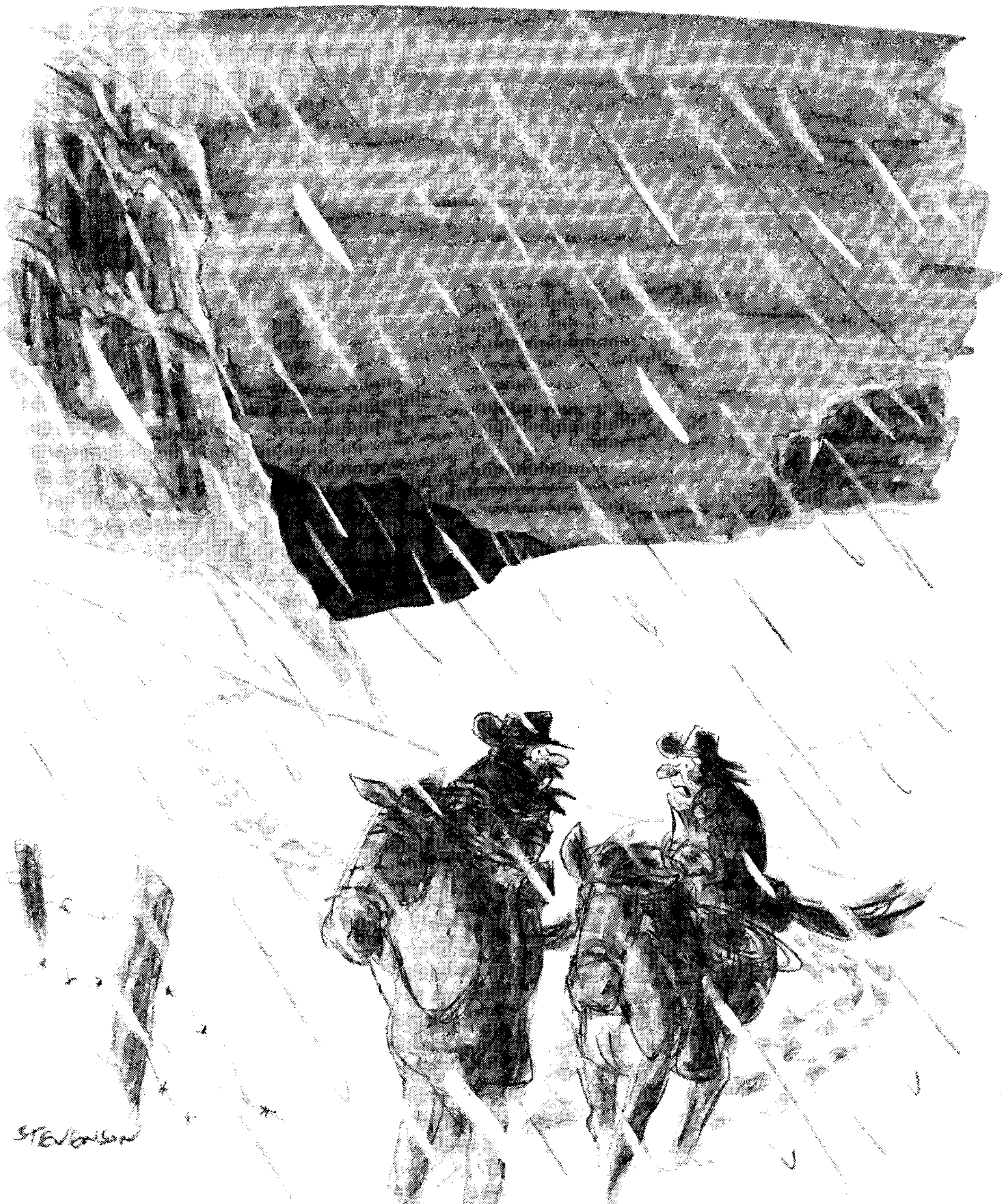
At Pyrites, Dexter, Fowler, and Hailesboro, the company is generating thirty-five million kilowatt-hours a year. Overhead at any one site is reduced by the fact that there are many sites, and a thirty-mile radius sweeps them all. On operations and maintenance, the company is spending a quarter of a million dollars a year, and that is not a third of what is coming in.

NEAR Copenhagen, New York, in farm and forest country, the Deer River takes a wild plunge, a hundred and sixty feet into a hidden gorge. It is a black-spruce-and-white-water mentholated scene—too beautiful to have come so near the end of the world in an undebased state of nature. Mark Quallen got out of his pickup one day to walk through a field and have a closer look. A wooden penstock ran down the side of the falls. There was an empty powerhouse in the gorge below. Fifty years before, the waterfall had lighted Copenhagen. And now, by the Hydro Development Group, power will be made there again.

In the same region, I wandered from site to site one day with David Wentworth, who works in Albany for the state, and we went out of our way to make a pilgrimage to Talcottville, a village so amazingly small and compact that it appears to be half a block of Utica standing in an open plain. There, quite near the intelligent stone home of Edmund Wilson, white water falls down stairs of Sugar River limestone of Ordovician age. "What a beautiful site!" said Wentworth, who describes himself as "the small-hydro program" of the New York State Energy Office. But no one had ever built a dam in Talcottville.

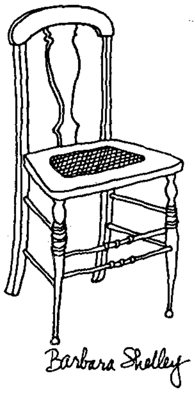
Among the tens of thousands of old hydro sites, few would be pictured on a wall calendar. Few are in country villages, few at sylvan mills. The majority are in fetid little cities half consumed by acid rains—rheumy-eyed, decrepit, semi-vacant, bypassed towns. Small dams, small turbines are vestiges, after all, of a lapsed prosperity, of a time that came and went, and they tend to be in places where boards cover windows, where rivers are fronted with century-old brick, where haircuts are cheap. One of the side effects of the rush to small-scale hydro is that in town after town more than power will be restored.

Wappingers Falls, New York, for example, was a wonder of industrial promise—shining like nearby Poughkeepsie—fifty and sixty years ago, when the Dutchess Bleachery was



"I understand Reagan misses his ranch all the time."

at the zenith of its days. The bleachery was actually a compound of buildings on the two sides of Wappinger Creek at the foot of the long pitch from which the town took its name: Wappingers Falls, a fifth of a mile of urban cascades falling over slate toward the Hudson. Like so many textile mills in the Northeast, the bleachery bleached itself out of existence. But it used the creek for hydropower, and the old penstock is still there—a great, rusted entrail nine feet in diameter coming down from the dam and sluiceway at Wappinger Lake and dropping with elaborate prominence straight through the center of town. The central and focal intersection in Wappingers Falls is where the Main Street bridge crosses the penstock. The big pipe is raised on high piers above the streambed, and runs through the air like a pneumatic tube built for an unusual message. At the upper end of the town, impounded by a twenty-foot dam, is the artificial lake, its frontage crowded with identical houses that were built long ago by the bleachery. At the lower end of town are the mill complex—now full of job printers, electronics people, and insulation experts—and the old brick powerhouse, connected to the distant lake by the great umbilical penstock. Wappingers Falls' penstock may be the only one in the country that is lined with shops. It is a thousand feet long. The head is eighty-four feet. The annual average flow of Wappinger Creek is two hundred and fifty cubic feet per second. The figures work out to something more than a megawatt of power. At the height of the spring runoff, the flow can get up to a thousand cubic feet per second—thirty tons in every second, falling over the dam and pounding the bedrock slate. The pounding is hard enough to shake the town. The tremors move through the rock in waves, which trough and crest, and rattle only the structures whose basements they intersect. Bricks loosen in the walls of one building, nothing is disturbed in the next eight, plaster falls in the one after that. At winter's end, when breakup comes, the term is ambiguous in Wappingers Falls.



In Wappinger Lake, across the years, trash has piled up against rotting headgates. The concrete sluiceway, which connects the dam and the penstock, is in large part in shards. The power-plant windows, high above the creek, have all been knocked out by vandals throwing rocks. Young people walk the penstock, down from the center of town—an act high enough to dare the devil—and some years ago they learned to keep going at the bottom, to climb from the penstock to the roof of the vacant powerhouse, and to go in through a cupola to smoke their joints. A spray-painted message on the penstock says, "CURB ALL DARKIES." Another one says, "I THINK ALL OF THE FEMALE DIMARCOS ARE EXTREMELY BEAUTIFUL."

Five engineers—electrical, mechanical, construction engineers—have undertaken to alter this picture: to restore power to the powerhouse, renovate the headgates, repair the sluiceway, give a fresh coat of paint to the penstock. They call themselves Electro Ecology, Inc., and they chose the site because it was the best among twenty or thirty they studied. Its dam was not breached. The turbines were in place. The penstock was all but undamaged. The eighty-four feet of head suggested the thunder of falling coins. William Hovemeyer, the president of the company, has for more than thirty years been an associate in research at the engineering school of Columbia University. He is a trim man with gray hair still touched with blond. He wears a tie clip among solid colors and grays, and he looks a little less like a professor than like the president of a utility. He has served as a consultant at Oak Ridge. He once engineered an electrical system involving pulse-power generation of a million amperes for twenty thousandths of a second. And now he is going to spruce up Wappingers Falls. "I calculated that our one small power plant will save twelve thousand nine hundred barrels of oil a year," he said one day in his office at Columbia. "Get something like that going across the country and think how much oil you could save. Moreover, as engineers, we all have a nostalgia for hydroelectric-engineering science. We have a great interest in it, beyond the fact that it could be a money-making scheme. In 1970, no one thought about it. In the past five years, things have mushroomed. People are all over the place looking for sites. New York is one of the more aggressive states. The activi-

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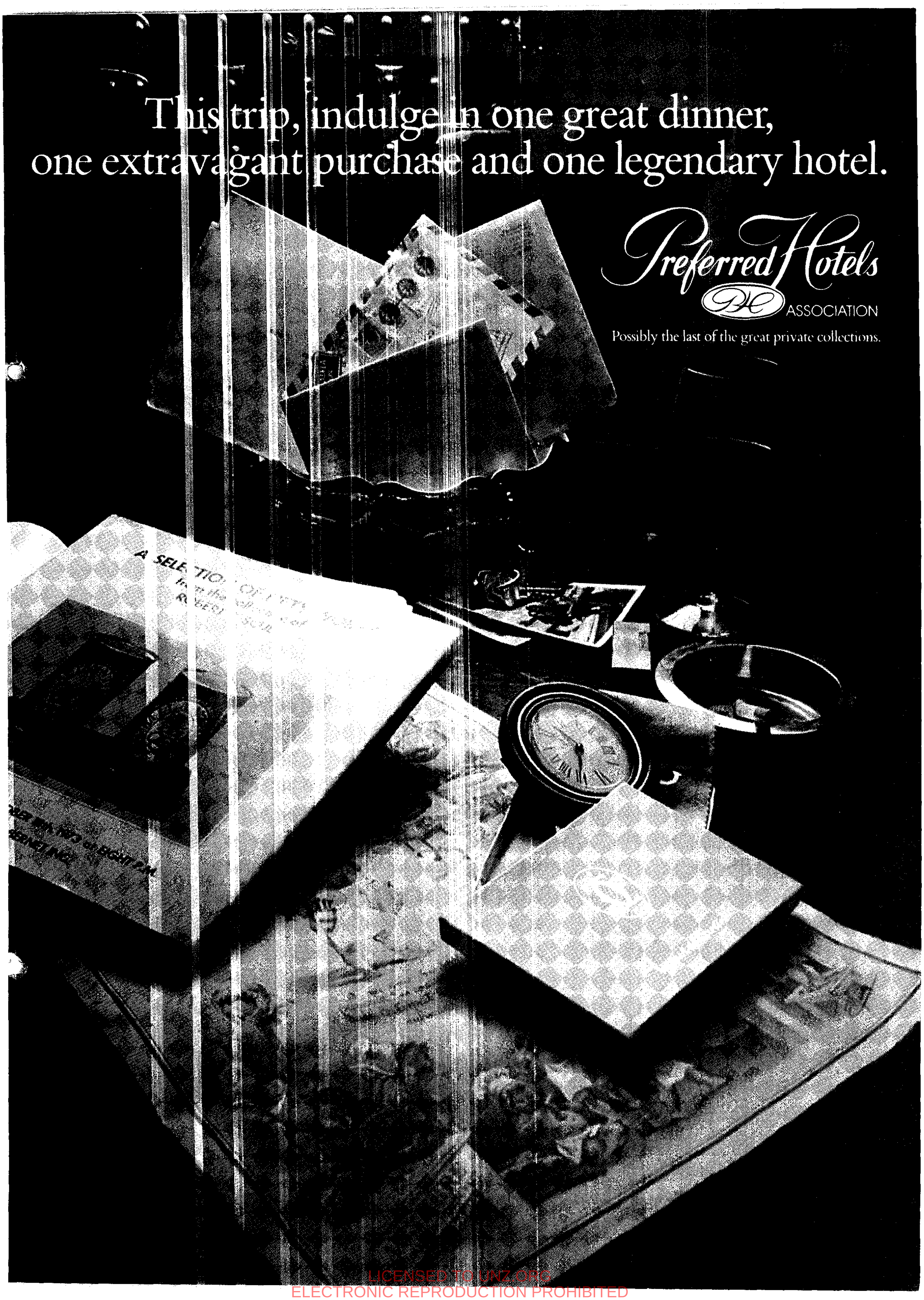
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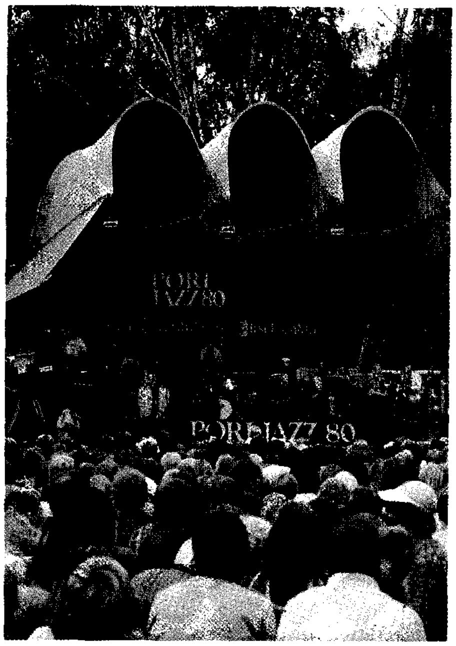

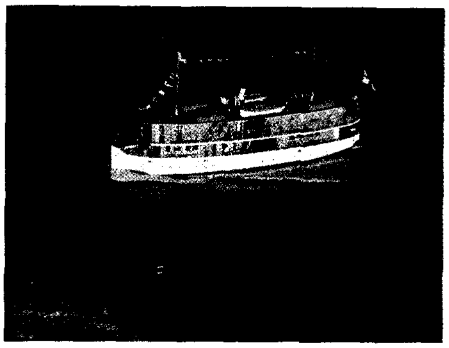

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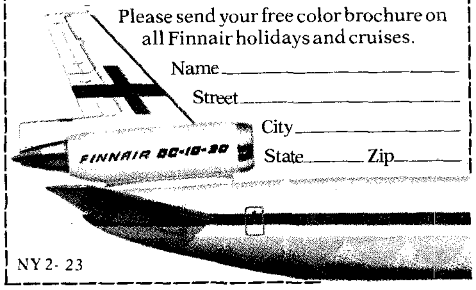

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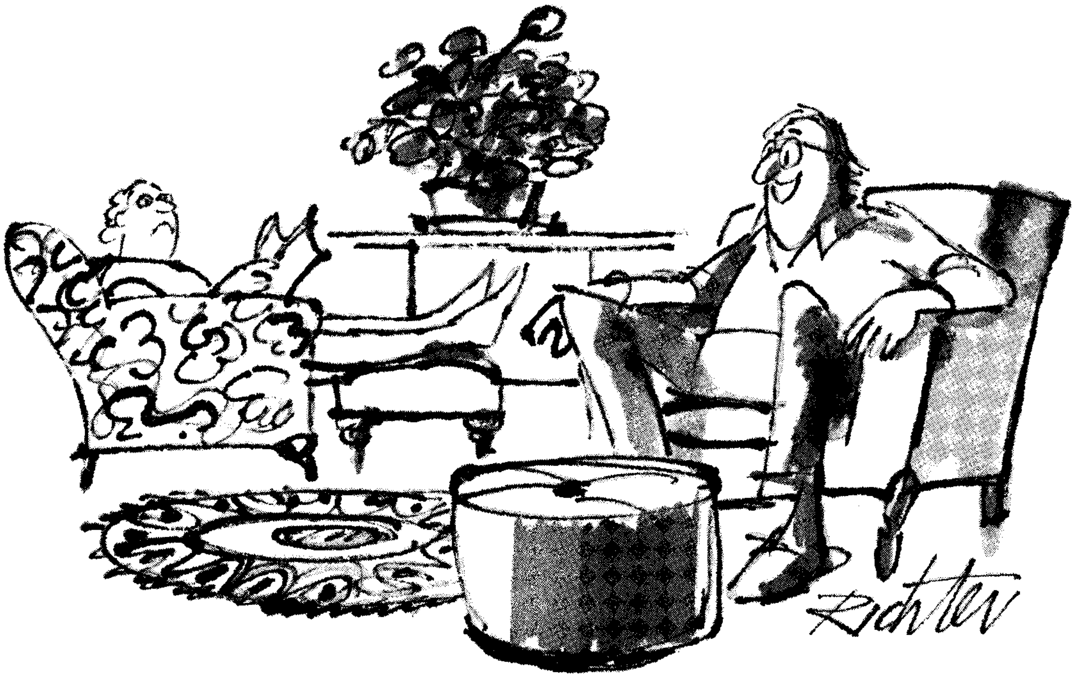
ty is very intense. Our idea is to operate the plant by telephone modem or telemetry. We can design that sort of thing ourselves. We are going to automate Wappingers Falls."

And they are going to do so while spending scarcely a nickel of their own. Paul Eckhoff put down eighty-five thousand dollars of his resin money to acquire ownership of his invaluable ruin. Mark Quallen and Robert Glass have learned that one way to expand without much liquid capital is to come to terms with a site owner and then ask if they can reactivate the site before money changes hands. When the site is ready to hum, it is shown to a bank. Most bankers are able to multiply head times flow times efficiency and do the rest of the arithmetic that suggests kilowatt-hours on their way through a meter to the bank. The bank makes a loan to pay the owner of the site. The falling water pays off the loan. The simple ingenuity of such an arrangement is, however, not in a class with what might be described as the Columbia method, the financial modus operandi of Electro Ecology, Inc. The five engineers are renting Wappingers Falls. They are renting the dam from the town, renting the water of the lake. They are renting the crumbling sluiceway—with a promise to rebuild it in a manner meant to calm the tremors that rock the city. They are renting the powerhouse, from a real-estate company that has styled the old bleachery an "industrial park" and is the landlord of the ephemeral print shops. From the Marine Midland Bank, Electro Ecology, Inc., has obtained money necessary for the restoration of the civil works, and from the New York State Energy Research and Development Authority the funds for everything electrical. As engineers, Hovemeyer and his colleagues need no consultants, no ten- and twenty-thousand-dollar feasibility studies. They do their own. "We do our own engineering. We do our own wiring of control boards and switch gear. Our generators are being rewound, renovated, and insulated according to our own specifications."



"Martha, I just thought of something pleasant to say!"

• •

When Electro Ecology was about to close its deal with Wappingers Falls and all points appeared to have been argued and agreed on, the Village Board insisted on one more stipulation. They want a fireplug to protrude from the penstock at the corner of penstock and Main.

A BIG tractor trailer crosses Kinderhook Creek and—in an act of apparent absurdity—backs up to a loading platform at Paul Eckhoff's rubbled factory. Paul is absent. His author-in-law—his daughter Mary's friend Peter—is present as usual and more or less in charge. He is assisted by Don Morse, a New York state trooper who lives across the creek and frequently daylights for Eckhoff's Chittenden Falls Hydro Power corporation before reporting for work in the afternoon. Morse wears a red checked shirt. He is youthfully middle-aged. He has crewcut gray hair, the light movements and taut body of a twenty-year-old athlete, and eyes that could make a driver's license shrivel and burn. He is a radar patrolman on Interstate 90. Welding, carpentering, or just removing junk, he has labored hard on this project. He shovelled and wheelbarrowed at least a hundred tons of muck out of the old penstock and the turbine housings. When Paul bought the place, he was advised to expect considerable vandalism, because vandalism, as everywhere, had become significant among the problems of Columbia County. With Don Morse working for the company and living just across the stream, there has been no vandalism at all.

In the tractor trailer are two Kato Revolving Field A.C. generators, mint new. The larger weighs two and a half tons. Their nameplate capacities add up to five hundred and fifty kilowatts, and they have come from Mankato, Minnesota. "The big one is worth about fifty thousand dollars," says Peter. "But I'm not sure of the figure. When you see him, you can ask Paul." Peter and Don hook come-alongs to the generators, and within an hour's inching they have pulled them off the truck. The arrival of the machines is anticipatory, a little premature. Out by the river, the old penstock is lying around in discarded flakes, and a new one is in place, its interior freshly lined with a heavy gum of Paul's invention—an anticorrosive whose ingredients include roofing tar and varnish. The powerhouse has been jacked back to plumb, the tailrace has been bulldozed free, the headgates have been strengthened and repaired. But the sluiceway, of concrete and yellow pine, is only about half restored. It runs like a corniche along a high outcrop above the edge of the stream. The old trash racks, meant to stop debris at the mouth of the penstock, are com-

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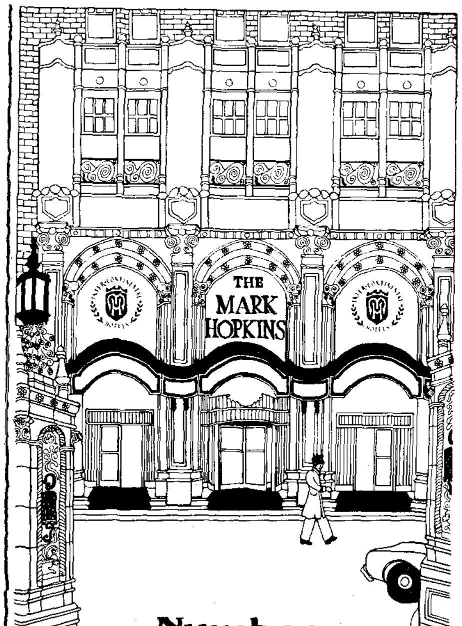
pletely gone, and new ones are not yet in place. The company, in short, is one or two hundred thousand dollars into the recapturing of power at Chittenden Falls, with tens of thousands to go.

Eckhoff regards himself as thrifty. He looks upon his budget as something of a shoestring. His style of spending on this restoration appears to be a little more freewheeling than the style of some people in the business, if considerably less so than others'. The new generators from Mankato bespeak an operation which, at the very least, seems to be advancing on a shoestring with silver tips. A Galion crane will soon arrive here; Chittenden Falls Hydro has bought its own crane. Mounted on a new balloon-tired hay wagon, standing near the mouth of the penstock, is a smart-looking Hobart welder, which Peter and Don now start into action. Helmets on their heads, torches in their hands, they weld steel bars in close rank to a frame at the mouth of the penstock.

Noon, and Don goes off to chase speeders. Peter gives up the welding and turns to carpentry. He is framing the walls of a machine shop that will stand on high ground close by the penstock, with a full view of the falls. In Vermont, when Peter used to ski off his property, with the Presidential Range over his shoulder and the Adirondacks before him, he went over the dry snow seven miles to work at a sawmill, which had a penstock, a Francis turbine, a small generator, and a belt that drove the saw. He cut softwood—rough lumber, planks for farmers. The owner had a big sugar bush, and Peter had begun his employment there and had gradually worked his way into the mill. To this day, on his Datsun pickup there is a sticker that says, "WOOD IS WONDERFUL." Mary, a classics graduate from Colby College, was a caseworker for the Vermont Department of Social Welfare. The long ski or hike into and out of home was less wonderful than the wood or the welfare, however, and Mary is now in law school, and Peter is here. He works this place with affectionate hands. And no task is done more dreamily than the carpentry he is doing at the moment. Peter is about thirty. He once had polio and spent some months in a wheelchair. He went to college in the late nineteen-sixties, and, active and protesting, became a scion of his time, the mark of which may linger in his abiding gentleness somewhat more than in his air of fad-



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Seville by Cadillac	28,641
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BMW 528i	6,169
Volvo GLE (Sedans and Station Wagons)	9,216
Audi 5000 (Complete "5000" series including Diesel and Turbo)	22,257
Peugeot 505S (All models)	2,774
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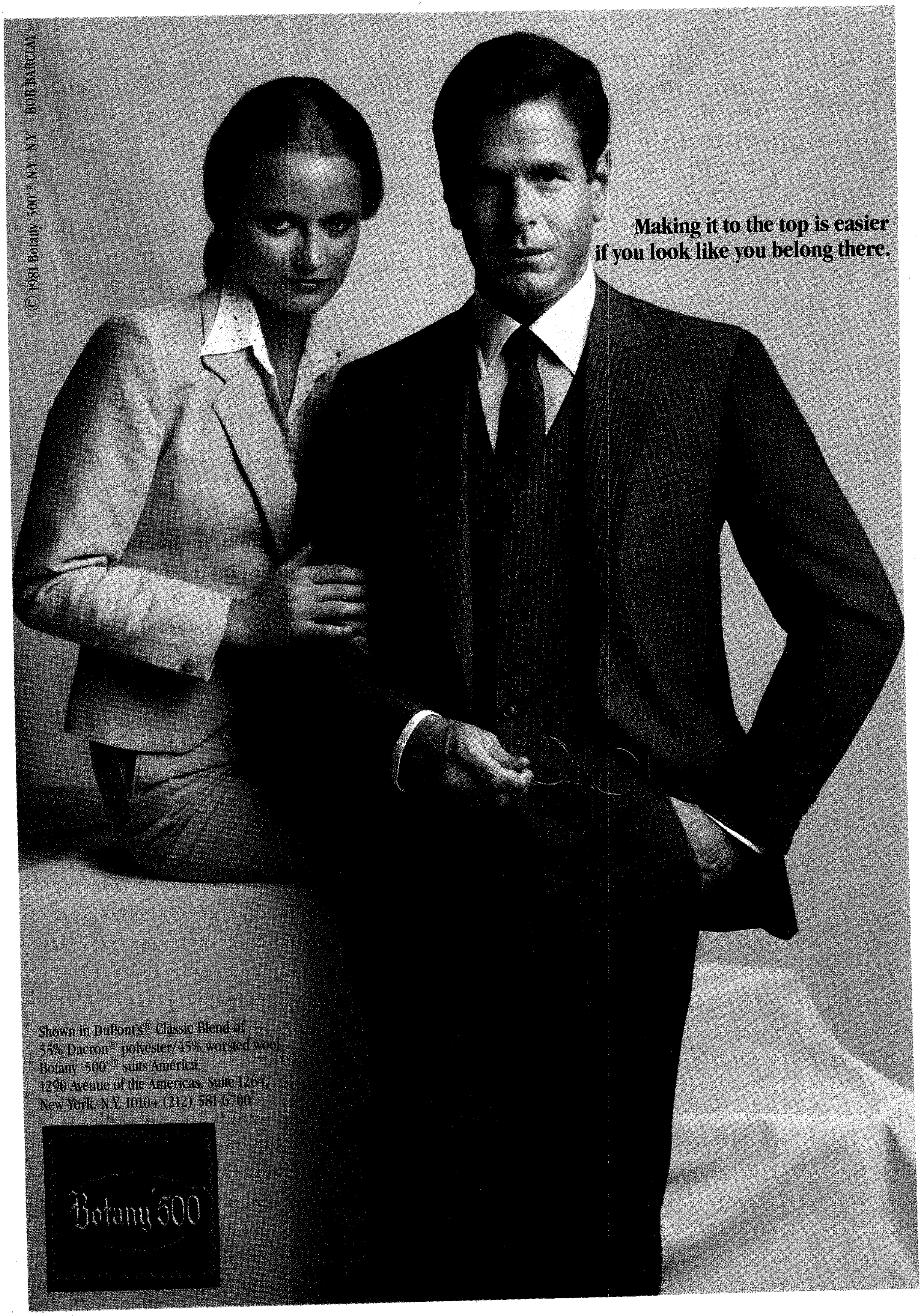

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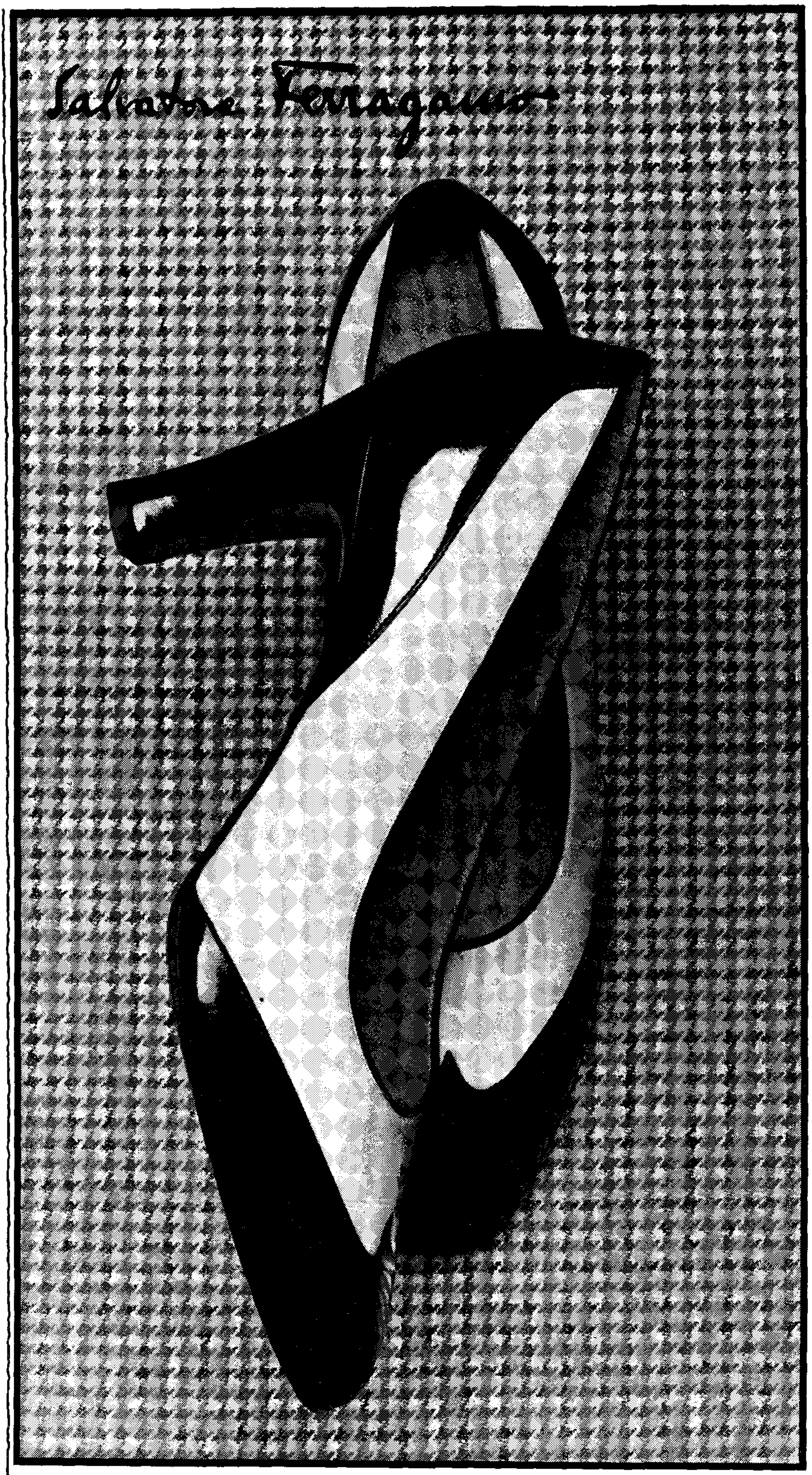
ed anger. When Don Morse, inside the penstock, raised a hammer over the head of a mouse, Peter rebuked the trooper and saved the life of the mouse. He wears a railroad engineer's cap. His hair is extremely thin under the cap but tumbles out around it over his ears. He wears Vibram-soled boots, blue corduroy trousers, a pink checked button-down shirt over a green turtleneck, a Norwegian sweater full of holes. He is an antic figure with his full beard and gold-rimmed glasses that change in tint as they move in the light—now blue, now brown, now pink, now green, now gold. He is the author of short stories, poems. He is particularly fond of the carpentering of this machine shop, because he has persuaded Paul to let him add a second story—a twelve-by-twelve room with light on four sides and the prospect of the falls. "After we get the restoration finished and the turbines going, the amount of time necessary to make this place run as a business will be less than two hours a day," he says. "You check the turbines. You clean the trash racks, so the debris doesn't slow up the water going through the penstock. Then you're free. Someone who runs a hydro plant can do something else, too." While the turbines in the powerhouse (shut away from earshot) are steadily earning their hundreds of thousands of dollars, he imagines himself up in the cabin over the machine shop with a desk, a typewriter, a daybed, and the eternal sound of falling water. "My original dream was maybe to have a farm or an orchard and write. But you could have a hydro plant and write. That would be even better." It would indeed.

Peter is not sure of the direction his writing may take. He could, if he pleased, tell tales of the terrain just around him, for it was Mohican country, and it became a sleepy hollow with its own legends—of a red-lipped girl in a glass coffin, of a murdered violinist whose music is heard in the night, of pump organs played by the dead, of a woman in black with a mummy's parchment face who sometimes walks the narrow local roads, where everyone who has so much as said hello to her has died before the sun fell. Henry Hudson, in 1609, brought the Half Moon into the creek and spent a pleasant afternoon with the Mohican braves. In the nineteenth century, people named Stott became so rich on woven cloth that they kept a barrel full of cash in the office of their mill for the convenience of everyone in the



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family, according to the tattle of the time. The first mill at Chittenden Falls was built in 1767; the last is Chittenden Hydro. The Philips Spiral Cornhusker Company sold stuffing to local mattress factories. George Chittenden was the first Town Supervisor, 1834. Vrooman Van Rensselaer became Town Supervisor in 1864. Vrooman Van Rensselaer was the valley's best-known storekeeper. His twentieth-century counterpart is Clayton Clum. Mills along the creek started out making banknote paper and ended up making cardboard. A factory that made looms in the nineteenth century grew mushrooms in the twentieth. The Universalist Church, 1853, is now a barn. Apparently, there is no way to stop progress.

Whatever settings Peter as an author may choose, the setting he is fashioning beside Kinderhook Creek cannot seem other than utopian to the rest of the writing profession. To be a colleague of a turbine that undemandingly brings in a couple of hundred thousand a year is surely an El Dorado for the ink-stained world. As a maker of fictions, Peter may bring upon himself in living form the words of Keats' own epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

WHEN the gold-seekers in their thousands rushed to the north, a very few made great strikes, almost everyone else came up with little or nothing, and the merchants who sold them their pans, grub, and shovels made good solid incomes year after year. Leroy Napoleon (Jack) McQuesten, for example, who established trading posts near all the major finds along the Yukon, actually anticipated the gold rush and went up there years before. Intending to become a helpful consultant, he learned all he could about the geology and geography of the region. Then he laid in a store of goods and waited for the customers to come. In Pointe Claire, Quebec, fifteen miles upriver from Montreal, is the Jack McQuesten of minihydro—or, at any rate, a man whose lively intentions and early involvement would not argue the comparison. Black eyebrows, a massive head, a fringe of silver hair—he sits in the executive office of a modern manufacturing facility, dressed with the dark elegance of a Düsseldorf banker. There is about him more than a suggestion of gold—brushed-gold cufflinks, gold-framed spectacles, a Givenchy tie in navy blue and gold. He smiles benignly and

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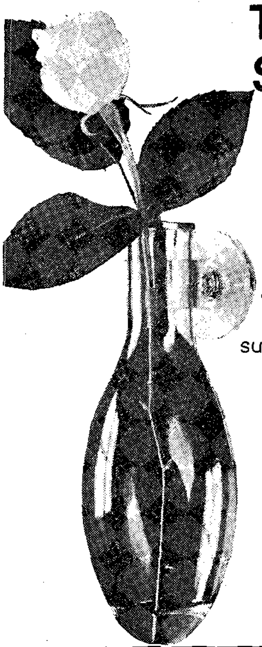

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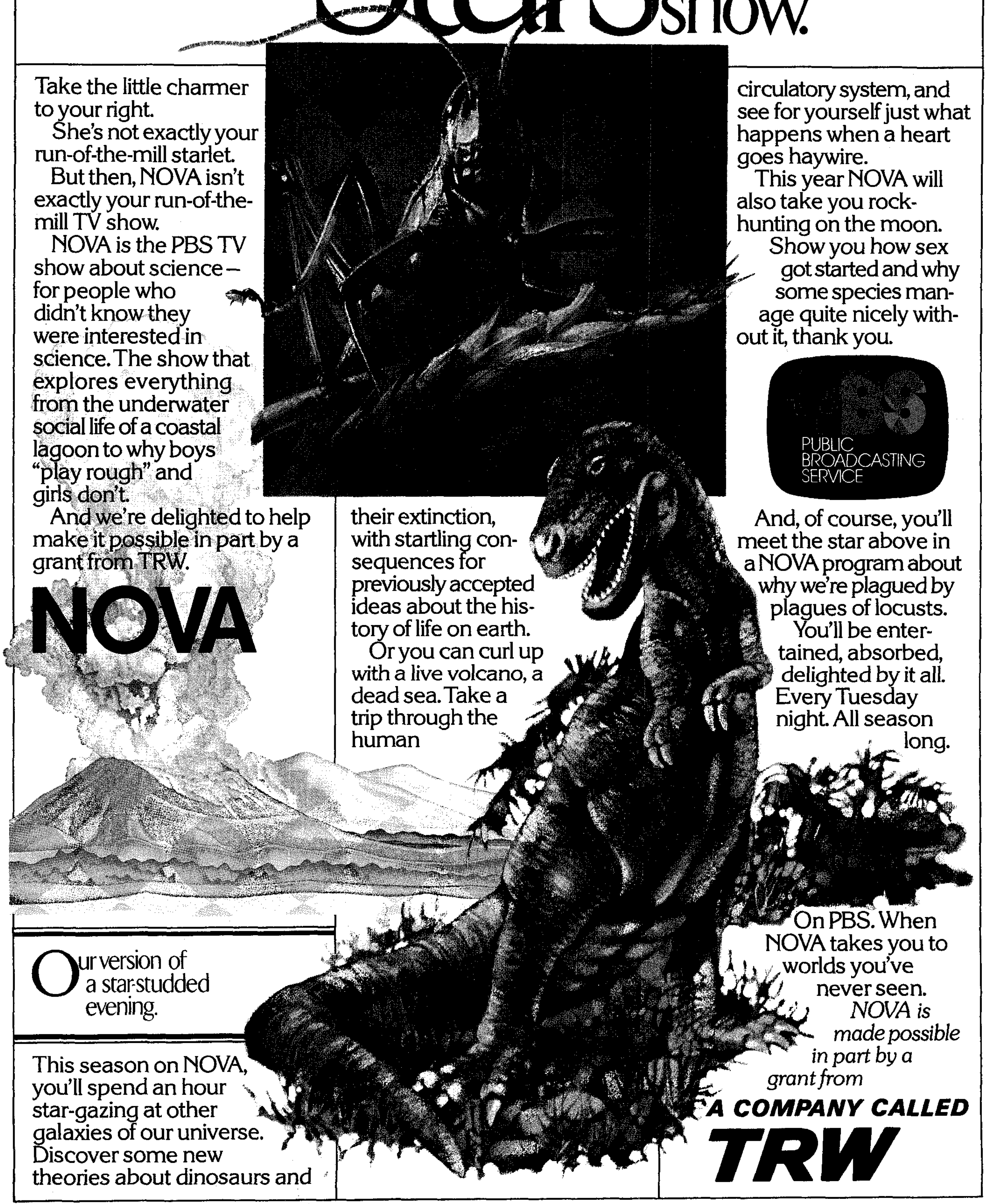

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lights a Craven "A." He is not only tall; he is a physical giant who has eaten extremely well—F.W.E. Stapenhorst, the king of seals.

Seals in this conversation are rings of carbon that surround the shafts of turbines. Long before he ever gave a thought to minihydro, Stapenhorst was making them on a grand scale. They block water. They allow a shaft to operate in wet and dry adjacent spaces—allow a propeller shaft, for example, to enter a ship. And because the shaft is spinning while surrounded by the stationary seal, an all but infinitesimal gap must be crafted to extraordinarily close tolerances, to withstand water pressures that exceed, at certain hydroelectric stations, a hundred pounds per square inch.

"That is quite an achievement. In this business, I am leading in the world, I suppose."

His English is Germanic, thinly accented, eloquent, slow. He grew up in Saxony. Some of his seals embrace spinning turbine shafts that are larger in diameter than the Alaska pipeline. His seals are on Spruance Class destroyers. They are in big hydroelectric installations in Bay d'Espoir, Newfoundland; Mactaquac, New Brunswick; Wreck Cove, Nova Scotia; Churchill Falls, Labrador—not to mention nations around the world. In the new facilities at James Bay, they seal the big shafts of Hydro-Québec. With its many turbines at three installations there, Hydro-Québec can make ten million kilowatts of power. I go into this mainly to suggest that in the light of his principal endeavors, of his close involvement with large-scale hydroelectric generation, Stapenhorst's absorption with small-scale hydroelectric generation seems all the more significant. It began on a trip to Bay d'Espoir fourteen years ago, and since then he has given it an ever higher percentage of his time. The contrast could not be greater if a conceptual designer of nuclear explosives were to take up the science of swatting flies.

Stapenhorst smiles benignly. He lights another Craven "A." The smile seems to say, "We have come to a point in history when it is time to harvest flies."

To back up his reputation, Stapenhorst travels extensively to observe *in situ* his enormous seals. On that visit to Bay d'Espoir in the nineteen-sixties, he was told by the operators of the provincial power dam that they needed a small-scale genera-

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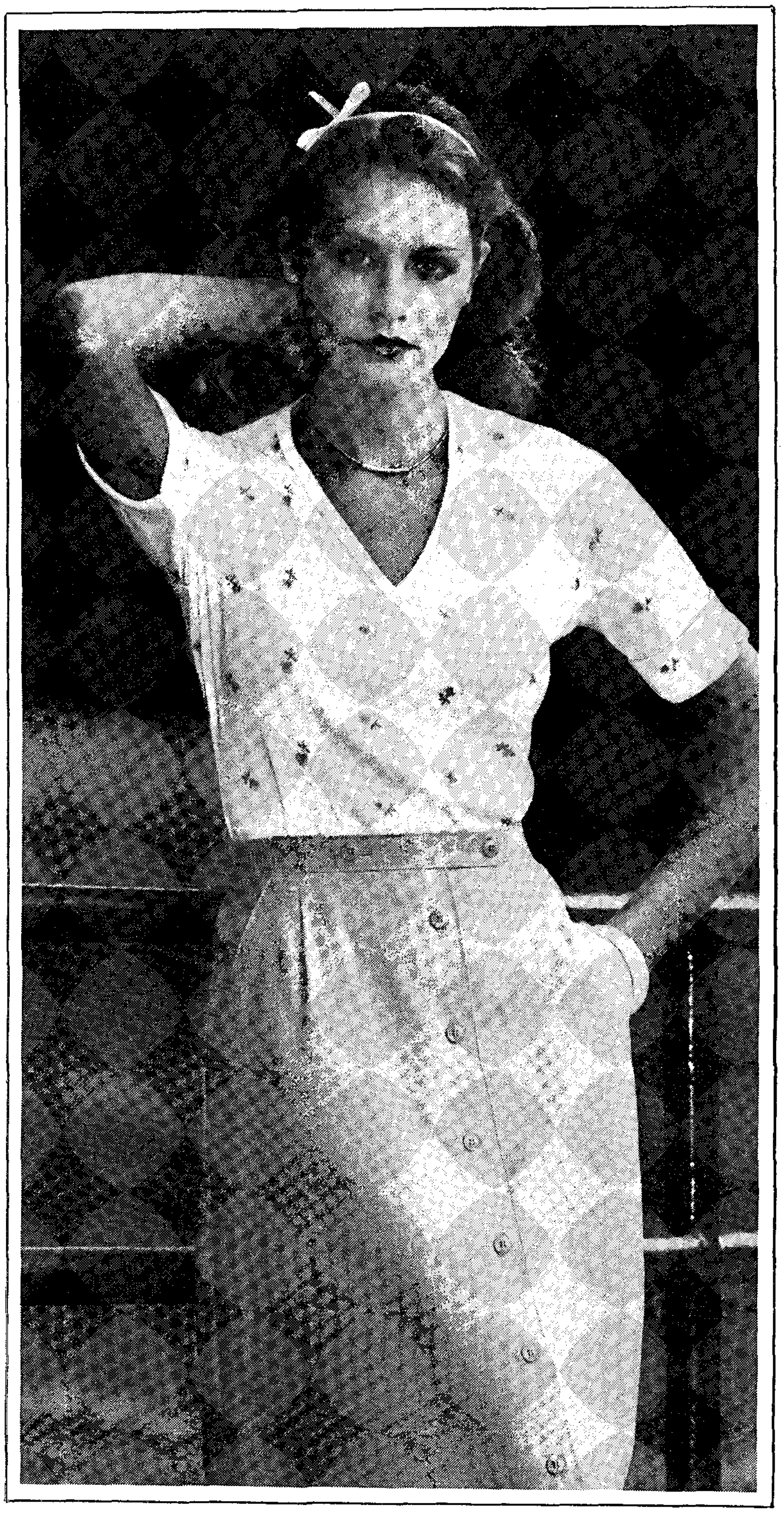

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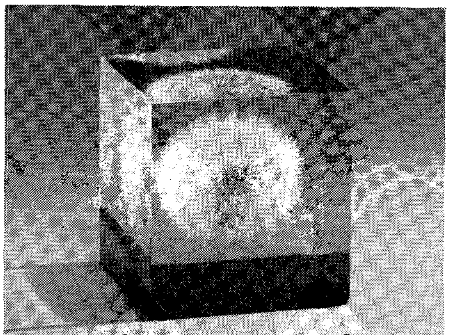
tor to provide current in emergencies, and while such units were customarily run on diesel engines, they wanted to set up this one for water. They asked for his assistance in choosing the components, and he set about studying minihydro. The first waterwheels were undershot, their paddles dipping into streams. They have been in use for thousands of years. They are not very efficient. They capture about a quarter of the energy of flowing water, and ofttimes less than that. A Roman figured out that if you were to build a diversionary trough of some kind and carry water high to one side of such a wheel, you could direct the water into buckets that would empty at the bottom. With gravity's assistance, the wheel would turn faster. By the nineteenth century, overshot wheels had been improved to efficiencies of eighty per cent. Still, they were cumbersome—they were as much as eight stories high—and slow. In the eighteen-twenties, designers learned that there were greater speeds and comparable efficiencies in a very different kind of wheel—totally immersed in fast-flowing water and reacting to it something like a windmill to a breeze. The water pressure could be greatly increased by the use of dams, penstocks, related works; and the wheels—usually encased, and a few feet instead of a few stories in diameter—would spin at unprecedented numbers of revolutions per minute. The Europeans called them turbines. Americans preferred not to drop "waterwheel" from their vocabulary, and to this day use the terms synonymously. Turbines constructed like chambered nautiluses were developed in the United States by an engineer named J. B. Francis, and Francis turbines—for the most part produced by James Leffel & Company, of Springfield, Ohio—became the predominant waterwheel in late-nineteenth-century and early-twentieth-century American mills. (Those were Francis turbines standing in rust in Mechanicville. Francis turbines are to turn at Wappingers and Chittenden Falls.) They achieve notably high rotation speeds, but not under all conditions of head and flow. There being so many variable factors, it is axiomatic that each small hydro site is unique, like a thumbprint. If you see one you have not seen them all. And no single size or kind of turbine can ever be in application even vaguely universal. During the California gold rush, the Pelton wheel was developed to answer the particular conditions in the dry



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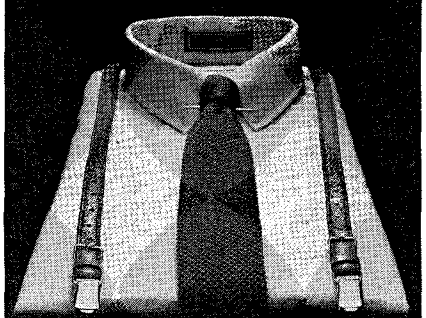

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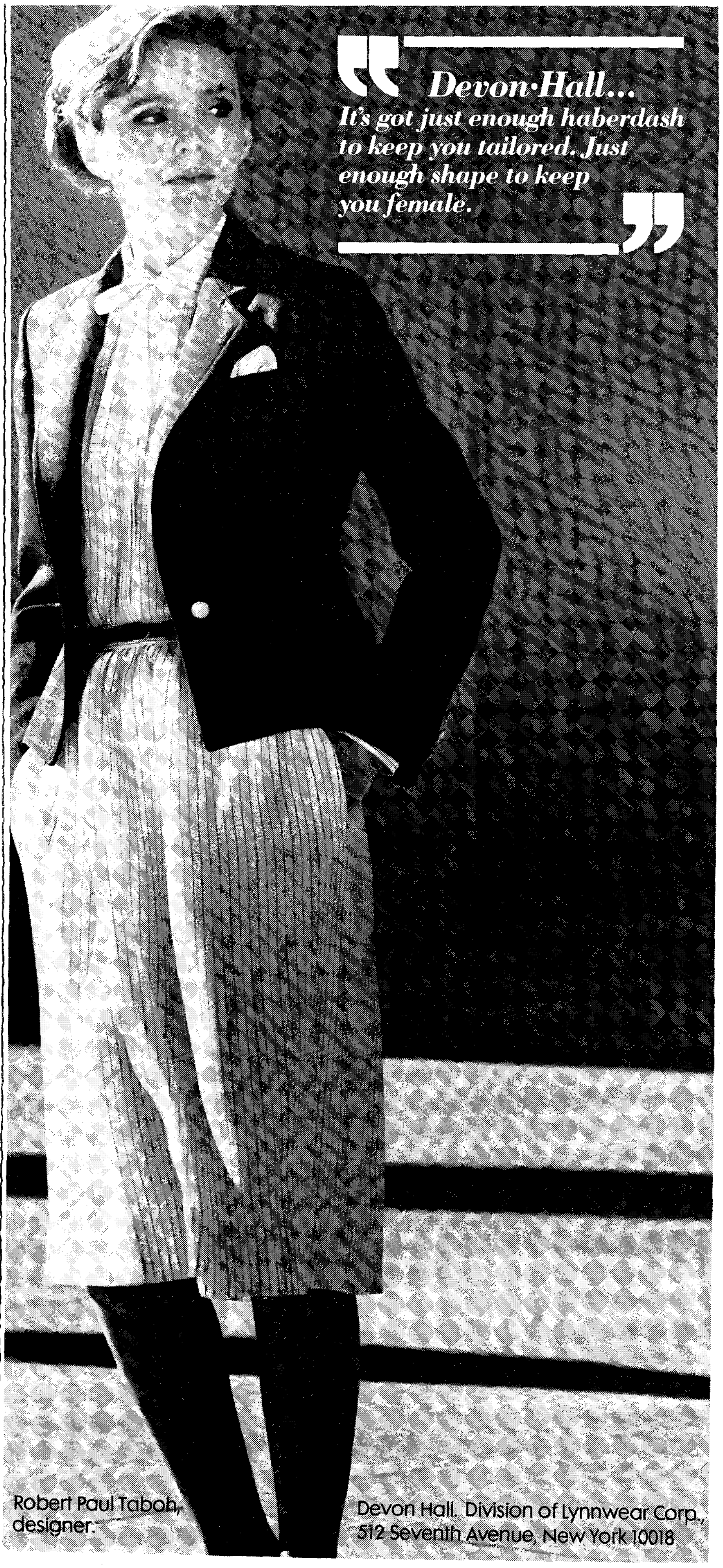
foothills of the Sierra—high available pressure heads and low supplies of water. The Pelton wheel is struck and turned by high-pressure jets from nozzles, and thus, like the old waterwheels, is a so-called impulse turbine, and is not, like the immersed Francis, a reaction turbine. Over impulse turbines the Francis has the added advantage that it uses not only the water pressure coming down upon it from above but also the suction created by the water after it passes through the turbine and falls below. Hence, without losing any of the power represented by the total head a Francis turbine can be installed far enough above the riverbed to avoid damage in a flood. Stapenhorst nonetheless decided that Francis turbines were too complicated, and, on behalf of the Newfoundland and Labrador Hydro Corporation, went looking for something else.

Four times annually, in those years, he made visits home to Germany, and always to the town where he grew up. Oddly enough, he compares it to Cornell University, where he has recently been engaged to set up a small-scale hydroelectric facility. "The name of the town is Hamelin," he says. "Have you heard of the Pied Piper? Hamelin is equivalent in size to Cornell University, which is a little city in itself." On one journey, he also went down to Weissenburg, in Bavaria, to make the acquaintance of Karl Ossberger, whose small cross-flow turbines were very different in design from any turbines that Stapenhorst had ever seen. Cross-flow turbines were invented in Australia and were brought to world prominence by Ossberger, who had made more than five thousand of them and had shipped them to nearly every country in the atlas. Within an Ossberger turbine is a spinning drum. It suggests a cylindrical venetian blind, consisting of many blades. Water hits the blades twice—first as it rushes into the drum, and then as it goes out—giving up a handsome percentage of its energy to the spin. The machine cleans itself. Bits of trash that might get past the racks and become stuck in the blades are pushed out as the water leaves. Looking beyond the needs of the Newfoundland dam and on into the general potentialities of a revival of small-scale hydro, Stapenhorst could see that in most situations there would not be consistent flow. A high dam could make its own consistency, with a hundred miles of reservoir backed up behind it, but the dams of minihydro would generally be low, the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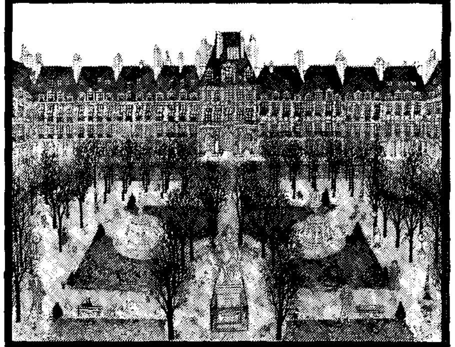

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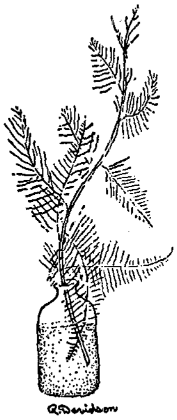
ponds shallow, the upstream drainages modest in area. As a result, water would arrive from hour to hour, season to season, in extremely erratic pulses. A cloudburst in Quebec could change the flow three hundred per cent, not to mention the wider differences between figures for August and May. Turbines designed for low-flow situations would be wasteful in times of high water. Turbines designed for high efficiency at, say, five hundred cubic feet per second might be ineffective in times of low water. Under certain conditions, turbines can go into a state of cavitation, wherein vaporizing water creates bubbles that implode on the metal and riddle it with tiny holes. The ideal turbine for a little mill up a creek somewhere in inconsistent country would be one that was prepared to take whatever might come, to sit there and react calmly in any situation, to respond evenly to wild and sudden demands, to make the best of difficult circumstances, to remain steadfast in times of adversity, to keep going, above all to press on, to persevere, and not vibrate, fibrillate, vacillate, cavitate, or panic—in short, to accept with versatile competence what is known in hydroelectrical engineering as the run of the river. Stapenhorst believed that he discerned these qualities in the Ossberger turbine. The drum was segmented, so that part of it could be idle while the rest was engaged. The guide vane, which controlled the incoming stream of water, was in parts that could be played like the pedals of an organ. An Ossberger was, in effect, several turbines in one, and—high head or low, from trickle to torrent—it achieved great efficiency across an extraordinary spectrum of flow. Stapenhorst shook hands with Ossberger and ordered one for Bay d'Espoir. Ossberger was signally pleased. He had never before sold a turbine in North America.

Stapenhorst explains, "If anyone wanted a small turbine in North America, they went to James Leffel, you see. Ossberger sold them everywhere else—Paraguay, New Guinea, Rwanda, Gabon, Burundi. I call them missionary turbines. The missionaries have a little money in the jungle and they buy a little power. He could make a hundred, a hundred and fifty turbines a year, there in Weissenburg. Weissenburg is a pretty little place. The whole population is as much as Cornell."

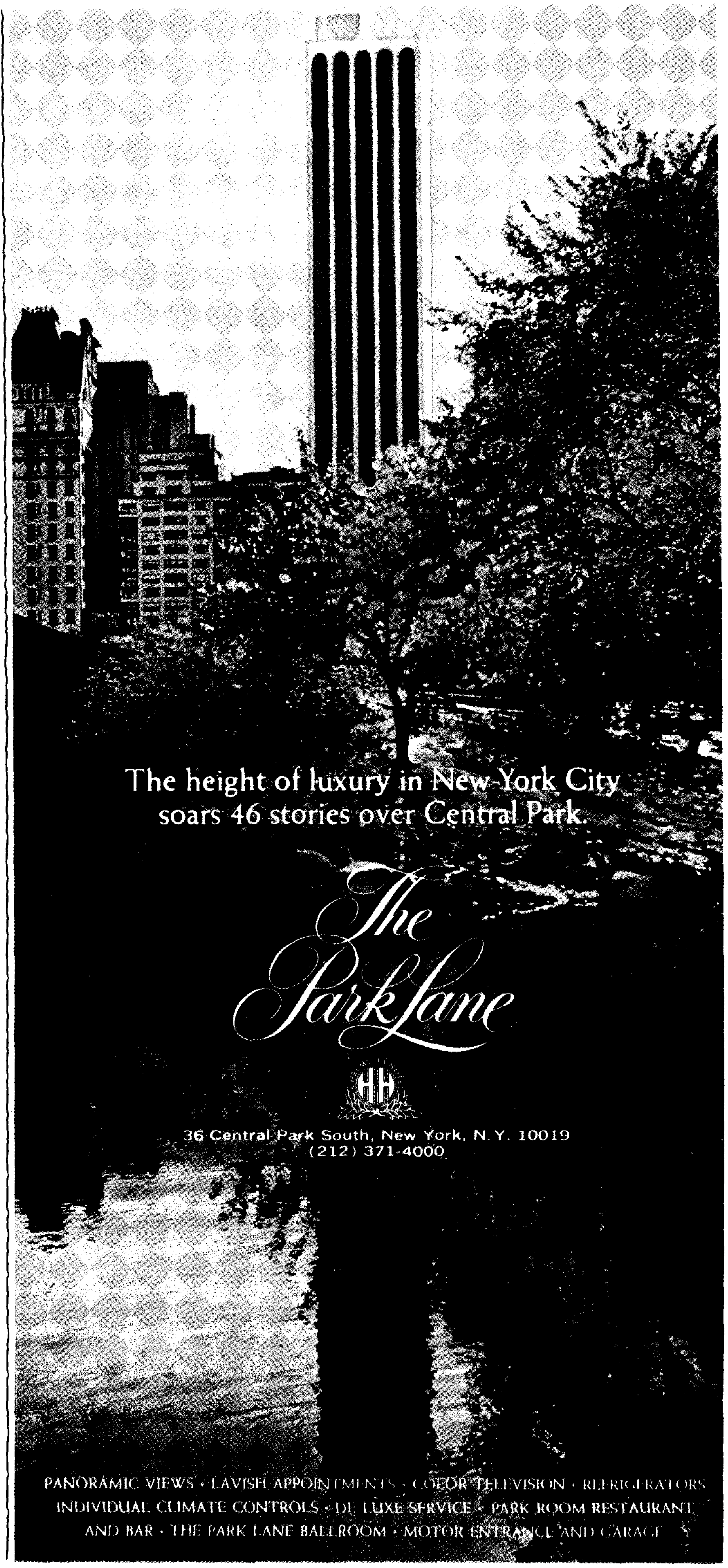


Stapenhorst volunteered to be Ossberger's North American representative, and he had brought two or three dozen cross-flow turbines into Canada when the so-called energy crisis began to spread its form of panic across the United States. From his close post of observation in Pointe Claire, Quebec, Stapenhorst watched with rising interest and some amusement the scramble to the south. The situation was obviously less acute than chronic. It demanded multiple solutions. A return to small-scale hydro would surely be one. When the United States Army Corps of Engineers published a study listing thousands of existing dams where hydroelectricity could be generated, Stapenhorst decided that the mighty American utilities would soon be rediversifying in that manner. He tried to sell his turbines to them. The utilities were not interested in midget operations. When the National Energy Act was written and passed and private entrepreneurs began to multiply and swarm, he prepared to service them. He was still ahead of his time. For the most part, the entrepreneurs were busy with feasibility studies, and no one was buying new turbines.

"As yet, there is no market in the States. It's all talk. Everybody is after feasibility studies. It has cost me a cool half a million dollars to answer the questions of people preparing feasibility studies. That's where the activity is. They think there's a little gold rush. There are federal loans, forgivable if the project doesn't go. Meanwhile, I tried to sell my hardware. I could not sell my hardware. So I thought I would sell some to myself."

The Susquehanna River, in upstate New York, is a meandering brook with a flow in some seasons twenty times greater than in others. Not far from its beginning, it has had imposed upon it an aneurysmal bulge called Goodyear Lake. The lake is actually a shallow pool, two miles long and held in place by a thirty-foot dam, which was built in 1907 and later acquired by the New York State Electric & Gas Corporation. In 1969, NYSEG closed the facility. The civil works were deteriorating. Six people worked there for an aggregate salary approaching a hundred thousand dollars a year. It would cost a great deal more to keep the place going than to lay off the people and burn cheap oil. There remained the inconvenient dam. With its lake, it was an attractive nuisance. It was a liability to its owner, and it would become a much greater one when geologic forces destroyed it with time. NYSEG wished to rid itself of the property. In the nineteen-sixties in this country, an old dam was about as negotiable as an old grapefruit rind. The company decided upon a simple and utilitarian solution. It announced its intention "to dewater the lake." Goodyear Lake, as it happened, was surrounded by a couple of hundred year-round and vacation homes. It was a one-motel lake, not a Seneca, Oneida, Otsego, or George. However modest, it was a resort nevertheless, set in what Canadians call cottage country, with a mountain behind it in evening light. Never mind that the mountain's name was Crumhorn. Lakeshore public versus public utility: the confrontation that followed was raucous and bitter—and unresolved—when Frederick William Elias Stapenhorst came walking down the lake. He had heard the story, and he thought it fitted his needs. It was a run-of-the-river situation, with no significant storage in the lake. The stream was high in its watershed and would therefore be particularly erratic. With the thirty-foot head, there was enough expectable runoff to make seven or eight million kilowatt-hours a year. Electric heat aside, that would meet the needs of five hundred homes. There could scarcely be a more appropriate place to demonstrate the Ossberger turbine.

"So I stepped in and became the savior of the area," Stapenhorst reports, with a smile, lighting another cigarette before continuing the story. NYSEG agreed to sell the works to him and to buy his electricity at a starting rate of three cents a kilowatt-hour. Stapenhorst filed for a license, imagining the process to be a simple formality, since the plant had been in operation scarcely ten years before. Stapenhorst was Continental, and based in Canada, and not attuned to American ways. In the end, the documents that were prepared in support of his license application weighed about as much as he did. Many represented the gilt research of lawyers. A large part had to do with impact on the environment, notwithstanding the fact that the dam already existed. Conservationists worry that when dams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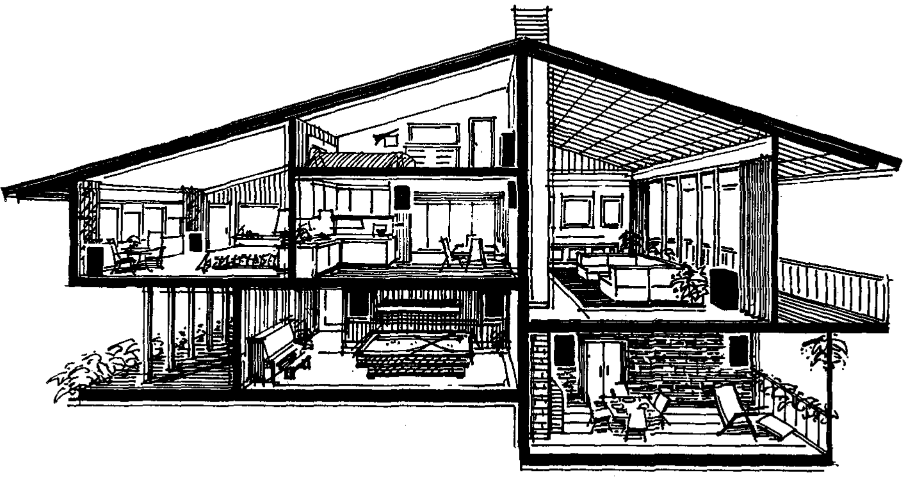
are under repair streambeds and banks will be disturbed, sending clouds of silt downstream. They worry about alterations in flow regimes and about changes in temperature as cool water from above a dam is added to warmer water below. Pollutants from industry—mercury, cadmium, lead—may be resting quietly in the sediments behind inactive dams. If dredging is done in the reservoir, the pollutants can be released into the stream. Conservationists hate dams, no matter how large they are, and in the eyes of an arch-conservationist if there is a sight more appealing than the Jungfrau in alpenglow it is a dam with a settling crest, a dam with a bulging toe, a dam that is breaking down under the forces of nature and insanely squirting water in arcs. An improvement on a dam is a rapid that was a dam. When water goes over a dam, especially if the dam is cracking to pieces, oxygen is mixed with the water. When water goes down a penstock, there may be no oxygenation. Fish going upstream to spawn swim right across an old, broken dam. If the dam stands firm, they need a ladder.

"We now know all the species of reptiles, summer birds, winter birds, mammals, fish," Stapenhorst says. "We have a list, for instance, of every type of salamander in the area, the color of its skin, the number of its toes. I realize, of course, the importance of protecting the environment, and now we have to pay for the devastation of previous years."

Whatever he is paying, Stapenhorst does not go cabin class. He hired Stone & Webster to assist his engineering. For four months, he spent a thousand dollars a day doing dental work on the concrete of his dam, on the crumbling walls of his power canal. When he raised a million dollars through a bond issue, his agent was Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb. He is reluctant to reveal the cost of Ossberger turbines. His desire is not so much to sell them individually as to install them himself and do the rest of the electrical and civil works as well. He prefers to quote over-all figures. Pressed, he mentions a small Ossberger that went for thirty-five thousand dollars, and five times that for a pair of larger ones. He says sites are so varied that costs can be anywhere from three hundred dollars to twenty-five hundred dollars a kilowatt installed—figures that include repairs to powerhouses, penstocks, and dams. At Cornell University, where Fall Creek comes out of Beebe Lake to go crashing through the campus and over Ithaca Falls, he is about to install a package comparable in output to the one at Goodyear Lake, which is on line and humming now. It was dedicated in 1980 in a shower of splintered glass and champagne. The cottage owners contributed twenty-five thousand dollars. The Department of Energy, according Goodyear Lake the status of a "demonstration site," contributed two hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. The largest Ossberger in the world sits there in automated quiet, drinking what comes. A smaller Ossberger stands beside it. The Goodyear Lake Low-Head Hydroelectric Power Project, as it is called, came in at twelve hundred and fifty dollars a kilowatt. Translated into over-all cost, that is one million seven hundred thousand dollars.

JOHN and Jim Dowd, on the other hand, bought a sixty-foot dam in excellent condition in a deep and beautiful chasm, a serene two-acre storage pond, an attractive fieldstone powerhouse containing a spiral-cased Francis turbine in working condition, a steeply angled penstock for the most part in need of no repair, functioning headgates (with gatehouse), trash racks prepared to stop timbers and twigs, eighty-seven feet of head, a reliable supply of thundering water, chasmsides of five-hundred-million-year-old sandstone in bedded blocks so orderly they seem to be cathedral walls, and (on the high ground above) some dozens of shipmast white pines rising through stands of hemlock—forty-five acres in all—for one dollar. Chateaugay Chasm, as it is named, is in the St. Lawrence Valley, roughly two hundred miles north of Goodyear Lake, four miles south of Canada. Its sheer walls contain and concentrate power as they contain and concentrate beauty—an appearance that yields little to the celebrated splendors of Ausable Chasm, forty-five miles away. Chateaugay Chasm is so narrow that the dam, forty by sixty feet, is higher than it is wide. It was built in 1902, without effective objection, by a group of local entrepreneurs who called themselves the Chasm Power Company. The town of Chateaugay, an elaborated crossroad, has not grown since then. It has, in fact, dwindled. In the words of John Dowd, "It's a one-light town." He and Jim grew up there—in a family of eight children. Their father teaches music in the re-



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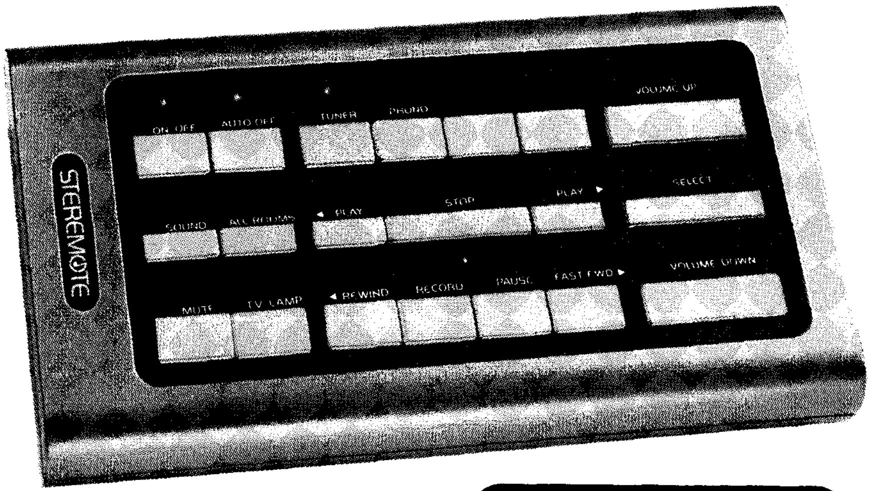

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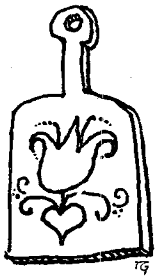
gional school. The light hangs over the intersection where River and Depot come together at Main. It puts a red glow on four bars, on the old wooden Chateaugay Hotel. When the light was installed, it received current from the chasm, as did all of Chateaugay, and dairy farms around, and Burke, six miles away. The Chasm Power Company, however, had sold out to Plattsburgh Gas & Electric, and, through other changes of hands, the powerhouse and all that went with it now belonged to NYSEG. When John Dowd was a teen-ager, in the early nineteen-sixties, he worked there, at the bottom of the chasm. He assisted Bill Stevenson, the plant supervisor, who went around with Windex spraying the dials on the machinery and giving them lustre. The big turbine was in a brown case. It had the gleam of cordovan leather. The governor, which as metallic sculpture might not have embarrassed a museum, was a harmonious assemblage of abstract shapes in what appeared to be freshly minted brass. Railings surrounding these objects kept visitors at a distance. Please do not touch. The floors were white-glove clean. In 1964, NYSEG shut the place down, sold the chasm and its structures to the town. It was cheaper to burn a little more oil somewhere else than to underwrite Stevenson and his Windex. Stevenson, who was close to sixty, wept.

In no time at all—in a matter of months—the facility seemed headed for ruin. Vandals attacked it like buzzards from the sky. Boulders were heaved from the cliffside to crash through the gatehouse roof, and campfires were made using pieces of the building. Some of the fires were made inside, on the wooden floor. Down the chasm, all the windows of the powerhouse were splintered. Whoever stripped and stole the generator's copper burned the rubber insulation to get at it. The interior walls of the once gleaming powerhouse are black to this day from that fire. Young John Dowd went before the Town Board in 1967 and complained. He was twenty-two. He accused the community leaders of negligence, of indolently allowing an attractive and valuable common property to be willfully destroyed. Chateaugay, in transalpine New York—"up here in no man's land where no one really gives a damn about things"—is the sort of town where men in rubber boots sit in the hotel windows on the stoplight corner and stir when anything moves. And now John Dowd had moved.

"I said something should be done. They said, 'If *you're* so concerned about it, you take over. You just take it over. We'll sell it to you.' I said, 'I don't have the money or I'd buy it.' They said, 'All right—you're so smart—we'll sell it to you for what we paid for it. Put up or shut up. We paid one dollar.' "



There was a deed restriction. NYSEG had denied to future owners the right to use the site to make power. Since hydroelectricity could not be generated without generating a lawsuit as well, the Dowd brothers developed a very different plan. The powerhouse, at the bottom of the chasm, with a twenty-five-foot ceiling and ten big windows, would make a superb restaurant—wild water foaming past the windows, its thunder muted by the thick stone walls. The chasm had obvious recreational appeal. Traceable in the hemlock forest were the moss-covered foundations of a resort hotel that had been levelled by fire at the turn of the century. The brothers planned to construct a campground near the rim somewhere. For upward of a decade, though, they did not actually do anything, emulating the town fathers. The Dowds had other preoccupations. Jim was a high-school physics teacher. John was a NYSEG lineman. He gave up the job, and for several years travelled the United States as a skilled laborer, building powerhouses and substations wherever he might hear of such work—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Florida, Minnesota, Idaho. He returned, at the age of twenty-eight, to go to college in Plattsburgh. Increasingly, as the brothers kept planning the future of the chasm, they thought about using it for power, and wondered how to circumvent or defeat the deed restriction. Congress did it for them in 1978, by declaring such stipulations everywhere invalid.

The restaurant and the campground faded backward in the priorities of the imagination as the brothers turned to minihydro. They could hardly afford tens of thousands of dollars for lawyers' and consultants' fees, so they worked their own way through permits and license applications. They shopped for new components, and when prices came back in six figures they arranged for the rebuilding of components they had. Like the Mark Quallens and the Paul Eckhoffs, they learned the business from the damage up. They spent two hundred dollars for a year's subscription to *Hydro-Wire, the Newsletter of the Small-Scale Hydroelectric Industry*. As months went by, their conversation narrowed until it included almost nothing not related to the project. Their idea of relaxation on a summer holiday was to picnic by the edge of the chasm. They expect to restore the station for a hundred and eighty dollars a kilowatt, and to have it turning by summer. They have received no assistance from state or nation—only from the Marine Midland bankers in nearby Malone. When the power is turned on and again comes out of the chasm, they intend that Bill Stevenson be there to throw the switch. He is now seventy-four years old.

A year or so ago, the Dowds were visited by a man who inspected the site and asked them how much they were going to be spending to restore it. They said they figured about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"How would you like a check for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars free and clear right now?" the man said. "We would like to buy the property from you."

The Dowds had been offered a twenty-five-million-per-cent return on their original investment, and they turned it down. The offer was made in behalf of a corporation set up in the aftermath of the National Energy Act to acquire as many viable small-scale hydroelectric sites as its agents could find. There are at least half a dozen such companies, consisting mainly of lawyers, engineers, and financiers: for example, the American Hydro Power Company, of Villanova, Pennsylvania; the Noah Corporation, of Aiken, South Carolina; Hydro Development, Inc., of Los Angeles; Essex Development Associates, of Lawrence, Massachusetts; the Mitchell Energy Company and the Continental Hydro Corporation, of Boston. They are service companies. They serve as tax umbrellas, among other things. Forming little companies around single sites or clusters of sites, they attract investors' money and keep a part of the ownership. In the way that diamond traders have gathered on Forty-seventh Street and wholesale florists on Twenty-eighth, the white-collar world of minihydro tends to colonize. Continental Hydro and other companies set up in business at 141 Milk Street in

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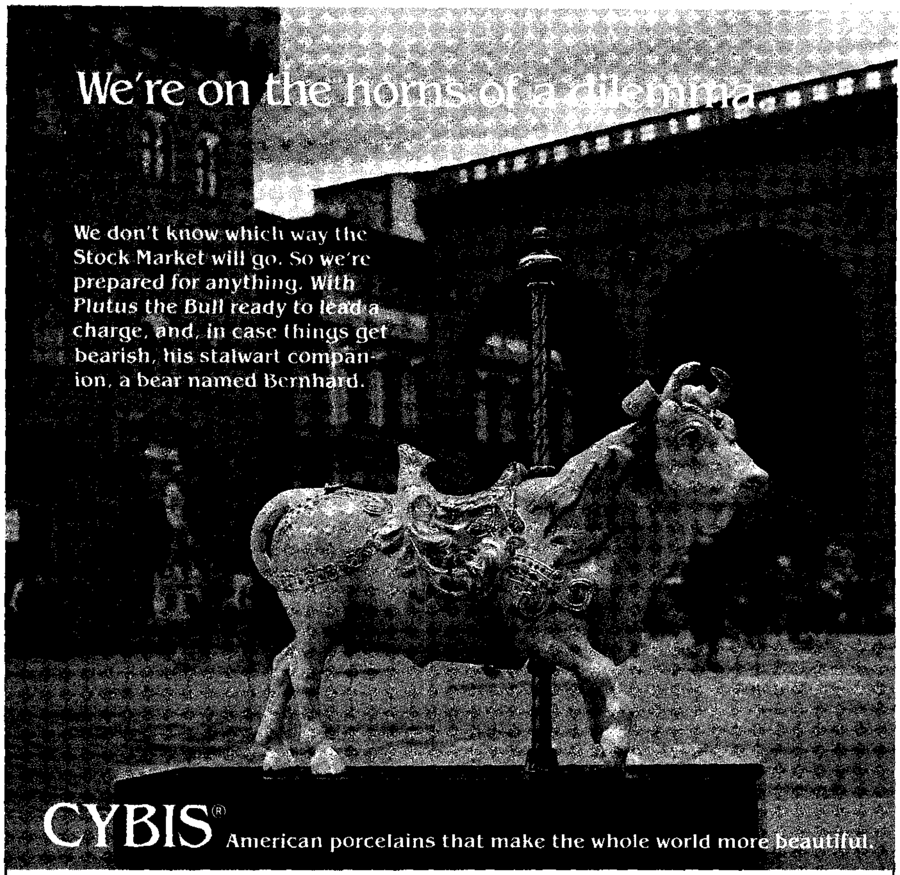

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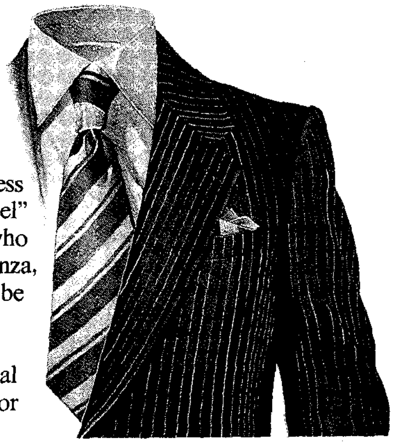

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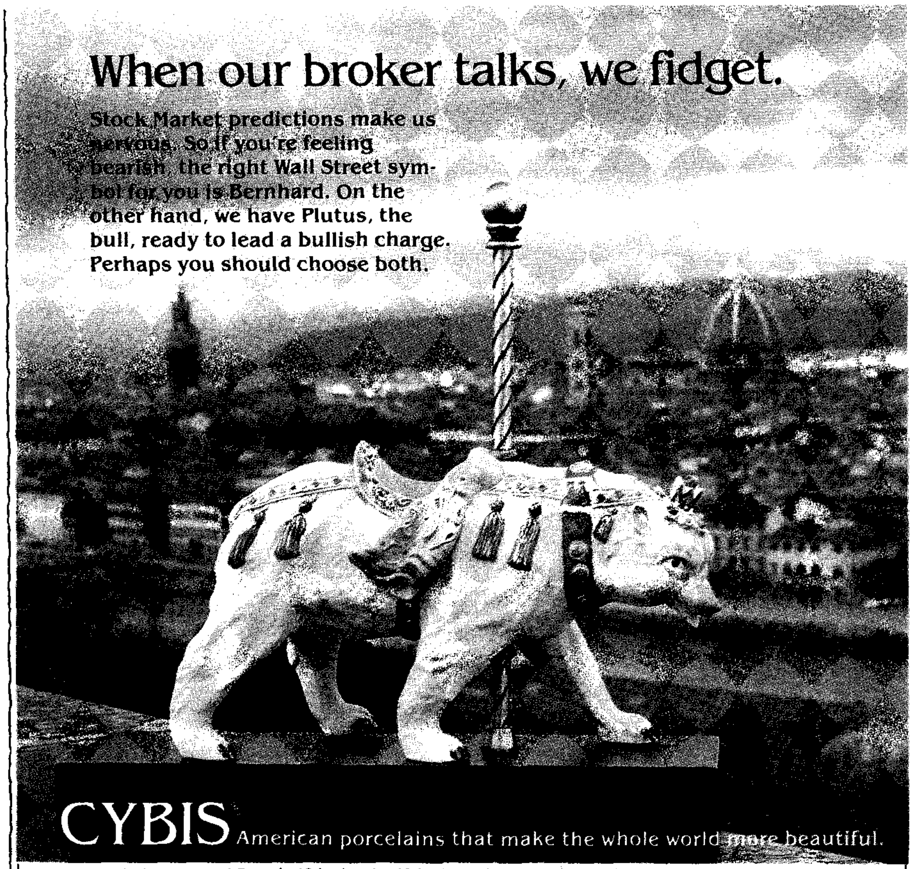
Boston, for example, home of the New England River Basins Commission (which has produced, in eight extensive volumes, a study called "Potential for Hydropower Development at Existing Dams in New England"). The newsletter *Hydro-Wire* was also established at 141 Milk Street, by C. Sherry Immediato, editor, Harvard Business School student, who worked awhile for Continental Hydro and then started the letter to help pay her way through school. One day between dams, I talked with her over a salad in the Parker House—a small, trig woman with dark hair, bright eyes, and gold earrings, whose pleasant and articulate voice occasionally sounded as if it were reading a textbook. "Changing economic phenomena, natural and contrived, have focussed new attention on this investment in energy," she said. " 'Natural' refers to the oil crisis. 'Contrived' means that small-scale hydroelectric projects have been segmented for special consideration by the federal government through loan programs, tax incentives, power bought at rates equivalent to the replacement of oil. It has allowed people to look to investments made a long time ago and revitalize them. For people who like to tinker, it's just wonderful—an interesting business venture for frustrated engineers. There are good rainfall figures. You can predict your flow of money fairly well. That attracts investors. Banks like it, because they look good for being in alternative energy resources."

In small-scale hydro, obtaining a preliminary permit from the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission is the equivalent of staking a claim in the search for gold. A preliminary permit ties up a site for a time, and in order to apply for such a permit one need not own the site. She pointed out that any number of non-hydroelectric federal dams—irrigation dams, flood-control dams, municipal-reservoir dams—have attractive heads and other potentialities for hydroelectric generation on a significant scale. Anyone can file for preliminary permits and licenses to work such dams. Many of them already have penstocks built into them when the dams were constructed by federal engineers who thought a day of need might come. "The Department of the Interior and the Army Corps of Engineers are being somewhat obstructionist about it," she said. "Which is unfortunate. It's an immense public resource sitting there untapped." The Federal Energy Regulatory Commission has certain rights of eminent domain. If someone obtains a preliminary permit on a little waterfall in a neighbor's garden—or on any minihydro site on which an acceptable feasibility study is submitted—the government can in effect force a reluctant owner to sell to the applicant. Speculation in small-scale hydro—with hundreds of applications filed, many in competition for a single site—has been intensified by the rule that one need not be an owner to apply. "However, that factor can be overstated, because you might very well be dead by the time all the paper was processed—it's a real sticky matter to use the right of eminent domain to favor one private interest over another."

It was New Hampshire that turned a promising bet into a national boom. "New Hampshire really did it, in terms of getting people's adrenaline flowing, when the state set its rate at eight cents a kilowatt-hour. People reasoned that if New Hampshire did it, it could happen anywhere." She said she knew at least ten people offhand who, in the commotion, had "jumped from government to the private sector"—people from the Corps, people from the F.E.R.C.—and in one New England state "the energy staff working on hydro went off and bought their own dam." She drew a breath and ate a bit of salad. "Pragmatically, people who get into this—in a small or a large way—are idealistic," she continued. "It's quite a gamble, given the current political and economic environment. There is a danger in people becoming real excited about hydro and buying equipment and services that are much too high. To write a permit, architecture and engineering firms charge ten thousand dollars, which is insane. You could write one in a day if you had some statistics about the site. To spend sixteen per cent of project costs on that sort of thing is outrageous. It's like people buying houses, fixing them up, and saying, 'We'll get it all back.' They have no sense of the time value of the money. Someone like your friend Paul Eckhoff may be right to put his money in small-scale hydro, but I wonder if he wouldn't be better off buying a municipal bond. On the other hand, if someone has a chasm somewhere and a facility he got for a dollar, I guess that's a pretty good deal."

A winter day with snow on the ground and warm dark clouds collecting, John and Jim Dowd and I walk



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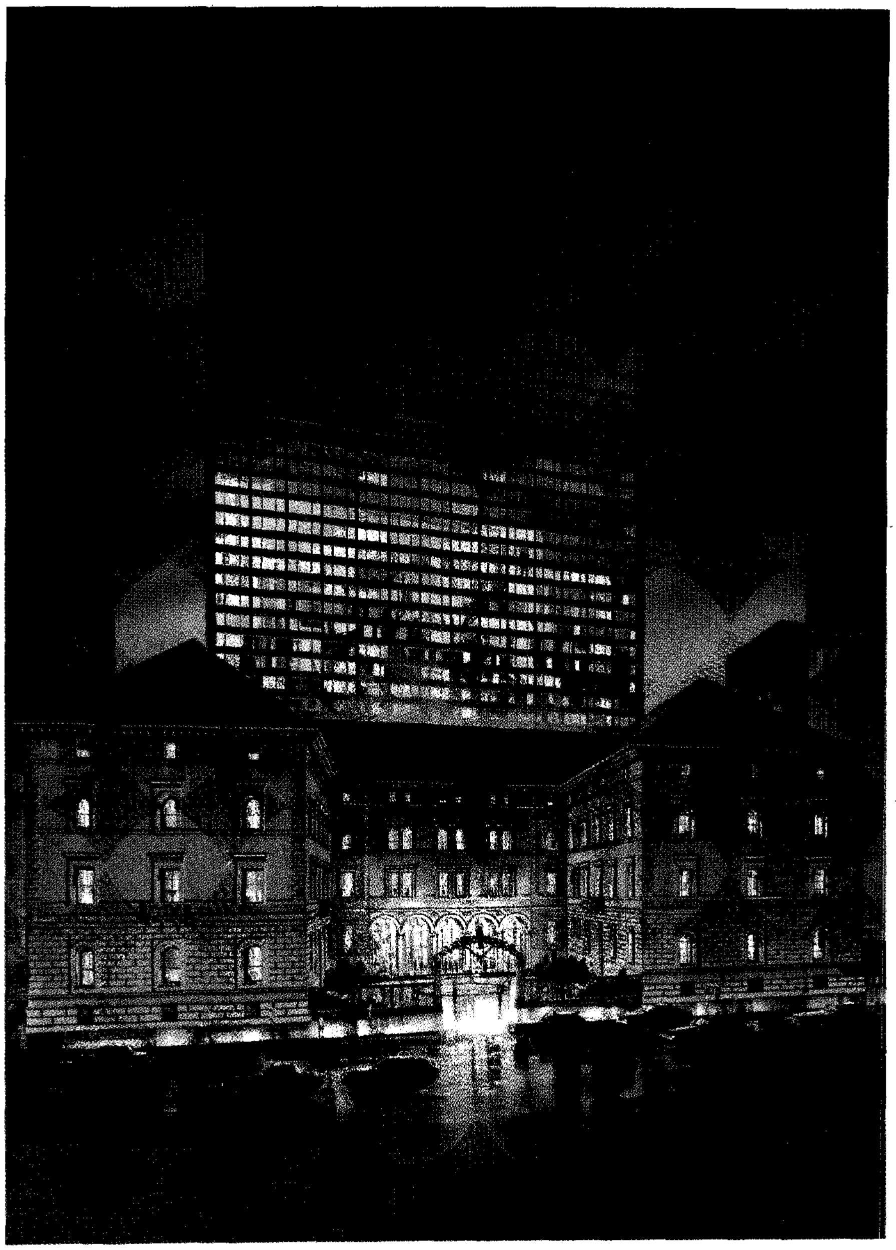

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down the penstock, with John Dowd leading the way. "Watch yourself!" John says. "Watch your footing! Don't slip! The liability-insurance papers have not yet been signed." The words are all but inaudible. Tons of water are crashing beside us at the rate of fifteen a second. The Chateaugay River, after falling down the face of the dam, caroms into the space of the chasm in violent agitation, licking at the penstock, raging white from wall to wall. Hugging the sandstone, the penstock is beside the torrent. The penstock is seven feet in diameter and is covered with snow and ice. John kicks the ice, making steps. Heavyset but not fat, he is unarguably agile, at ease here on this tubular chute, with a lineman's sense of place. He and his brother are both handsome men in their thirties with a demeanor that suggests the out-of-doors. Each of them has light-brown hair that almost covers his ears, and a timber cruiser's guileless mustache. Jim wears a red-and-black wool jacket, John a loose brown parka. He worries about my shoepacs. The rubber may slide on the ice. When NYSEG abandoned the chasm, they scuttled the penstock, suddenly cutting off the water and thereby making a vacuum of such implosive force that it crumpled the upper end. Pipe companies want twenty-one thousand dollars for a new segment of penstock. The Dowds, with used material, will build it on their own. Gatehouse to powerhouse—dam to turbine—the penstock is two hundred feet long. "Don't slip!" John says again, and once more he mentions the insurance. He kicks new steps into the ice. I glimpse a hand protruding from the cataract. It is mine, however, and it goes away.

The powerhouse does not call to mind a restaurant. Its beautiful windows are cold and vacant, and spring water pours through cracks in the fire-grimed walls. The turbine stands in place, its cordovan polish long absent, its substance intact.

"To a person whose eye is not tuned to machinery, this old Francis here may look like a piece of junk!"

"But to us it looks like a million dollars!"

The brothers seem pleased to be shouting. The higher they have to raise their voices, the more valuable the tympanics outside.

"The river is running at five hundred cubic feet per second today. Sometimes it goes a lot higher than that."

The penstock forks to a well for a

second turbine. The plan is to get the existing one going, and later install another.

"The plant will be semi-automatic. It will shut itself down but not start up."

"When we finish here, we want to help other people do the same kind of thing. We have done a lot of bush-kicking, a lot of door-knocking. We are now in a position to sell that knowledge. We went over and drank maple wine with a man in Vermont who had a nice little twenty-five-foot head. We may be working for him."

"We'll take on anything up to five thousand kilowatts, but mainly we are interested in places much smaller than this one—three hundred and below. We're not going to say no to someone who has a ten-kilowatt potential."

"If all the old sites like this in New York State were put to work again, they would equal three nuclear power plants."

"Ten per cent of our gross income will be more than enough to maintain this place. That is very conservative. It could easily be three to five per cent."

"The dam is only forty feet across. We'll put two feet of flashboard on it, and that will be worth five thousand dollars in net income a year—all for a hundred dollars' worth of plywood."

"I'm going to build myself an electrically heated house looking out on the pond through the hemlocks."

"There are a lot of dairy farmers around here who are so rich they can plunk down forty thousand dollars for a new tractor, forty-five thousand for a silo. But we won't have to worry about milking our turbines."

Paul Eckhoff, in blue overalls and a hand-knit white tam-o'-shanter, got into a small boat and slowly rowed the quiet pool above his dam, to see what or who was going to be disturbed if he put flashboards on the crest. "Nothing" and "no one" were his conclusions, and he rowed back to shore. At the end of the Pacific war, he was given command of the United States naval base on Saipan, and now he was in charge of a ruined box factory beside an abandoned dam—with no apparent mitigation of his sense of executive wherewithal, of his accumulated practical skill in lining up a complicated operation for smooth and efficient execution. A graduate of the Harvard Business School and also of Duke University Law School, he had built, for himself and for other compa-

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nies, all the resin plants that a man in one lifetime should build, and now he was invigorated by something new. "There is a time to shift gears," he remarked on that autumn day. "And for me this is it. This is the time to bring all the experience of thirty years together in one impossible project." He looked around at the crumbling walls, the fire rot, the water tower corroding overhead. "We have champagne tastes and a beer pocketbook," he said. "Therefore, we have this place. But the same is true of many sites. You get a lot of junk with your head."

Not long ago, Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute made a study of the Chittenden Falls site, concluding that five hundred and eighty-nine thousand dollars would be required to restore it. Eckhoff prefers not to say how much he expects to spend, perhaps in part because it is not in an employee's discretion to speak of such things when the president of the Chittenden Falls Hydro Power corporation may not have been made aware of the numbers. The president is Paul's wife, Adelaide. His daughter Nina is the secretary of the corporation. She is also a fashion model. His daughter Karen is vice-president, Mary is treasurer, and so on down to Vicky, who is a student at the New York University College of Business and Public Administration, and Sally, who is on the staff of the *Village Voice*. "We absolutely have to do it for a great deal less than five hundred and eighty-nine thousand," Eckhoff says. "It's the family pocket. My wife calls this project my toy."

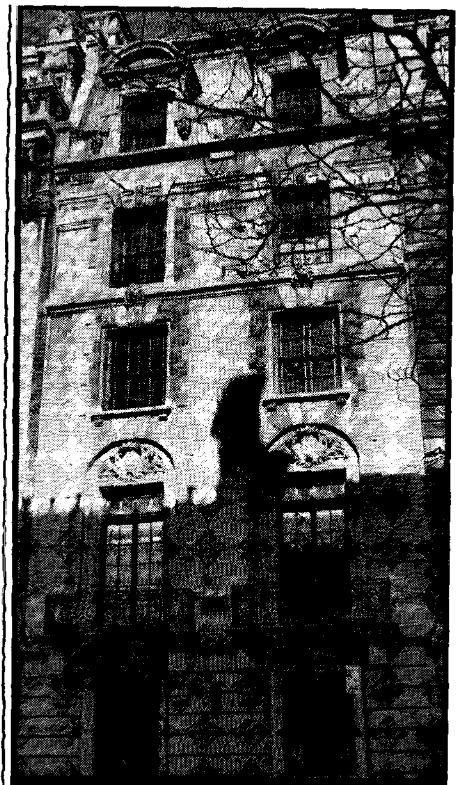
"And you don't want to buy it at F. A. O. Schwarz."

"Exactly."

"How much did the new generators cost, the gearboxes, the sluiceway work, the new penstock, the switch gear, the substation, the governors, the reconditioning of the turbines?"

"You are asking me for my innermost secrets. I will say this: In the electrical field, there are very, very substantial discounts. You have to qualify to enjoy those discounts."

Listening to Paul Eckhoff, I have the sudden fancy that I am almost hearing the voice of someone in my own clan, who is also a lawyer and of about the same age. He has fared well in his profession, and he has an oil well somewhere and an interest in an office building in downtown Washington, but when he goes out in his Audi on weekend afternoons he comparison-shops for dog food. He knows



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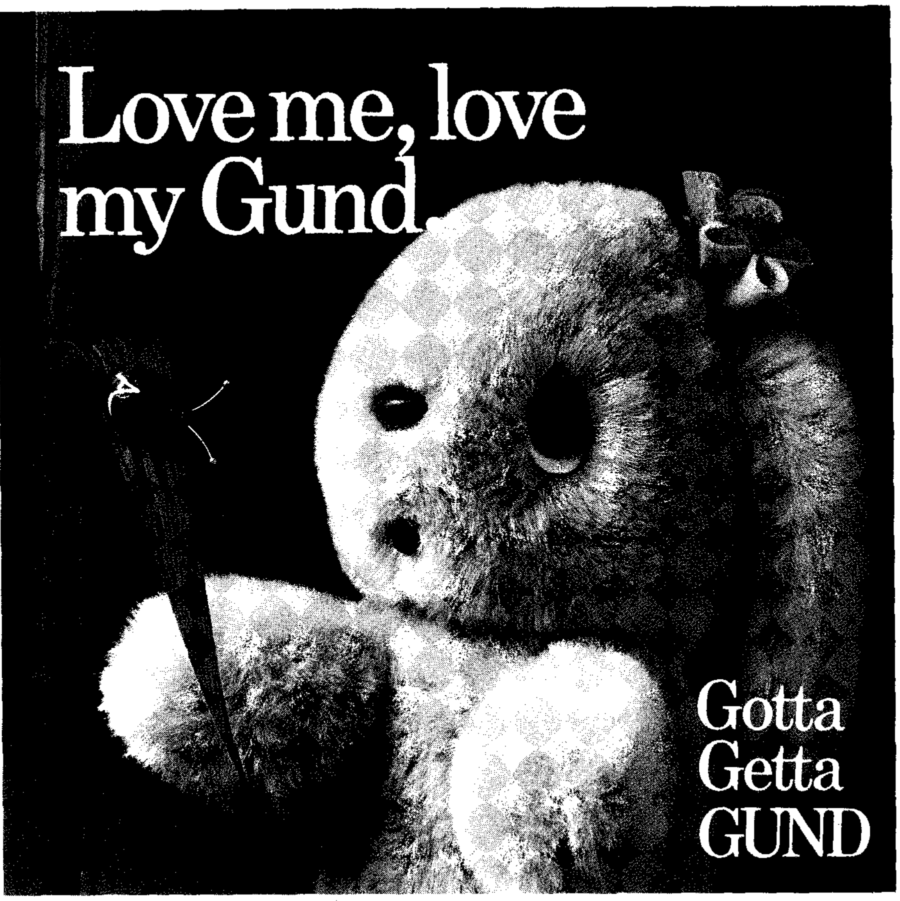
every live discount in the District of Columbia—in Bethesda, in Alexandria, too. He is especially sensitive to discounted discounts, for which he will undertake long transurban journeys to outposts of Dart Drug. Looking at the crow's-feet in Eckhoff's rugged and handsome face, and into his steady blue eyes, I develop a familiar sense of deep discount. My guess is that if Brooklyn Poly thought five hundred and eighty-nine thousand dollars would do the job, Eckhoff can cut that in half.

"Whatever capabilities I have developed over the years, this project is draining them all the way down," he says. "You just cannot afford a consultant for everything. You can learn this business, though. You can learn. In the Navy, you know, there is a manual for everything. There are manuals in hydro, too. I think our site is typical of many old mill sites. Just about everything has had to be replaced except the turbines, the turbine cases, and the concrete that supports the powerhouse. With vertical turbines, we had a choice. We could seek out vertical generators or we could go for horizontal gearbox right-angle drives and conventional horizontal generators. Here is where a few unwelcome surprises entered the scene. No U.S. company makes vertical generators small enough for our purposes. No U.S. company makes very slow-speed generators, vertical or horizontal. The cost of a European vertical slow-speed generator for our larger turbine was quoted at no less than two hundred and twenty-three thousand four hundred dollars, plus freight. So I started down the route of right-angle gearboxes and horizontal generators. It took a lot of reading and a lot of consulting with engineering friends to know what to look for. We could not use eighteen-hundred-r.p.m. generators—which are the cheapest—because they are not rated for a two-to-one overspeed in the event the system loses its electrical load and goes into a runaway condition. Big costs are involved, incidentally, in avoiding overspeed. When it happens, turbines can tear themselves apart and generators can burn up. I have invented a scheme to deal with overspeed. I think savings will result. The next-best generator was a twelve-hundred-r.p.m. But now consider the difference in gearbox quotes. When the generator speed is decreased—from eighteen hundred to twelve hundred r.p.m.—the cost of the gearbox soars from around twelve



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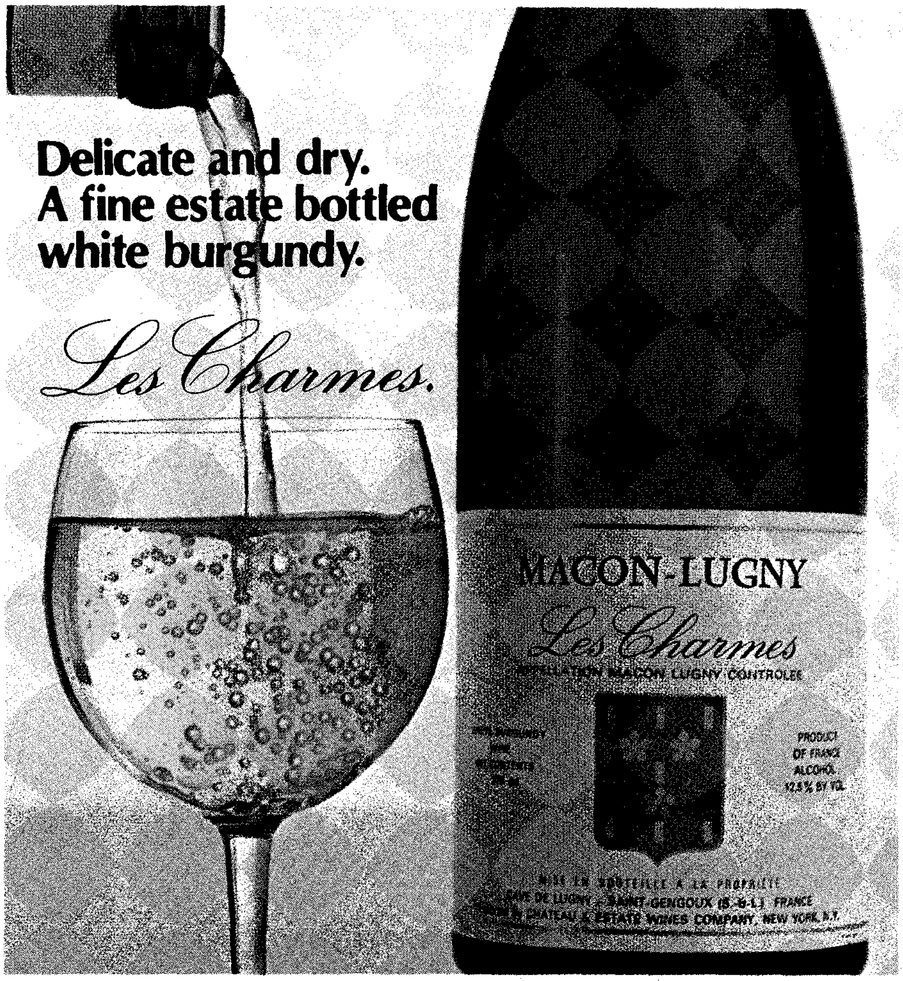

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thousand dollars to forty-three thousand dollars. There is about a two and a half per cent efficiency loss from introducing a gearbox into the power train; however, by going horizontal we not only got new, reliable, compact generators but also gained the future capability of driving the generators from the other end by diesel engine if we want backup when the water is low. A wide price range in something like a gearbox doesn't mean they're ripping you off, by the way. A sixty-four-thousand-dollar gearbox could be for a tugboat but not for a powerhouse.

"For the electrical center, with its meters and switch gear, we were quoted a hundred and twenty thousand dollars, fifty-nine thousand, and thirty-six thousand—all on the same specs. We finally did it the hard way, by shopping, and came up with a figure of approximately ten thousand dollars. This is a combination of some new and some used equipment—but all pretested and carrying new-equipment guarantees.

"Nights, I have made engineering drawings for the necessary replacement parts for the turbines. So far, eighty-three drawings. Three different machine shops have been turning out the parts. With this approach, we have been able to make, for example, gate bolts in stainless steel instead of ordinary carbon steel, and at a cost less than the cost quoted on carbon-steel bolts by James Leffel & Company, the original maker of the turbines. Leffel's prices were fair enough. We just could not afford them. We did buy a new runner from Leffel, and it is a first-class piece of work. One of the older engineers at Leffel is in his eighties and has been enormously helpful. His letters are classic in their detail and clarity. More than that, they reflected such good spirit and encouragement that I just could not succumb to the not so occasional suggestion that I back out of the whole thing and realize that I had bitten off more than I could cope with."

The suggestion may have come from the president of Chittenden Hydro.

"We're going to recover seventeen thousand five hundred square feet of the box factory," Eckhoff continues. "We've been romancing a European company to come and set up here. They make micronized hard wax, and it's ideal for them. They use quantities of compressed air, and it can be made off the turbine with the cold water.

"The smokestack is two hundred

and fifty feet high. The draft produced by a thing like that is the equivalent of two hundred horsepower. If we wanted to run a boiler, we could clean-burn various fuels. We may set up a pilot plant for making ethanol from Columbia County corn. The problem in making ethanol is that you get ten per cent ethanol and ninety per cent water, and you have to get the water away. If you have a two-hundred-and-fifty-foot smokestack, you're off to a good start.

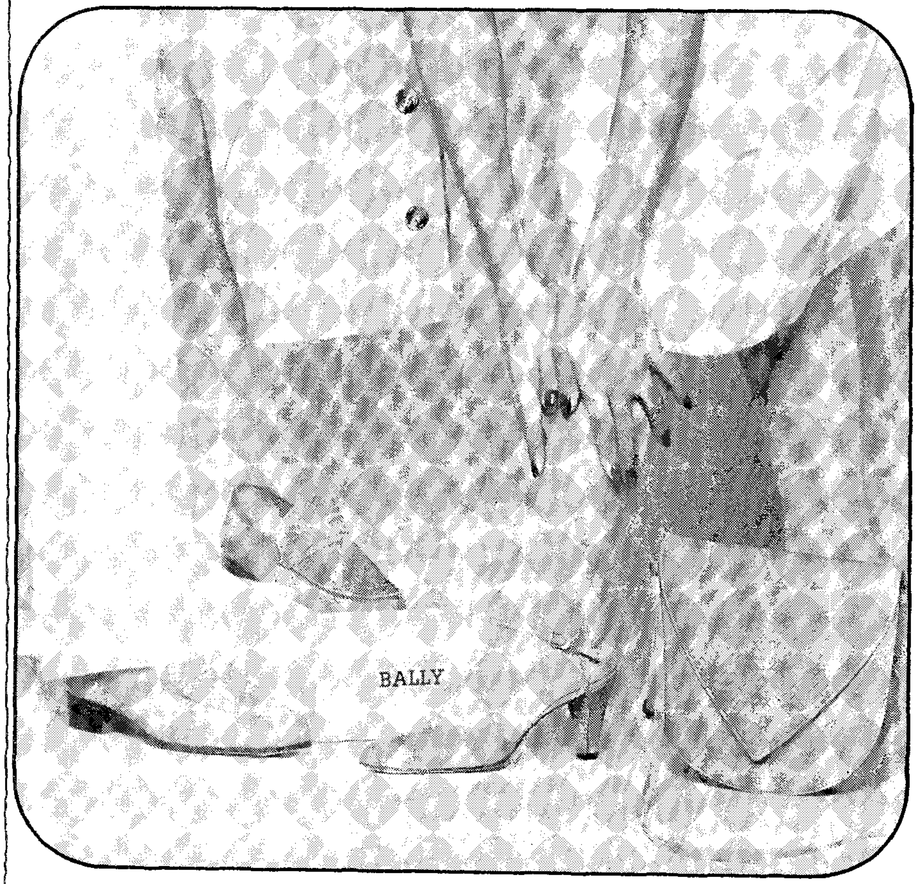
"For twenty-five years, I made complicated polymer resins. None of my daughters wanted to enter the business. It is not a woman's business. Peter is not right for it, either. Peter is a literary person—a writer of short stories, a novel. If you have a decent site like this, and you can see your way through the engineering and building phase, you should do well in small hydro. It is a good business for women. A chemical business would be difficult for them. This is a business they can run until hell freezes over. It's a woman's world, man. You know that. We're engineering for the future development of a woman's world. In the resin business, you have to invent something new about once a year. In this business, you don't have to re-invent the kilowatt. You have no lab. You have no inventory. No receivables. No payables. You don't have to have salesmen running around. The utility is your one and only customer. You have a watt-hour meter that tells them what you have generated, and there is no question about their paying their bills. The raw materials are for free. As the price of oil inflates, the utility will be paying us more, but the creek will still be free. Moreover, there should be quite a bit of satisfaction in producing electricity and producing it clean. Putting small hydropower back on the line is basically something good to do." —John McPhee

•

3 8 Eight Is Enough (R) "Brotherhood/Sisterhood." Elizabeth's search for a boyfriend takes her to a wild fraternity party, and Tommy goes to work at David's construction company. (Closed-captioned, sung in Italian with English subtitles. Norman Bailey stars as Macbeth, Patricia Johnson as Lady Macbeth, Nicolai Chiaurov as Banquo and Nell Shicoff as Macduff.

—*TV listing in the Baton Rouge Morning Advocate.*

Who says there are no new plots?



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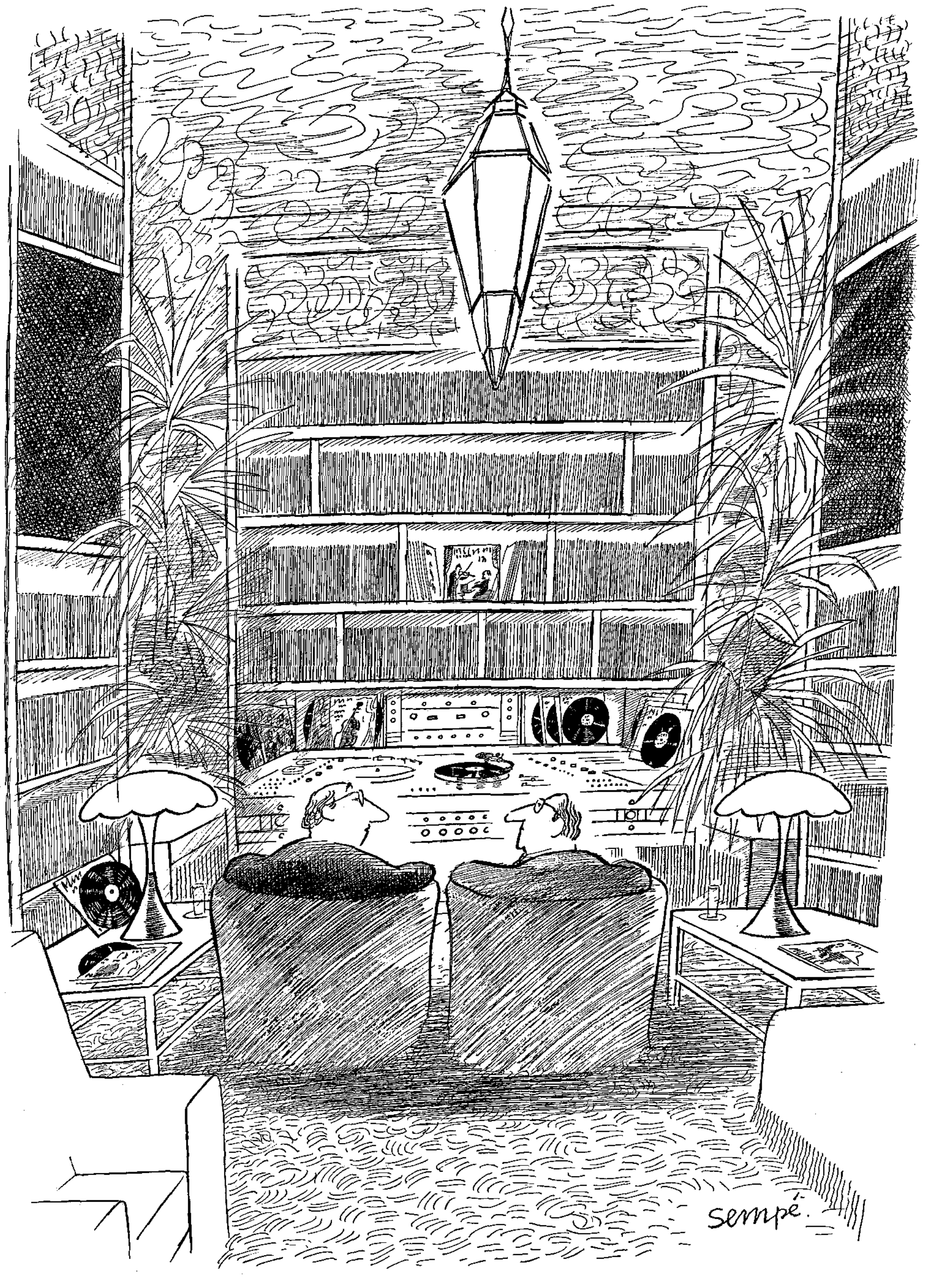
THERE is every indication of comic ingenuity in "We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!," a farce by the Italian dramatist Dario Fo, which has been running for weeks at the Chelsea and is an unquestioned hit, but most of it is lost in a miserable performance. The play, set in a working-class district of Milan, is about the rebellion of a pair of housewives and their factory-worker husbands against rising prices and various other abuses in present-day Italy. A director's note in the program says, "As an introduction to this play, Fo has written an essay on 'hunger,' in which he points out that most great drama is concerned with the problem of eating. In Italy from 1974-76, sagging production and rising prices brought the 'dramatic problem' of eating to such intensity that a rash of activity—'proletarian shopping'—became a massive political response. In this play there are a number of stories, which are related to the socio-economic conditions of inflation, retold within the structure of a household comedy. . . . The characters in this play tell their tales with a critical eye toward the institutions of which they are a part, such as the Communist Party and the labor unions. Fo offers us a critical view of social problems, but ones whose solutions always remain with the people." Fortunately, Fo—whatever his odd theories about drama, and whatever his political allegiances—is much friskier than his director. There are indeed a number of tales in "We Won't Pay!," but they are more snippets and broken threads than long strands. Like all farces, pre- and post-Marx, the play is a matter of abrupt turns of action, quirky notions, and, even in translation (the translation, by R. G. Davis, who also directed, sounds O.K.), a smattering of funny lines. At the opening, the housewives enter, loaded down with bags of food looted from a local supermarket. Much conversation about inflation and rebellion. A policeman enters, and we're off—into a scramble of false pregnancy (the falsity being rice, pasta, a bottle of olives, and other provender concealed under a belted coat); premature birth (the bottle of olives breaks); the summoning of an ambulance; rabbit-head-and-birdseed soup; the Pope and the Pill (along with off-the-cuff, and inept, impersonations); unpaid bills for rent, gas, and electricity, and their consequences. Everybody is broke, and everybody is spunky; there is no question about our sympathies.

Nothing is more boring than belaboring bad work, except bad work; after all, the customers do pay for their tickets. The cast is now almost entirely made up of replacements, who are underrehearsed and incompetent. The bogus Italian accents assumed by the actors are probably Mr. Davis's foolish idea; the older of the two husbands sounds like a fugitive from Smith & Dale. The one exception among the unspeakable performances is that of a droll young actor named David Strathairn, who plays (1) a tolerant policeman, (2) a stiff lieutenant in the carabinieri, (3) a funeral director, and (4) a shuffling old dotard. Every time Mr. Strathairn walks on, one feels a surge of confidence; he knows his words, and he knows what he is doing.

—Edith Oliver



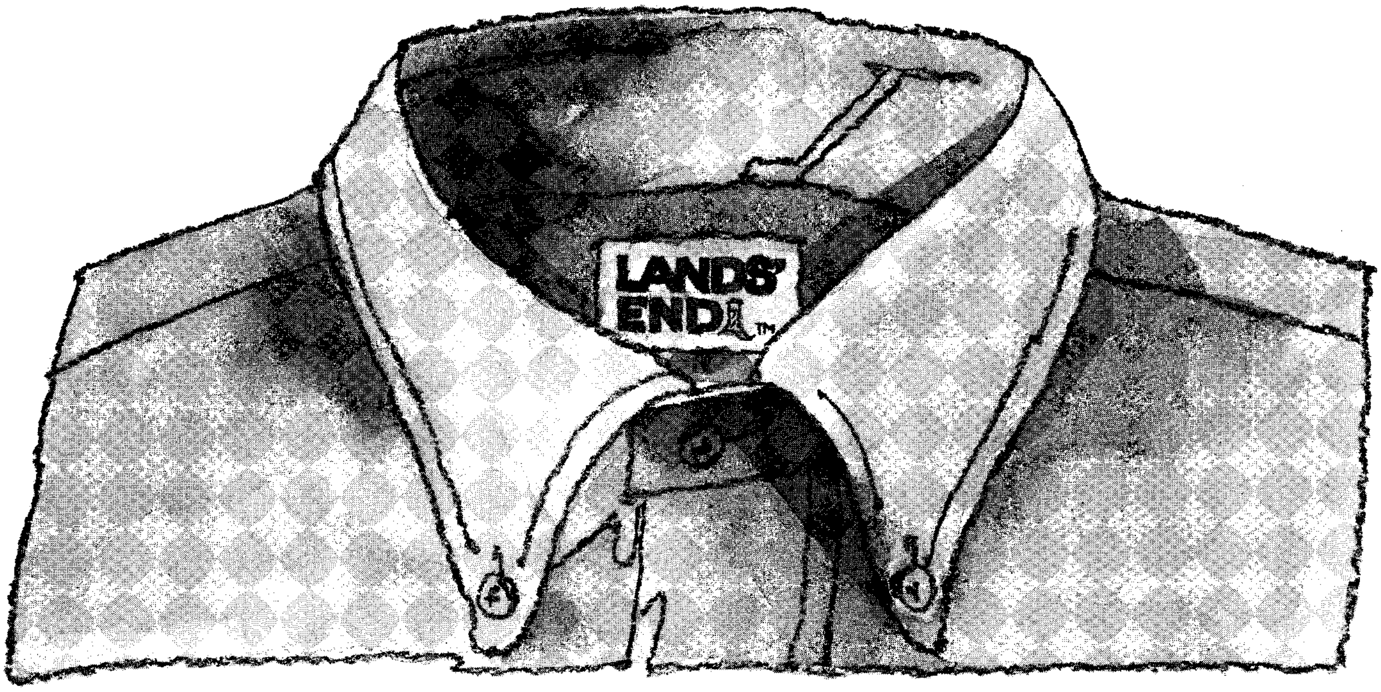
"Great sound, but rotten music."

•

Correction

In a caption under a bridal buffet photo in Sunday's paper, Cindy Johns' fiance was incorrectly named as Grover Cleveland. His name is Grover McCall. We regret the error.—*Winter Haven (Fla.) Daily News-Chief.*

Still, it made a good line.



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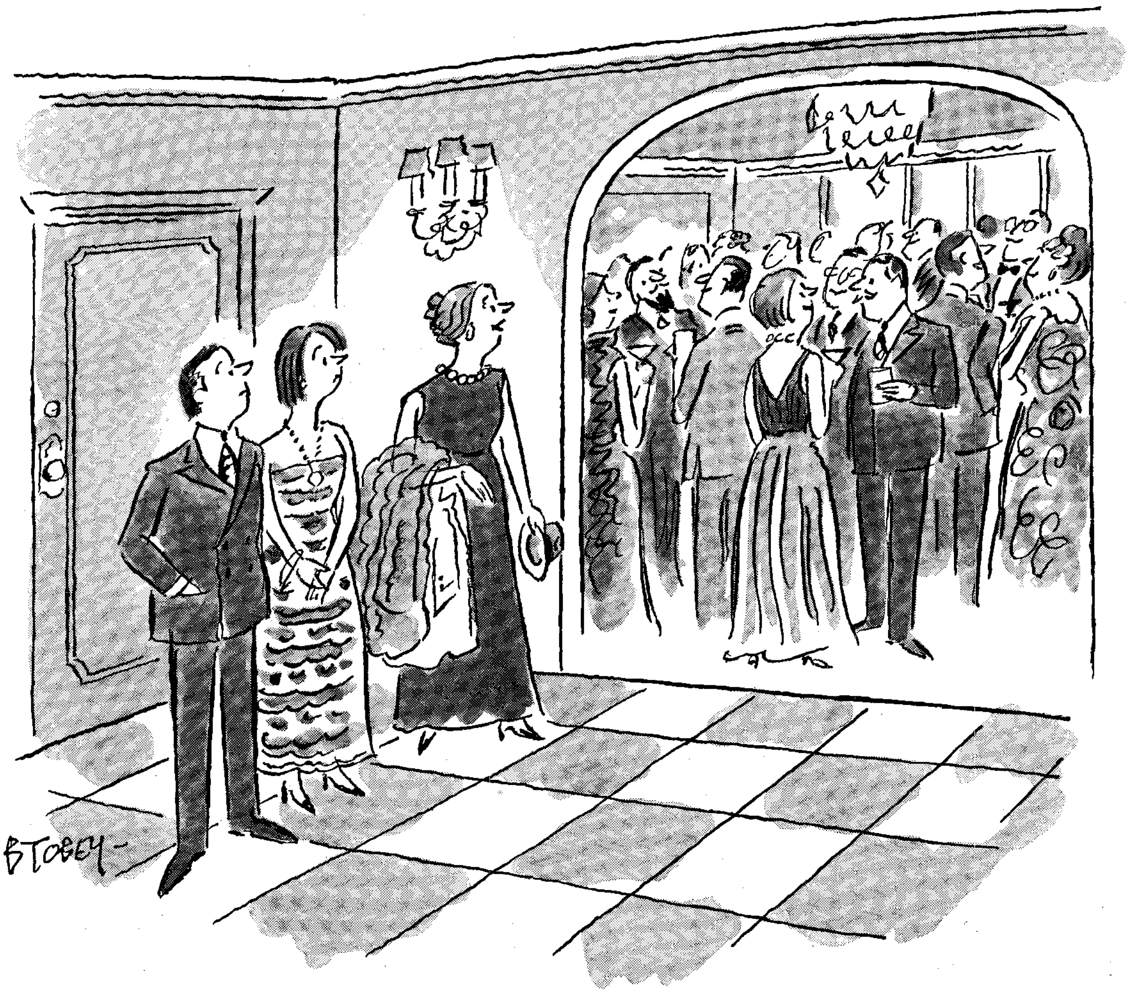
JAZZ

Pres

VERY little about the tenor saxophonist Lester Young was unoriginal. He had protruding, heavy-lidded eyes, a square, slightly Oriental face, a tiny mustache, and a snaggletoothed smile. His walk was light and pigeon-toed, and his voice was soft. He was something of a dandy. He wore suits, knit ties, and collar pins. He wore ankle-length coats, and porkpie hats—on the back of his head when he was young, and pulled down low and evenly when he was older. He kept to himself, often speaking only when spoken to. When he played, he held his saxophone in front of him at a forty-five-degree angle, like a canoeist about to plunge his paddle into the water. He had an airy, lissome tone and an elusive, lyrical way of phrasing that had never been heard before. Other saxophonists followed the emperor, Coleman Hawkins, but Young's models were two white musicians: the C-melody saxophonist Frank Trumbauer and the alto saxophonist Jimmy Dorsey—neither of them a first-rate jazz player. When Young died, in 1959, he had become the model for countless saxophonists, white and black, most of whom could play his style better than he could himself. He was a gentle, kind man who never disparaged anyone. He spoke a coded language, about which the pianist Jimmy Rowles has said, "You had to break that code to understand him. It was like memorizing a dictionary, and I think it took me about three months." Much of Young's language has vanished, but here is a sampling: "Bing and Bob" were the police. A "hat" was a woman, and a "homburg" and a "Mexican hat" were types of women. An attractive young girl was a "poundcake." A "gray boy" was a white man, and Young himself, who was light-skinned, was an "oxford gray." "I've got bulging eyes" for this or that meant he approved of something, and "Catalina eyes" and "Watts eyes" expressed high admiration. "Left people" were the fingers of a pianist's left hand. "I feel a draft" meant he sensed a bigot nearby. "Have another helping," said to a colleague on the bandstand, meant "Take another chorus," and "one long" or "two long" meant one chorus or two choruses. People "whispering on" or "buzzing on" him were talking behind his back. Getting his "little claps" meant being applauded. A "zoomer" was a sponger, and a "needle dancer" was a heroin addict. "To be bruised" was to fail. A "tribe" was a band, and a "molly trolley" was a rehearsal. When he saw the recording executive John Hammond in the audience, he'd say, "Tommy Tucker's in the house" —a mischievous allusion either to the sweet bandleader or to the nursery rhyme. "Can Madam burn?" meant "Can your wife cook?" "Those people will be here in December" meant that his second child was due in December. (He drifted in and out of three marriages, and had two children.) "Startled doe, two o'clock" meant that a pretty girl with doelike eyes was in the right side of the audience.



"The Clarksons and the Baldwins are old money, the Schaefers and McNallys are new money, the Judds, the Lamberts, the Walters are no money . . ."

Eccentrics flourish in crowded, ordered places, and Young spent his life on buses and trains, in hotel rooms and dressing rooms, in automobiles and on bandstands. He was born in Woodville, Mississippi, in 1909, and his family moved almost immediately to Algiers, just across the river from New Orleans. When he was ten, his father and mother separated, and his father took him and his brother Lee and his sister Irma to Memphis and then to Minneapolis. Young's father, who could play any instrument, had organized a family band, which worked in tent shows in the Midwest and Southwest. Young joined the band as a drummer, and then switched to alto saxophone. An early photograph shows him holding his saxophone in much the same vaudeville way he later held

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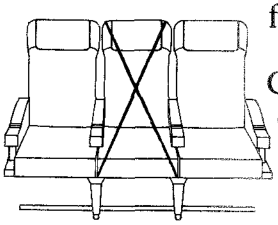

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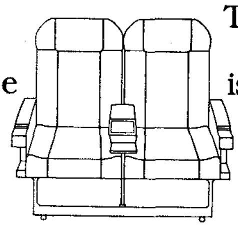

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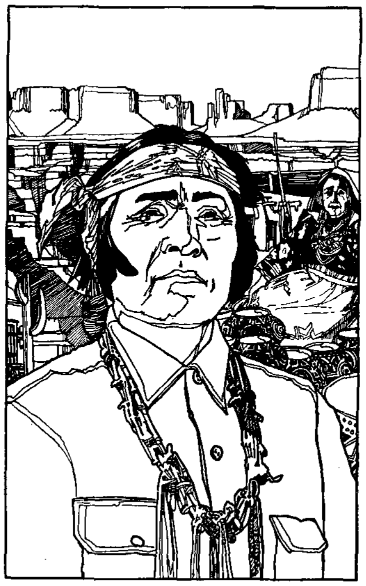

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it. Young once said that he was slow to learn to read music: "Then one day my father goes to each one in the band and asked them to play their part and I knew that was my ass, because he knew goddam well that I couldn't read. Well, my little heart was broken, you know; I went in crying and I was thinking, I'll come back and catch them, if that's the way they want it. So I went away all by myself and learned the music." Young quit the family band when he was eighteen and joined Art Bronson's Bostonians. During the next six or seven years, he worked briefly in the family band again, and at the Nest Club, in Minneapolis, for Frank Hines and Eddie Barefield. He also worked with the Original Blue Devils and with Bennie Moten, Clarence Love, King Oliver, and, in 1934, Count Basie's first band. In an interview with Nat Hentoff, Young recalled playing with Oliver, who was well into his fifties and at the end of his career:

> After the Bostonians, I played with King Oliver. He had a very nice band and I worked regularly with him for one or two years, around Kansas and Missouri mostly. He had three brass, three reeds, and four rhythm. He was playing well. He was old then and didn't play all night, but his tone was full when he played. He was the star of the show and played one or two songs each set. The blues? He could play some nice blues. He was a very nice fellow, a gay old fellow. He was crazy about all the boys, and it wasn't a drag playing for him at all.

Soon after going with Basie, Young was asked to replace Coleman Hawkins in Fletcher Henderson's band, and, reluctantly, he went. It was the first of several experiences in his life that he never got over. Hawkins had spent ten years with Henderson, and his oceanic tone and heavy chordal improvisations were the heart of the band. Jazz musicians are usually alert, generous listeners, but Young's alto-like tone (he had shifted to tenor saxophone not long before) and floating, horizontal solos sounded heretical to Henderson's men. They began buzzing on him, and Henderson's wife forced him to listen to Hawkins' recordings, in the hope he'd learn to play that way. Young lasted three or four months and went to Kansas City, first asking Henderson for a letter saying that he had not been fired. Two years later, he rejoined Basie, and his career began. The pianist John Lewis knew Young then: "When I was still very young in Albuquerque, I remember hearing about the Young family settling there. They had a band and

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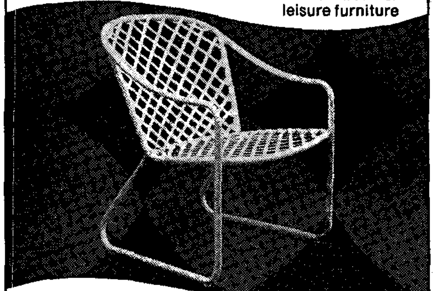

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had come in with a tent show and been stranded. There was a very good local jazz band, called St. Cecilia's, that Lester played in. He also competed with an excellent Spanish tenor player and housepainter named Cherry. I barely remember Lester's playing. He had a fine, thin tone. Then the family moved to Minneapolis, and I didn't see him until around 1934, when he came through on his way to the West Coast to get an alto player for Count Basie named Caughey Roberts. Lester sounded then the way he does on his first recordings, made in 1936. We had a lot of brass beds in that part of the country, and Lester used to hang his tenor saxophone on the foot of his bed so that he could reach it during the night if an idea came to him that he wanted to sound out."

Young's first recordings were made with a small group from Basie's band. The melodic flow suggests Trumbauer and perhaps Dorsey, and an ascending gliss, an upward swoop, that Young used for the next fifteen years suggests Bix Beiderbecke. Young had a deep feeling for the blues, and King Oliver's blues must have settled into his bones. He had a pale tone, a minimal vibrato, a sense of silence, long-breathed phrasing, and an elastic rhythmic ease. Until his arrival, most soloists tended to pedal up and down on the beat, their phrases short and perpendicular, their rhythms broken and choppy. Young smoothed out this bouncing attack. He used long phrases and legato rhythms (in the manner of the trumpeter Red Allen, who was in Henderson's band with him), and he often chose notes outside the chords—"odd" notes that italicized his solos. He used silence for emphasis. Young "had a very spacey sound at the end of '33," the bassist Gene Ramey recalls. "He would play a phrase and maybe lay out three beats before he'd come in with another phrase." Coleman Hawkins' solos buttonhole you; Young's seem to turn away. His improvisations move with such logic and smoothness they lull the ear. He was an adept embellisher and a complete improviser. He could make songs like "Willow Weep for Me" and "The Man I Love" unrecognizable. He kept the original melodies in his head, but what came out was his dreams about them. His solos were fantasies—lyrical, soft, liquid—on the tunes he was playing, and probably on his own life as well. The humming quality of his solos was deceptive, for they were made up of quick, virtuosic runs, sudden held

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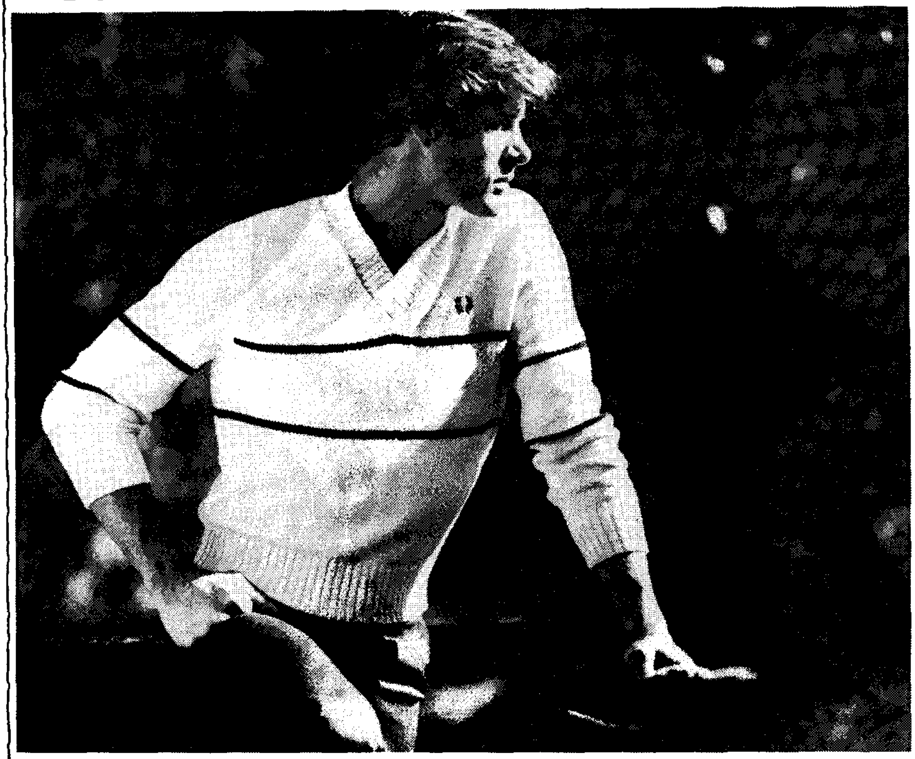

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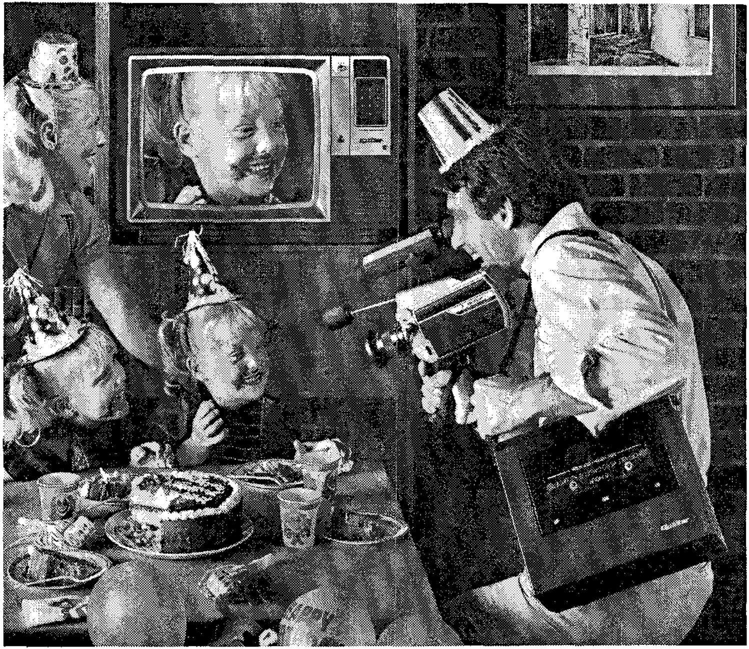

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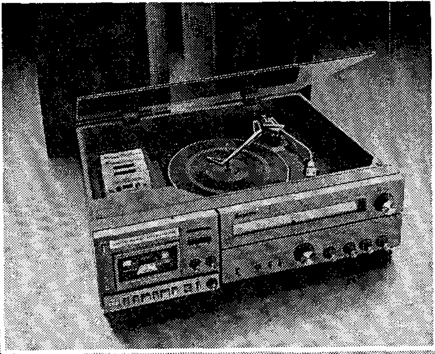

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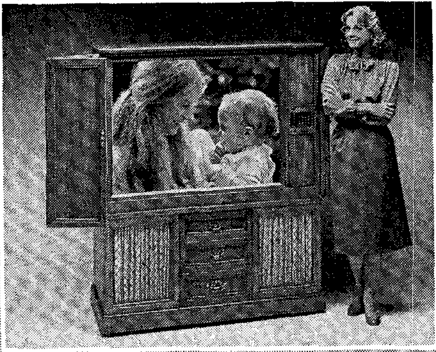

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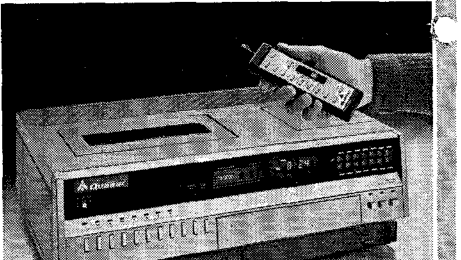

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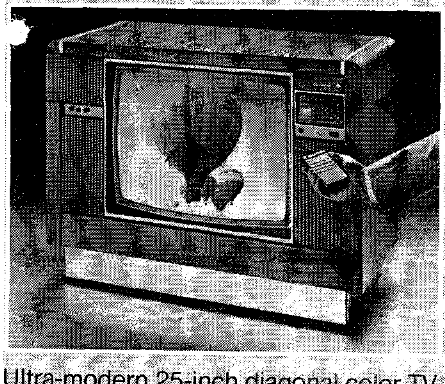

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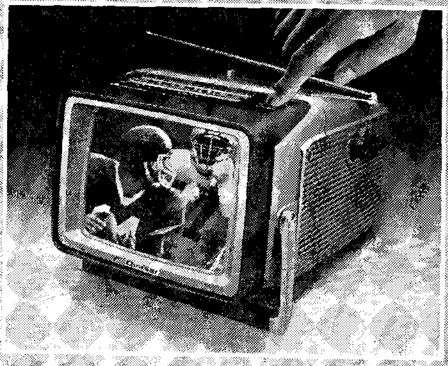

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notes that slowed the beat almost to a stop, daring shifts in rhythmic emphasis, continuous motion, and often lovely melodies. His slow work was gentle and lullaby-like, and as his tempos rose his tone became rougher and more homemade. Young was also a masterly clarinettist. In the late thirties, he used a metal clarinet (eventually it was stolen, and he simply gave up the instrument), and he got a nudging, murmuring sound. He and Pee Wee Russell resembled each other somewhat, and were the most original clarinettists in jazz.

YOUNG bloomed with Basie. He recorded countless classic solos with the band, giving it a rare lightness and subtlety, and he made his beautiful records accompanying Billie Holiday—their sounds a single voice split in two. (Young can be heard on the five volumes of Columbia's recently completed "The Lester Young Story" and on the Time-Life "Lester Young." About half of the forty titles in the Time-Life set are in the Columbia reissue.) Late in 1940, Young decided to go out on his own, as Coleman Hawkins had done years before. He had a small group on Fifty-second Street for a brief time, and went West and put a band together with his brother Lee, who plays drums. The singer Sylvia Syms hung around Young on Fifty-second Street as a teen-ager: "Lester was very light, and he had wonderful hair. He never used that pomade so popular in the forties and fifties. He was a beautiful dresser, and his accent was his porkpie hat worn on the back of his head. He used cologne, and he always smelled divine. Once, I complained to him about audiences who talked and never listened, and he said, 'Lady Syms, if there is one guy in the whole house who is listening—and maybe he's in the *bathroom*—you've got an audience.' His conversation, with all its made-up phrases, was hard to follow, but his playing never was. He phrased words in his playing. He has had a great influence on my singing, and through the years a lot of singers have picked up on him."

Jimmy Rowles worked with Young when he went West: "I don't know when Billie Holiday nicknamed him Pres—for 'the President'—but when I first knew him the band called him Uncle Bubba. Of all the people I've met in this business, Lester was unique. He was alone. He was quiet. He was unfailingly polite. He almost

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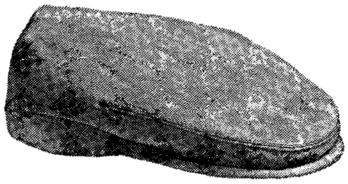

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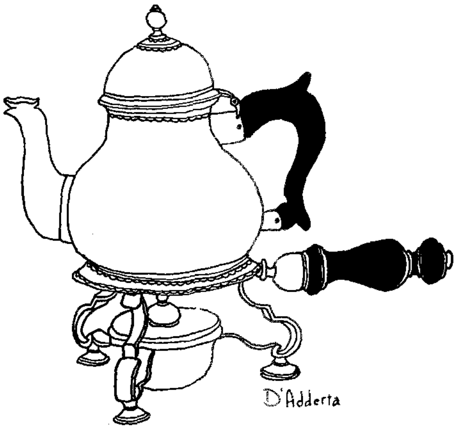
never got mad. If he was upset, he'd take a small whisk broom he kept in his top jacket pocket and sweep off his left shoulder. The only way to get to know him was to work with him. Otherwise, he'd just sit there playing cards or sipping, and if he did say something it stopped the traffic. I never saw him out of a suit, and he particularly liked double-breasted pinstripes. He also wore tab collars, small trouser cuffs, pointed shoes, and Cuban heels. In 1941, the older guard among musicians still didn't recognize his worth. They didn't think of him as an equal. He was *there,* but he was still someone new. And here's an odd thing. His father held a saxophone upside down when he played it, in a kind of vaudeville way, so maybe Lester picked up his way of holding his horn from that. Whichever, the more he warmed up during work, the higher his horn got, until it was actually horizontal."

The Young brothers played Café Society Downtown in 1942, and, after stints with Dizzy Gillespie and the tenor saxophonist Al Sears, Young rejoined Count Basie. He was drafted in 1944, and it was the second experience in his life that he never got over. There are conflicting versions of what happened, but what matters is that he collided head on with reality for the first time, and it felled him. He spent about fifteen months in the Army, mainly in a detention barracks, for possession of marijuana and barbiturates and for being an ingenuous black man in the wrong place at the wrong time. He was discharged dishonorably, and from then on his playing and his personal life slowly roughened and worsened. John Lewis worked for Young in 1951: "Jo Jones was generally on drums and Joe Shulman on bass, and either Tony Fruscella or Jesse Drakes on trumpet. We worked at places like Bop City, in New York, and we travelled to Chicago. He



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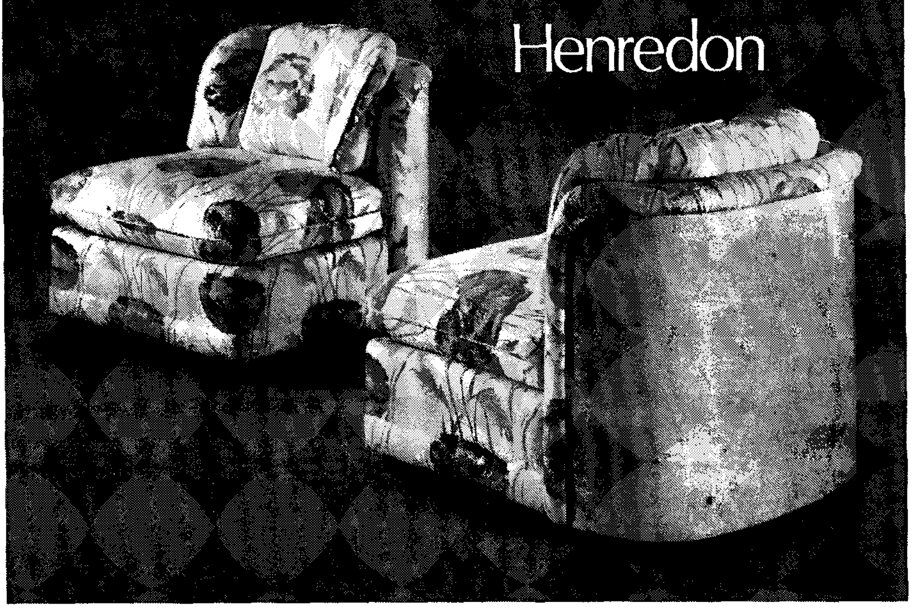

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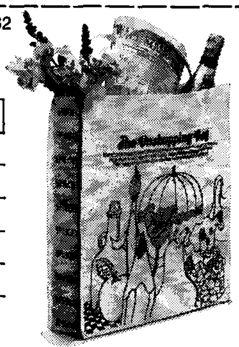

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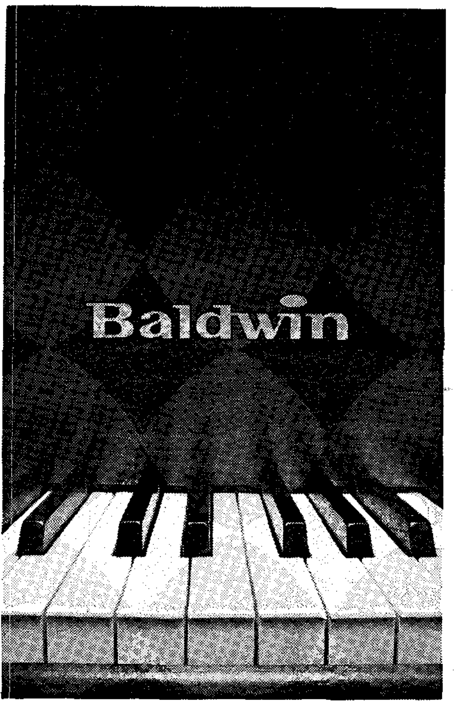
would play the same songs in each set on a given night, but he would often repeat the sequence the following week this way: if he had played 'Sometimes I'm Happy' on Tuesday of the preceding week, he would open 'Sometimes I'm Happy' this Tuesday with a variation on the solo he had played on the tune the week before; then he would play variations on the variations the week after, so that his playing formed a kind of gigantic organic whole. While I was with him, I never heard any of the coarseness that people have said began creeping into his playing. I did notice a change in him in his last few years. There was nothing obvious or offensive about it. Just an air of depression about him.

"He was a living, walking poet. He was so quiet that when he talked each sentence came out like a little explosion. I don't think he consciously invented his special language. It was part of a way of talking I heard in Albuquerque from my older cousins, and there were variations of it in Oklahoma City and Kansas City and Chicago in the late twenties and early thirties. These people also dressed well, as Lester did—the porkpie hats and all. So his speech and dress were natural things he picked up. They weren't a disguise—a way of hiding. They were a way to be hip—to express an awareness of everything swinging that was going on. Of course, he never wasted this hipness on duddish people, nor did he waste good playing on bad musicians. If Lester was wronged, the wound never healed. Once, at Bop City, he mentioned how people had always bugged him about the supposed thinness of his tone. We were in his dressing room, and he picked up his tenor and played a solo using this great big butter sound. Not a Coleman Hawkins sound but a thick, smooth, concentrated sound. It was as beautiful as anything I've ever heard."

Young spent much of the rest of his life with Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic troupe. He had become an alcoholic, and his playing was ghostly and uncertain. He still wore suits and a porkpie hat, but he sat down a lot, and when he appeared on the CBS television show "The Sound of Jazz," in 1957, he was remote and spaced out. He refused to read his parts for the two big-band numbers. (Ben Webster, who had been taught by Young's father, replaced him.) When he took a chorus during Billie Holiday's blues "Fine and Mellow," his tone was intact but the solo limped by.



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The loving, smiling expression on Billie Holiday's face may have indicated that she was listening not to the Lester beside her but to the Lester long stored away in her head. The tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate drove down with Young from the Newport Jazz Festival the next year: "I first met Lester when he was in Sherman, Texas, playing alto. A little later, I replaced him in the first Basie band when he went to join Fletcher Henderson. He didn't drink then, and he didn't inhale his cigarettes. He was so refined, so sensitive. I was with him in the second Basie band in 1939 and 1940, and he had a little bell he kept on the stand beside him. When someone goofed, he rang it. After the 1958 Newport Festival, I drove back with him to New York, and he was really down. He was unhappy about money, and said he wasn't great. When I told him how great he was, he said, 'If I'm so great, Lady Tate, how come all the other tenor players, the ones who sound like me, are making all the money?' "

The arranger Gil Evans knew Young on the Coast in the forties and in New York at the end of his life: "Solitary people like Lester Young are apt to wear blinders. He concentrated on things from his past that he should have long since set aside as a good or bad essence. The last year of his life, when he had moved into the Alvin Hotel, he brought up the fact that his father had been displeased with him when he was a teen-ager because he had been lazy about learning to read music. But maybe his bringing that up at so late a date was only a vehicle for some other, present anger that he was inarticulate about. Sometimes that inarticulateness made him cry. A long time before, when I happened to be in California, Jimmy Rowles and I went to see Pres, who was living in a three-story house that his father owned. We walked in on a family fight, and Pres was weeping. He asked us to get him out of there, to help move him to his mother's bungalow in West Los Angeles. We had a coupe I'd borrowed, so we did—lock, stock, and barrel. Those tears were never far away. I was with him in the fifties in a restaurant near Fifty-second Street when a man in a fez and robe came in. This man started talking about Jesus Christ, and he called him a prophet. Well, Pres thought he had said something about Jesus and 'profit.' He got up and went out, and when I got to him he was crying. I had to explain what the

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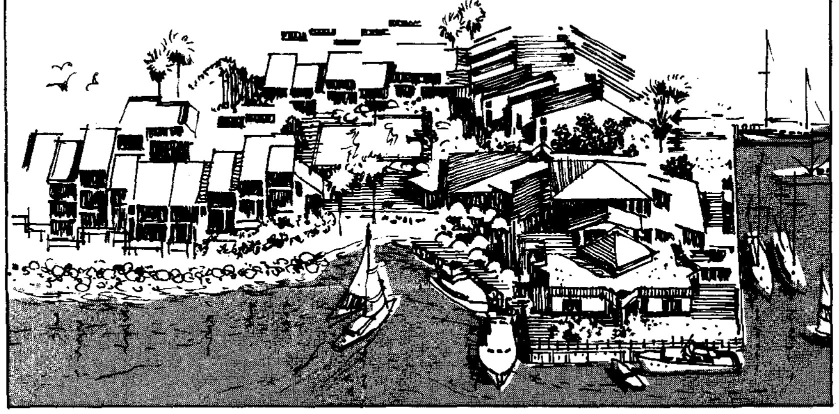

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man had said. I don't know where he got such strong feelings about Jesus. Maybe from going to church when he was young, or maybe it was just his sense of injustice. He couldn't stand injustice of any kind. He had a great big room at the Alvin, and when I'd go up to see him I'd find full plates of food everywhere. They'd been brought by friends, but he wouldn't eat. He just drank wine. One of the reasons his drinking got so out of hand was his teeth. They were in terrible shape, and he was in constant pain. But he was *still* fussy about things like his hair. He had grown it long at the back, and finally he let my wife, who was a good barber, cut it. At every snip, he'd say, 'Let me see it. Let me see it,' before the hair landed on the floor. It was amazing—a man more or less consciously killing himself, and he was still particular about his hair."

The tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, who listened hard to Young in the forties, also saw some of this harmless narcissism: "We roomed together on a Birdland tour in 1957, and one day when he was changing and had stripped to his shorts, which were red, he lifted his arms and slowly turned around and said, 'Not bad for an old guy.' And he was right. He had a good body—and a good mind. Lester was a very intelligent man."

Young died at the Alvin Hotel the day after he returned from a gig in Paris. He had given François Postif a long and surprisingly bitter interview while he was in France, and, perhaps wittingly, he included his epitaph in it: "They want everybody who's a Negro to be an Uncle Tom, or Uncle Remus, or Uncle Sam, and I can't make it. It's the same all over: you fight for your life—until death do you part, and then you got it made."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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[*From "A Distant Mirror," by Barbara W. Tuchman*]

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

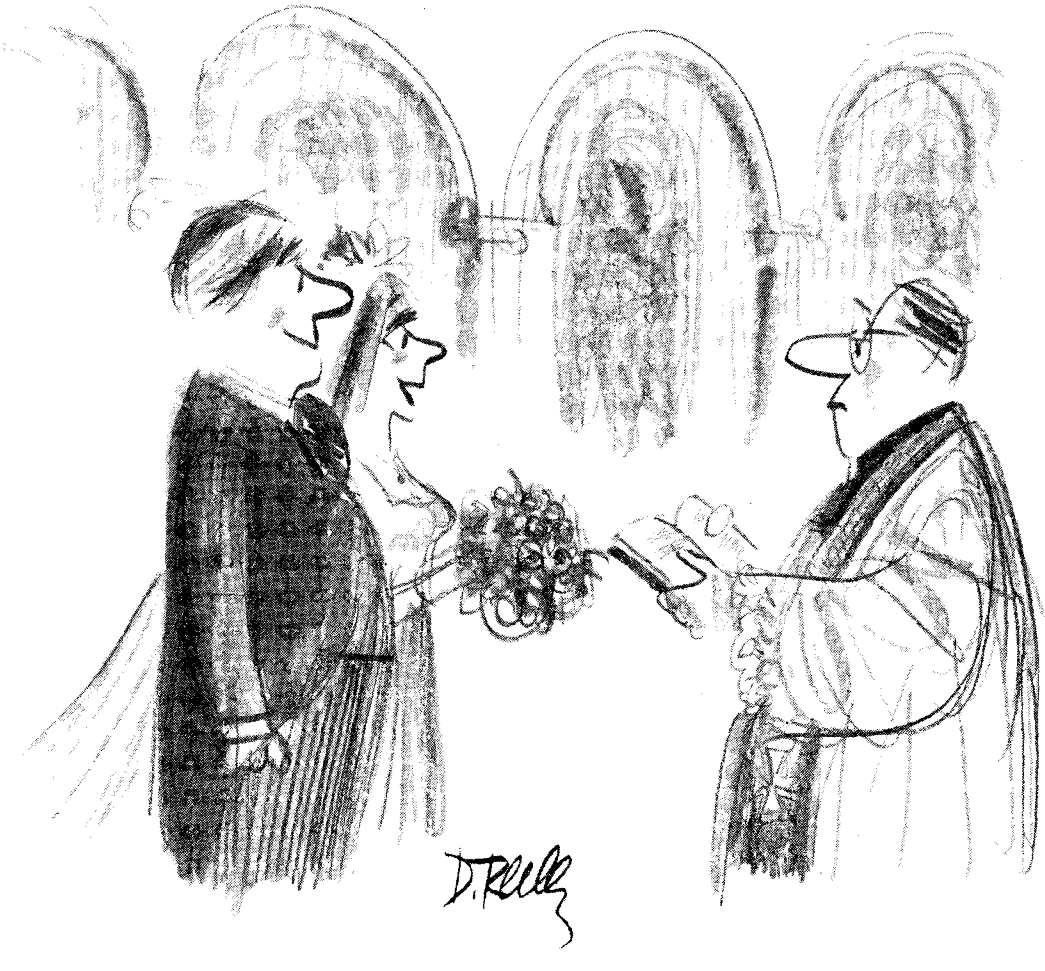
The Itch to Act

IN "Fort Apache, the Bronx," Paul Newman throws himself into the role of Murphy, a veteran of eighteen years on the New York police force, and he stays in character. There's no star self-protectiveness, no holding back; there's an elasticity—a snap—in what he does. In recent years, I've hardly ever seen an American star show such physical eagerness to act. It's as if Newman had better sight than the performers around him: chuckling happily, he waits for the nugget of a scene to come along so he can pounce on it. He plays the over-the-hill Murphy gleefully, licking his chops. He has fun with who he is in a scene; he dances, he shuffles. There's a beautiful hamminess about his work: he's scratching an itch and getting a huge kick out of it.

Newman enjoys bringing out the animal shrewdness of the kind of man who clowns around with the fellows and plays dumb. In the 1977 "Slap Shot," he demonstrated that he could do broad, cartoon comedy as part of a character. Here he uses a broad style more subtly, as just a surface element of Murphy's character—what Murphy shows to the boys. Newman doesn't make a big thing of Murphy's horseplay and banter; they're simply how men learn to get along on the job, in bars—everywhere. (And Newman seems to enjoy working with the other actors; the horseplay is sincere.) But Murphy is very different with a woman he respects: the hidden ideals, the real feelings come through. Paul Newman is an honest actor: he doesn't stoop to play an ordinary cop—he plays the ordinary Murphy as a man as sensitive, as confused, and as intelligent as he himself. Assigned to a patrol car in the rotting Forty-first Precinct, in the South Bronx—the most shattered, crime-ridden section of the city—Murphy doesn't know whether his efforts to deal with muggers, arsonists, pimps, and dealers have any permanent results, but he believes in his work just the same. The role of his young partner, Corelli, played by Ken Wahl, is just sketched, and Wahl gave a much stronger performance in his first film, the 1979 "The Wanderers," but, with his loose-limbed, slightly raw-boned tall frame and his smiling, dark-haired good looks, he matches up well with the trim, compact, silver-haired Newman. Wahl has a little trouble with his New York accent—his upper lip seems to get in his way—but he has an easy-going, up-front quality that makes Corelli immediately likable. Without deceiving themselves that they're making any big difference, Murphy and Corelli do the best they can to protect the people in the area. In the movie's view, it's a Sisyphean task.

At the start, as we see the desolate South Bronx, with Manhattan in the distance, we hear exotic Spanish music and drums—it's a musical sick joke. And the opening sequence is hair-raising: A tall, sinuous, stoned-out-of-her-mind hooker (Pam Grier), with dark skin and hair dyed yellow, weaves her way over to a parked patrol car; she's so wasted she moves and talks in slow motion. Grinning lasciviously at the two rookie cops—one black, one white—sitting inside eating their breakfast, she propositions them in a whispery, seductive voice, then pulls out a gun and, as a train goes by, shoots them in the face. She wanders off, and in a few seconds the patrol car is surrounded by vandals, who rob the corpses and then disappear. That's our welcome to the South Bronx; it's also the crime that sets the plot in motion. And throughout the movie each time Pam Grier's angel-dusted hooker appears, making snaky movements with her tongue, she gives us a feeling of obscene terror—she's a death machine. Yet we understand why nobody pays much attention to her: she's so slowed-down she seems harmless—just one more psycho junkie, the kind who look as if they couldn't make it across the street on their own power.

Based on the accounts of two policemen, Thomas Mulhearn and Pete



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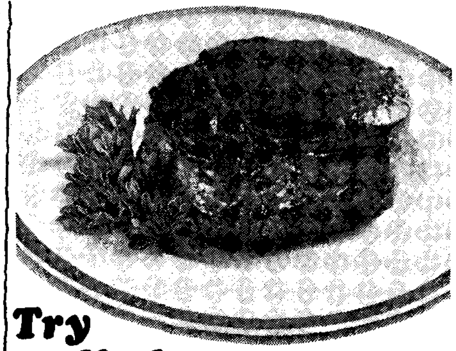
Tessitore, who were assigned to the precinct in the sixties, when the police station was known as Fort Apache (arsonists have been so busy that the station is now called Little House on the Prairie), the movie is an attempt to show urban crisis in extremis. (Half of the buildings in the Forty-first Precinct have been gutted or have crumbled.) The scriptwriter, Heywood Gould, was probably trying for something like the comedy-in-the-midst-of-chaos feeling of Altman's 1970 "M*A*S*H" and for some of the pungent, jangling tone of Lumet's 1975 "Dog Day Afternoon," but the movie comes out closer to ". . . And Justice for All." A lot of the dialogue is written as street vaudeville—as colorful, tough talk, with the information about the characters worked into pretend-casual exchanges (where it drops like a weight). A different director might have used this script for a visceral comedy of horror—a picture in which all the things that seemed random and meaningless were revealed to be connected, and were still utterly senseless. But the storytelling is lax—some essential dramatic intuition seems to be missing. The work of the director, Daniel Petrie (he did "Sybil" and "Eleanor and Franklin" for TV, and his movies include "Lifeguard," "The Betsy," and "Resurrection"), is, as usual, benign, courteous; he allows people their dignity. But Petrie, though he makes movies, is not a moviemaker. He doesn't have a moviemaker's vision; in "Fort Apache, the Bronx," he doesn't create the sense of place that would make the violent actions seem organic (the way they did in Carol Reed's "The Third Man," or in Martin Scorsese's "Mean Streets"). There's an idea behind the movie's bleached, bluish look (you wouldn't be surprised to see mushrooms growing out of the walls), but there isn't enough atmospheric tension for the humor to function as a release. Petrie doesn't seem to know where the suspense should be, or where the wormy fear should be, either. The picture is sprinkled with small, surefire-charm touches: when the people of the community march on the station to protest some arrests, there's a shot of the community's stray dogs running along. Petrie shoots this stuff, but he's too much of a gent to get a real laugh out of it. He glides over the action, evening things out, shooting on the Bronx hellhole locations as if he were making a travelogue.

The scenes don't play off each



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other. The pasty-faced cops at the station just stand around delivering wisecracks, and looking unshaven. (The whole movie suffers from five-o'clock shadow.) Ed Asner, who plays Captain Connolly, the new commanding officer of the precinct, comes down so hard on his lines that he sticks out the way George Kennedy sometimes does; you dread it every time he starts to speak. (Each speech sounds like six or seven of his TV shows rolled into one.) Asner is impaled on a tired device in the plotting: Captain Connolly thinks he can improve things by insisting that the officers abide by the letter of the law, that they "go by the book." This cliché movie conflict—the martinet (Asner) versus the experienced officer (Newman) who bends the rules to make them more reasonable—doesn't open anything out to us. It just gets in the way of our understanding what the officers do for the community, and how the sordidness eats away at them, destroying some of them, such as Officer Morgan (Danny Aiello), who happens to see a Puerto Rican boy on a rooftop necking with a girl and, full of anger (and feeling the power of his uniform), throws the boy off the roof. The plot centers on the reaction of Murphy, who witnesses this totally gratuitous murder. But the movie feels amorphous. Though the incidents are all intricately linked to this murder (and there's some tricky symmetrical patterning), they seem to dangle uncertainly. One thread of the plot involves Hernando (Miguel Piñero, with an Afro), a strutting drug dealer, but if you bat an eye and miss his buddy's looking down from a window and seeing Murphy's car in the street, you won't know why Hernando maliciously gives the Hispanic nurse (Rachel Ticotin) whom Murphy is dating an overdose. Newman and Rachel Ticotin are a very agreeable team; they communicate the feeling that Murphy and the nurse find sanctuary when they're together—there's an ease between them. She has a curly mouth, like the young Bacall; it's too bad that she has to use that mouth to speak some fancy, literary lines—"People pass you and they're laughing, only you think they're screaming." She explains that she takes drugs to get the misery of the hospital and the streets out of her mind; it's for a "vacation"—"a few hours floating on a raft in the Caribbean." In the words of Frank Nugent, "Odets, where is thy sting?"

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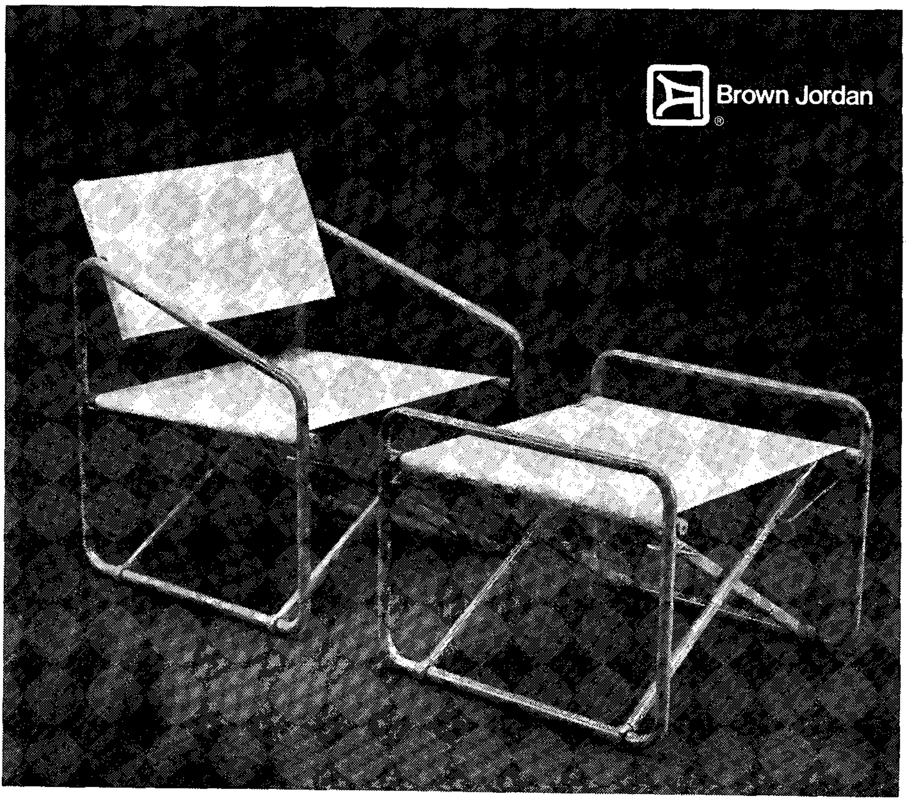

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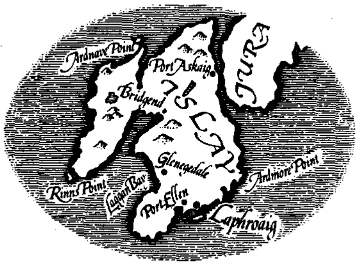

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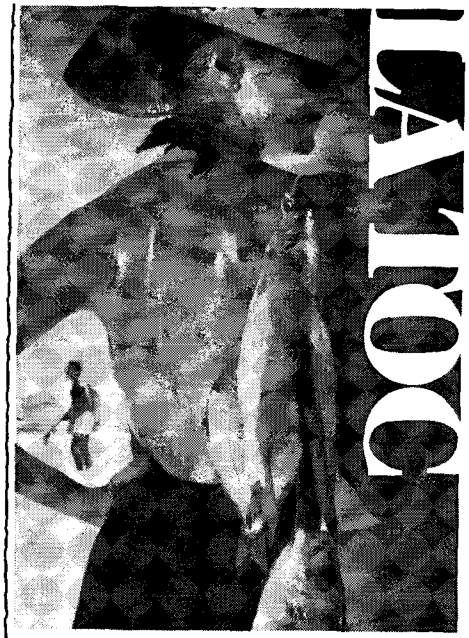
right at the center of the conception. The murdered boy didn't offer Morgan any provocation; the only preparation for the murder is Morgan's having acted like a nasty villain earlier, by dropping racist remarks. And this may be why the movie doesn't come together: If we don't see that deep in his bones every cop up there in the rubble and garbage of the South Bronx must at some point have wanted to fling the junkies and pimps and muggers off a roof, the act has no resonance. Only if the others had felt the same murderous impulse, and realized that even an innocent teen-age boy could fill them with hate, would Morgan's carrying out the impulse give the film real power. If the reason that the other cops who witnessed the murder (Murphy and Corelli and Morgan's partner) wouldn't testify against him was that each of them recognized that he himself had felt the same insanity, there'd be something much larger at stake than the familiar cops' code of not ratting on each other. Suppose that Morgan weren't a sadistic racist but a relatively decent guy, like Murphy or Corelli, who suddenly felt his gorge rising—maybe because a scared Puerto Rican kid tried to show off by cursing him . . . But "Fort Apache, the Bronx" doesn't go that far. Of course, if the picture were stronger—and better—it would probably offend more pressure groups than it does now.

As it has been made, it's a drama of conscience—Murphy's conscience. Murphy is the standard liberal protagonist: the man of honor who has to stand up and denounce the racist Morgan, even if that means being a stoolie. There's a limitation built into Newman's role. Murphy the decent cop lacks the capacity for doing what Morgan did, or even for recognizing it as a possibility in himself. A screenwriter who understood something about heroic roles might have made Murphy and Morgan one character—or, at least, spiritual brothers. This picture has no center, because Murphy is morally superior to Morgan. "Fort Apache, the Bronx" has many of the ingredients for a shocking, memorable movie, but it's earnest where it needs to have some of the sick-joke surrealism of its inferno locale. The picture is about the grisly ugliness of what a policeman in the slums has to contend with, yet the point of the picture is that Murphy's faith in the police is undermined by Morgan's action. Murphy can't understand how a



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cop could do such a horrible thing; for "Fort Apache, the Bronx" to be a really good movie he would have to understand all too well.

Newman could have played it that way. You feel he's aching to go much further than the movie lets him. Newman is blissfully happy in roles where he can look foolish, and he brings a sure instinct to "ordinary" men. He gives detailed performances—full of little tricks (like Murphy's lounging around with both a cigarette and a toothpick in his mouth, or getting a psycho to surrender a knife by turning his police hat around, popping his eyes, waggling his hips, and slackening his jaw so his face wobbles like a moron's). It takes a long time for an actor to develop the assurance that Newman has, yet there's still a bloom on everything he does. It's the movie that pulls him back to niceness and nobility. It's the movie—not Newman—that's afraid to get into the muck. He's suspended, in a near-great performance. Unfortunately, it's the only performance in the movie, except for Pam Grier's, and her Satan Lady is so scary that when you see her you tense up for more terror than you get. The picture is a mess, with glimmerings of talent. There's a beautiful, understated scene of Murphy dragging the dead nurse back and forth, trying to revive her, and saying "Murphy, Murphy," as if it were she talking to him. (Did the same person who conceived this scene think up the shot of the pooches running to the demonstration?)

There are a lot of things wrong with "Fort Apache, the Bronx," but the charges made in leaflets handed out in front of theatres—that it is exploitative and stereotypes blacks and Puerto Ricans as "savages, criminals, and degenerates"—seem way off the beam. The movie is clearly an expression of disgust at racism. It may not go very deep; it may be inept. But shallowness and clumsiness aren't the same as exploitation. —PAULINE KAEL

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DANCING

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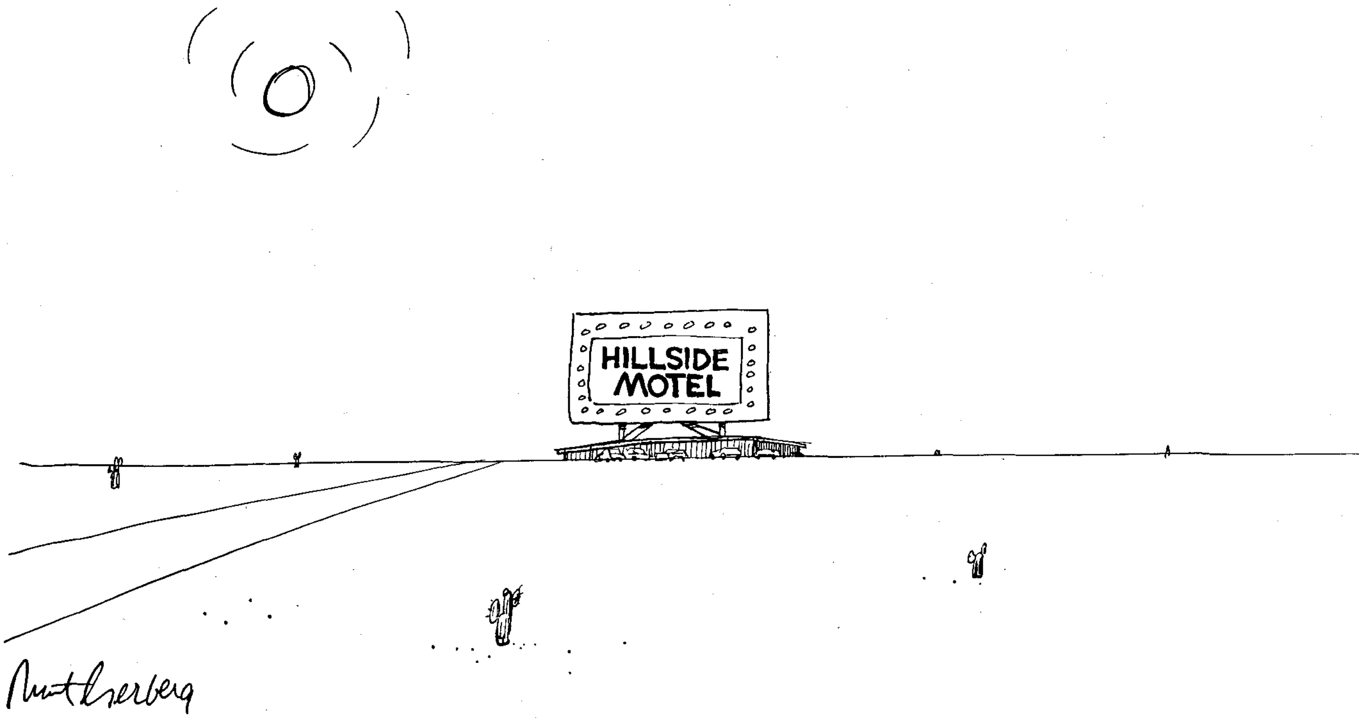
OUR contemporary theatrical dance was defined about the middle of the century by a shift from fiction to fact. A contemporary dance is about *this* dancer doing *these* steps in *this* time, and it differs from the modernism of the years before, which was essentially concerned with impersonation, or else needed impersonation as a pretext, so that dancers could be thought of as representing characters and emotions not their own. A decisive emphasis in an art form is never more persuasive than when it is being called into question. In our time, excitement over a new choreographer or a new movement in choreography has often been provoked by the philosophical edge of the novelty—the edge that cuts two ways at once, past and future. We take for granted the formal emphasis of our own day—so much so that the differences between a première in a SoHo loft and one at Lincoln Center will seem irreconcilable. But these dances are likely to be philosophically allied in their confirmation of fact as form. In ballet, expectations have been so altered in the past thirty years that even audiences who still care more for stars than they do for choreography care for them as dancers doing steps, not as gods of health, sex, or fashion, although once dancers enter the tournament of celebrities they're as subject to misinterpretation as anyone else. At New York City Ballet, audiences are told that ballets are about music; that doesn't make them any less about dancers. In Peter Martins' new ballet, it's the dancers and what Martins has done for them that give the piece substance; it's not the music. And for the ballet to have been about the music would have been pointless, since it is only the concert suite from "Histoire du Soldat" which Martins has used, and not (mercy!) the full score, with its boring story about the Soldier and the Devil. Using program music non-programmatically, though, is hazardous, and Martins hasn't entirely escaped the net of implications that cling to the music. Still, a generation ago he wouldn't have attempted to escape, and his dancers would have been invisible without their masks of character and plot.

THAT dance is about dancers is a premise under constant scrutiny by David Gordon. His "Profile" (at the American Theatre Laboratory, a converted loft on West Nineteenth Street) asked all the witty questions he usually asks about identity but in different witty ways, and it added a few thoughts about music. Dancers going "Mmm" or "Zzz" or sounding chords ("Ahhh") are not news; Gordon opened the whole device to question by the way he used it. The sounds became a kind of counterpoint to the verbal material he normally employs, and on tape we heard two famous precedents: the wordless chorus from "Daphnis and Chloë" and the boys' voices in the Snowflake Waltz from "The Nutcracker." Later, I began wondering whether Ravel and Tchaikovsky had had some idea about *wordless* vocalizing and its suitability to dance which should have alerted us to the dangers of using speech and song as accompaniment. "Profile" is the most fully "orchestrated" concert of dance I've ever known Gordon to present, and one of the most beautifully shaped in terms of tension and variety. Gordon likes to recycle his material, and although I thought I'd seen some of his group activities and heard some of his word games before, the flow and the pressure of events were always unpredictable. In fact, the material in "Profile" is about ninety-five per cent new. Maybe there's never a first time with Gordon. He takes such firm control of one's sensory attention that the memory is activated along with the rest of one's faculties. And, like slivers fitting into a mosaic, the echoes and correspondences he sets up find their place in the evening's scheme of things. It is a pleasure to sit there letting one's mind fill with surmises, all of them appropriate. Not many theatrical evenings reward us so amply just for paying attention.

Gordon is able to create order out of our perceptions partly because he knows in advance what they will be (how he knows is his secret) and partly because they can be anything and



still fit. The stimulus-response mechanism of a Gordon evening is so flexible that one might say Gordon's only enemy is non-perception—mental idleness or distraction. My habit, when I start seeing blanks in the theatre, is to fill them with speculations about the performers: who they really are, how they live. There's no possibility of blanking out on David Gordon. The continuity of life and art is his subject. Valda Setterfield, his wife, is also his perfect partner. In "Profile," the two of them are surrounded by able young dancers for whom performing is a profession or a career; some of them are exceptionally expressive, but they're still unfocussed, and we glimpse bits of biography that aren't pertinent to the performance. When Gordon and Setterfield are on, they're not likely to lose us in wonderment over why they do what they do. They give us not just the facts of a performance but the facts of an existence. In theatres or concert halls uptown, one may see artists who live the life of their art fully, in the tragic sense. Gordon and Setterfield meet onstage and one says very softly to the other, "Can you pick up the laundry?" At the end, to the last rising strains of "The Nutcracker," Act I, they stroll together into the dark.

THE Eglevsky Ballet, Long Island's only classical company, has always been a plucky band. Having a local audience to serve but no local pool of dancers, it draws on the same Manhattan schools that feed the big New York companies. This disadvantage was to some extent offset by the name and reputation of its founder, André Eglevsky. Moreover, until his death, in 1977, Eglevsky maintained close ties with New York City Ballet, and his use of the Balanchine repertory and Balanchine's dancers as guest artists brought Long Island communities some of the blessings of proximity. The blessings continued with the appointment, a couple of years ago, of Edward Villella as artistic coördinator. Villella is not just another big name. He has helped the company attract and retain better dancers, raise its over-all technical level, and acquire live musical accompaniment. And he has begun to turn out choreography that looks, for the first time in his career, as if he were putting his whole mind to it.

A recent performance at Hofstra University, in Hempstead, showed the kinds of progress that have been made

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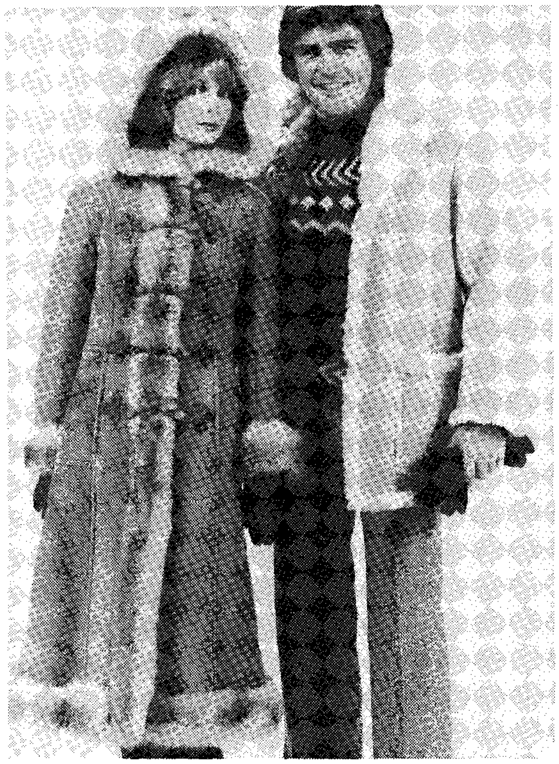

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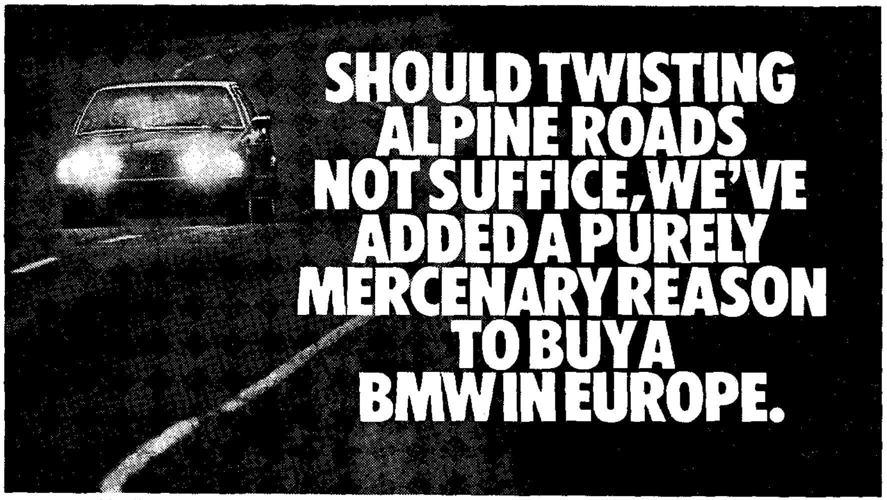
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in the past year. The program, which opened with a brightened-up "Concerto Barocco," included a group of stylized "tea dances" arranged to Noël Coward tunes by the company ballet master, Michael Vernon, and closed with Villella's latest pieces—one of them set to a Tchaikovsky adagio and the other an explosive jazz workout to Leonard Bernstein's "Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs." Without live music, a company looks bush-league. And the music must be played as written; piano reductions, such as the company was still using last spring for "Donizetti Variations," won't do. The Bach concerto is now played by an orchestra (at a driving pace); so were the Coward songs, although, apart from "Some Day I'll Find You," they weren't very interesting. The dancing was not notably subtle, but it was completely serious classical dancing, neither mechanical nor sentimental. The dancers seemed to respond best to the Villella ballets, which are designed to keep everybody keenly concentrating.

In Vernon's "Recollections," the idea of using terse little mime scenes and blackouts more for their decorative value than as narrative links between dances needed to be more forcefully presented. The Cowardish Art Deco attitudes hadn't enough style to be a comment on style. The Villella pieces, with their steadily involving all-dance action and high morale, were popular with the audience. The vitality is real; Villella can sustain pressure without resorting to acts of aggression. He's not tricksily inventive, although he can get a bit busy at times. Sections of "Adagio Cantabile" (from "Souvenir de Florence"), overpacked with steps and movement, tended to flail. The ballet's brightest patch was an engagingly asymmetrical solo performed by Mitchell Flanders. "Prelude, Fugue, and Riffs" put three couples onstage for eight minutes and kept them as ecstatically absorbed as kittens with a skein of yarn. Villella's resources as a choreographer go beyond his personal style as a performer. He's taking a fresh look at movement without bothering to give it a brand name. However, the intensity as well as the humility of the effort is entirely characteristic.

It's interesting to think what Villella might do with dancers of the calibre of New York City Ballet's Darci Kistler, Ib Andersen, Helene Alexopoulos, Maria Calegari, Jean-Pierre Frohlich, Kyra Nichols, Heather Watts, Victor Castelli, Bart

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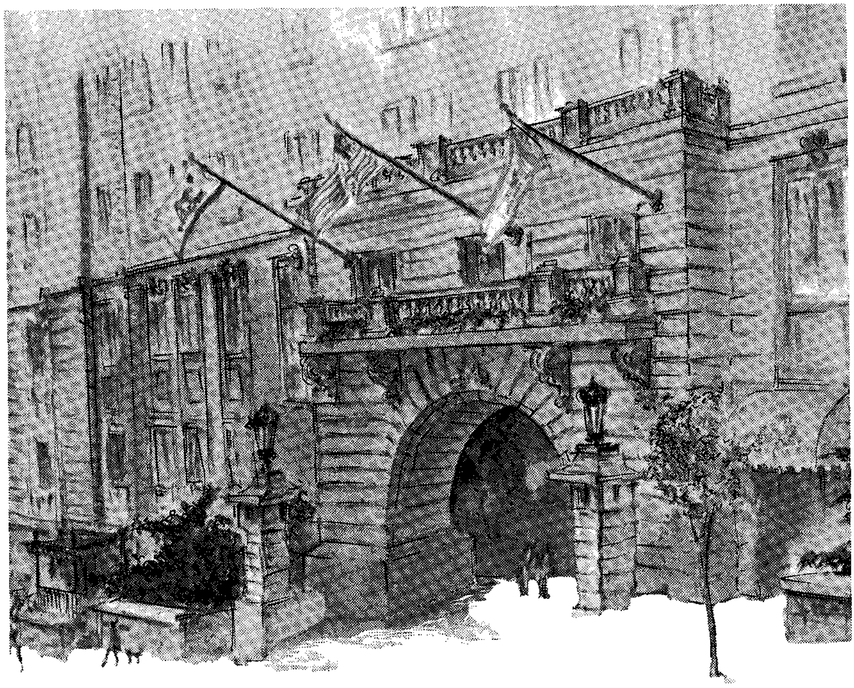
Cook, and Daniel Duell. All ten of them are in the new Martins ballet, looking good and knowing it. If Villella's dancers are kittens, these are circus cats; Martins alternately strokes and whips them into line. The piece, which divides the musical selections into four dance episodes, has all of his by now customary tact and good carpentry. There's only one passage that settles oddly into the joins—the slow walks to place and the long, portentous wait in the chorale that comes just before the coda. Ronald Bates bathes this section in a golden glow; it's the oddest of all the monochromatic panels of light he's chosen to use. The moment doesn't fit in with the rest of the ballet, yet it doesn't upset anything, because it's there under the same compulsion as everything else: it comes when it comes and then it's over. Martins' ballets so far have built logically one on another. The new ballet is a follow-up to "Eight Easy Pieces," also to music by Stravinsky. It may be just too logical a sequel. Martins responds to the various aspects of the score; its qualities of scale, density, metrical irregularity, even its pungency of mood, are all faithfully registered. But it's as if the choreography were taking a series of tests. Its answers are all correct, its test score is perfect, and yet the ballet is hollow, a shining example of craft without passion. Stravinsky, a household god at New York City Ballet, is not always benevolent. In "Histoire du Soldat," as in certain works by Picasso, inspiration has been drained of its savor by rampant imitation. The jazz-expressionist idiom, taken up by Kurt Weill and others, is a young man's music that has grown old.

I can sympathize with Martins' passionless response. But I think the work also shows disengagement of another, more dubious kind—the kind that may signal a retreat from commitment because commitment is not clever. Martins is good enough at suave surfaces to compose whole ballets out of them for quite some time. However, he is also too valuable an artist to give himself up to a facile sophistication. The choreography for the tango-waltz-ragtime section is a remarkable mixture of assurance and caution, as if Martins were conscious of a descent to stale cabaret yet wanted to tough it out. A strange, smooth, ambivalent work. Can we not have, next time around, Martins minus smarts?

And can we have Gelsey Kirkland



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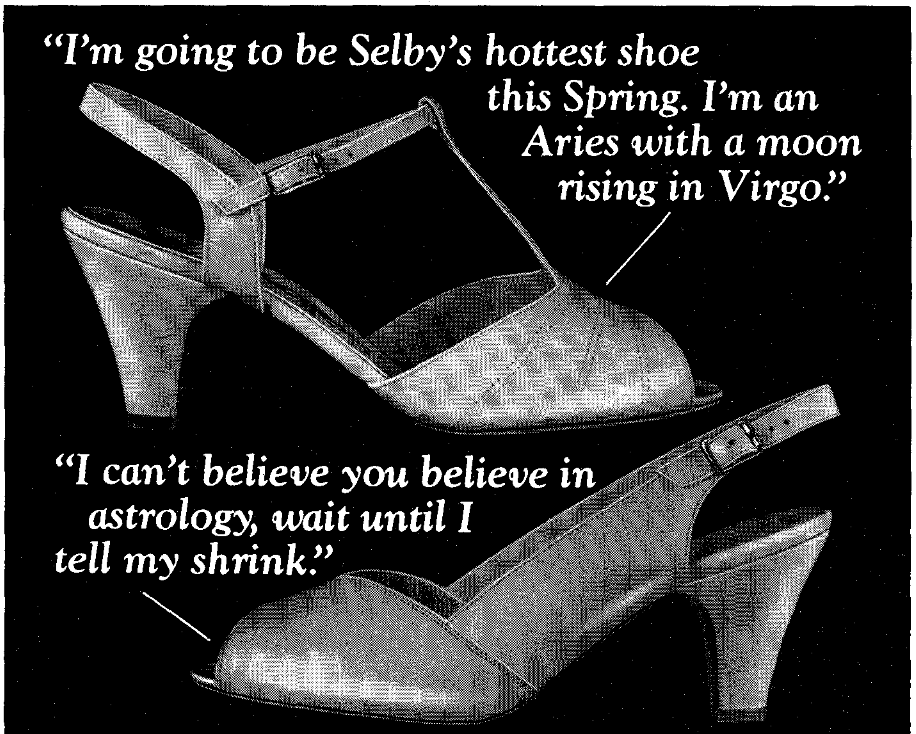
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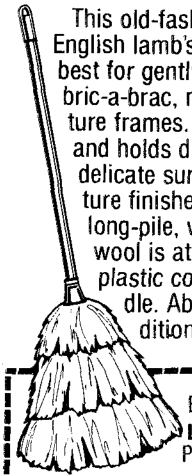

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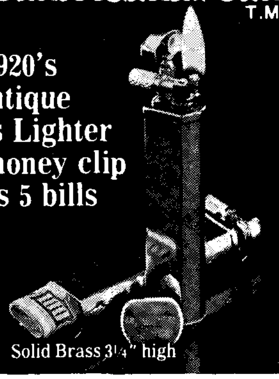

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back? Kirkland and Patrick Bissell were guests of the Eglevsky Ballet—their first appearance since their dismissal by American Ballet Theatre. A large New York contingent turned out to see the outcasts and to cheer them, A.B.T. fashion. They danced the "Don Quixote" Pas de Deux, and my misgivings about their physical condition—they'd both gained weight, and Kirkland is now decidedly plump all over—were heightened by their performances. Kirkland rushed through hers on one prolonged note of forced vivacity, from the first flick of her fan to the last bouquet-laden curtsy. She and Bissell didn't even wait for the applause to build or the flowers to start falling; they went straight into their footlights routine as if it were part of the dance. And though Kirkland has gained strength along with her weight, she was using it to slam out the sort of crude bravura spins and balances one might expect of a Bolshoi second-rater. It was the saddest exhibition I've seen given by a dancer whose artistry is increasingly placed at the service of a gift for mimicry. She's dancing the public's idea of Gelsey Kirkland as a star.

—Arlene Croce

•

Irene Radziewicz, a newly assigned assistant manager of a Gino's restaurant, was facing her first dilemma on the job:

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Miss Radziewicz was undecided whether to 1) insist that the employee pay for the chicken, 2) not allow him to eat on his next break, 3) tell him to go ahead and have a break or 4) review company work rules with him.

Miss Radziewicz was undecided whether: 1) to insist that the employee pay for the chicken, 2) to not allow him to eat on his next break, 3) to tell him to go ahead and have a break or 4) to review company work rules with him.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Come, come, Miss Radziewicz, we haven't got all day!

•

We need to spend some time on "the biggest question—what the coast really ought to look like in 50 years," he said. This calls into play the question: "What do we mean by significant deterioration?" A final question posed by Bleicher was whether we need "de-New Jerseyization"—the term used by Pilkey to describe methods to offset some of the effects of past mistakes.—*Coastal Zone Management, a newsletter*.

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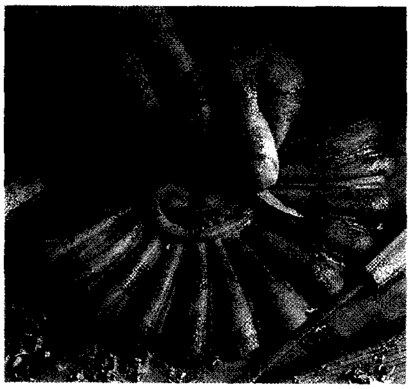

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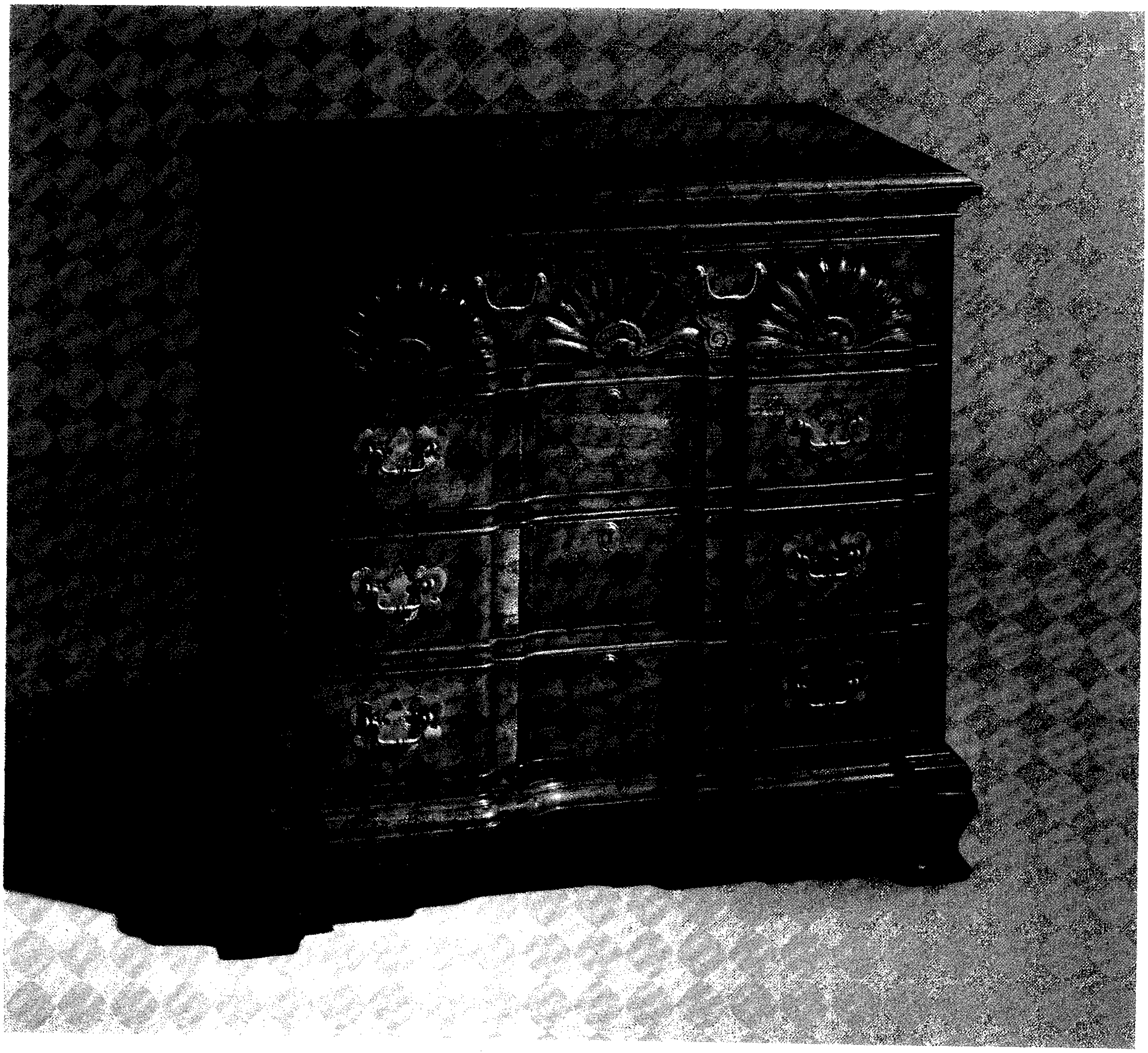

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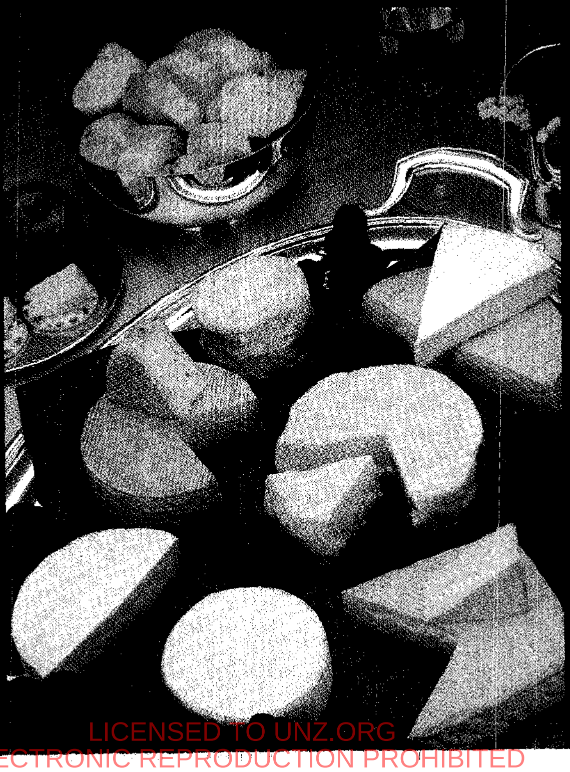

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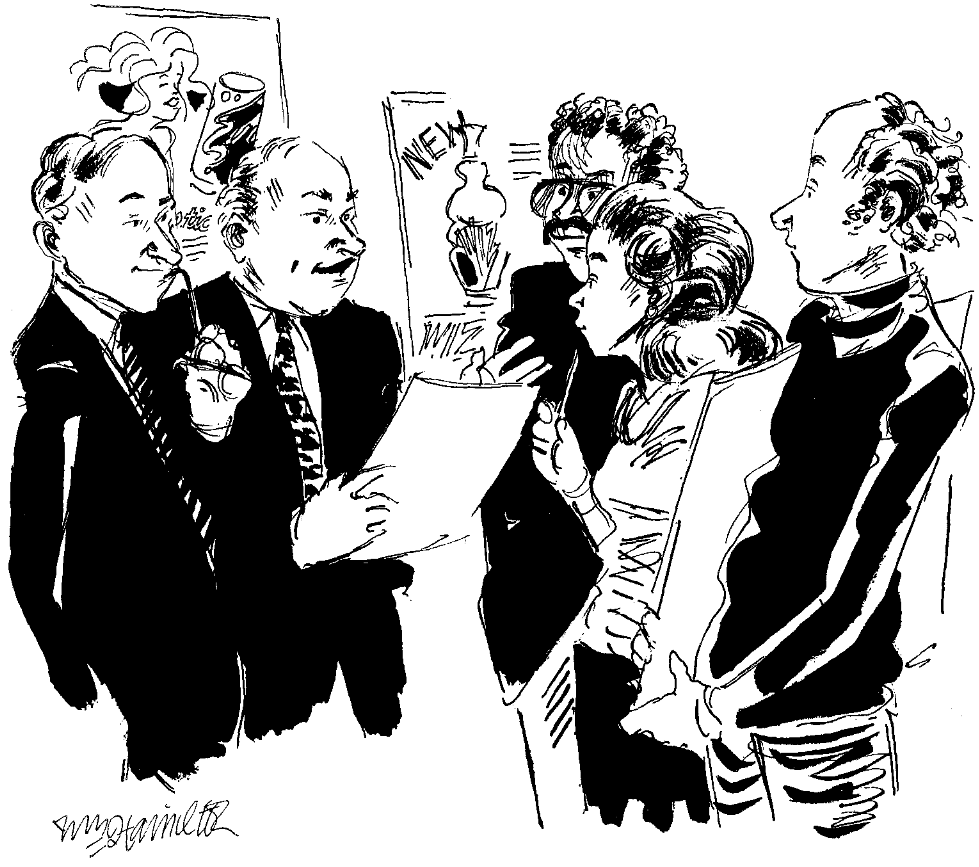
MUSICAL EVENTS

Revivals

THE Metropolitan Opera has recovered from the disruption of its season with remarkable speed. There are changes in the schedule—a few blank nights; the latter part of March and all of April reorganized to accommodate the première of a new production of "La Traviata" postponed from the fall—but the substance is unchanged, and the whole of the February calendar is as previously announced. None of the current revivals are routine: the production of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" has been extensively reworked since last season; the score of Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" is being presented in a new edition, prepared by Azio Corghi for the Rossini Foundation; Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" has not been seen at the Met since the 1973-74 season, and James Levine is conducting it for the first time; even Mozart's "Die Zauberflöte," the nearest to a repertory revival, has a new conductor—Lawrence Foster, making his house début. I visited "Die Zauberflöte" and "Tristan" early this month, and found that the pressures of hectically rearranged timetables and rehearsals had had little effect on the finished products; each was a highly professional account, generally well rehearsed and cogently performed.

"Die Zauberflöte" is Mozart's simplest and yet his most sharply characterized operatic score. The sound of the music is unique. Some adjectives help to describe it—transparent, luminous, bare, unelaborated, serene—but only the extraordinary textures that haunt the mind after any good performance (high clarinets and pizzicato violins in the Act I quintet; solo flute, brass, and drum taps in the trial scenes) really express its substance. In "The Classical Style," Charles Rosen writes, "The purity and the bareness are almost exotic, so extreme have they become, and this almost willful leanness is only emphasized by the exquisite orchestration. Each of the mature operas of Mozart has its characteristic sonority, but in none is this sonority so much to the fore, so direct in its action and so fundamental." I still blink with surprise when critics talk of the problems of "unifying" "Die Zauberflöte," or describe it (as in a *Times* review of this revival) as "a wild mixture of styles and moods that must somehow be made to cohere." The notion of its diffuseness dates back as far as 1913, when the Mozart biographer Théodore de Wyzewa, reviewing Edward Dent's book "Mozart's Operas," suggested that "Die Zauberflöte" was virtually a potpourri of Mozartian themes: "It was to his own earlier compositions that Mozart had recourse in order to gather material for such events as he had no time—or perhaps no longer the courage—to invent." The idea that the opera is a derivative miscellany was taken up by the English scholar Alec Hyatt King, who in an essay in his "Mozart in Retrospect" (1955) drew up a huge list of "pre-echoes" of the opera. The near-identity of the written notes of many of the examples and their supposed models is undeniable; yet with regard to *sound*—harmonic language and orchestration—there is surely a closer connection between almost any two phrases of "Die Zauberflöte" than there is between any part of the opera and an outside source.

In a performance of the opera in which trouble has been taken to balance the orchestral sound and characterize its colors precisely—and that was a major achievement of Mr. Foster's reading at the Met—a multitude of cross-references in the score can be heard or sensed. At Tamino's first praise of the picture of his beloved and at Pamina's acknowledgment of him as they prepare to face the trials, an expressive rising sixth and descending scale are used, which link the two moments. The same shape of phrase occurs when Tamino and Pamina first meet, in the bustle of Sarastro's court. The scene that precedes this, for Sarastro and Pamina, is full of echoes and anticipations: Sarastro's music looks forward to his Act II scene with Pamina, Pamina's to her suicide recitative; Sarastro echoes the High Priest's warning, and Pamina echoes Tamino's aria. Along with a sensitivity to this special sound, which Mr. Foster showed admirably, a conductor must demonstrate an ability to let the score breathe and relax. Mr. Foster is a scrupulous conductor—the beat is exceptionally clear and sharp—but there is a stiffness in his approach, which inhibits eloquence. Certainly it makes life difficult for the singers, for whenever ensemble slips out of line—as it may easily do when singers are far back on the Met stage—he jabs and pokes the beat, trying to insist on a pulse when the only possible method of reconciling the



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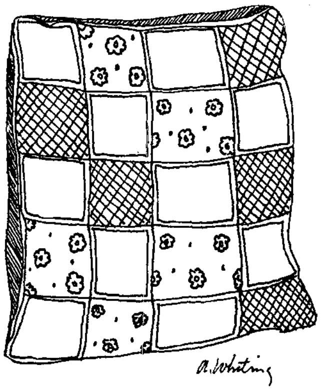
differences is to draw singers and orchestra back together with a beat that is firm but flexible, that accommodates the various speeds. Some of the ensembles—notably the Act II quintet—suffered as a result; the Act I quintet, when Mr. Foster was altogether calmer, went much better. Tempi were slowish, however, and they sometimes plodded: the Pamina-Papageno duet moved at a pulse of six eighth notes to the bar instead of two dotted quarter notes.



The performance I attended marked the début of the tenor David Kuebler as Tamino; a lithe, slim figure, he had a clear, slightly nasal, but attractively buoyant voice, rather small for the house. His arias were musically, lightly, effectively done. There was little impetuosity or decisiveness in his characterization; only at the start of the temple scene did he introduce some urgency into his pleasant tone. As the Queen of Night, Zdzislawa Donat had made her début earlier in the run. She has the shrill, clear sort of voice that is now usually favored in the part; I am sure something weightier and grander is necessary. She was hampered in her first aria by being placed far back on the stage; the Act II number made more of an impact, though Miss Donat has a habit of singing at an angle that, since she is surmounted by a huge, layered crown, makes her look as unsafe as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Dale Duesing was Papageno—straightforwardly human, not too much of a clown, with a splendidly unclouded baritone that projects the words well. But "Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen" should have more yearning than he brought to it. Donald McIntyre, as the High Priest, gave a demonstration of how not to sing Mozartian recitative—heavily, each note separately, banging on the bar lines and ignoring the word stresses. John Macurdy, as Sarastro, was inadequate. The three genies were played by boys, who (again, when they were not confined to the back of the stage) sang briskly. Best of all was Lucia Popp. Her Pamina is perhaps now too matronly, but her understanding of the music was unequalled; her great declarations, "Die Wahrheit" (the cadence supported by a real forte from Mr. Foster), and her anguished cries were delivered with Viennese warmth and natural, rounded phrasing.

Günther Rennert's production and Marc Chagall's sets are fourteen years old. They look it. Bodo Igesz is credited as stage director; he makes most of the principals move convincingly, but the big set-piece scenes leave much to be desired: at the end of Act I, the chorus drifts on through the wings, through the temple doors, and apparently through the temple walls; the impressive darkened entry of the priests with lamps in Act II is ruined by their scrambled exit; the great climax—Schikaneder's stage directions call for a "brilliantly lit temple . . . the most consummate splendor"—at the end of the trial is confined to a desultory group of elders miming behind a gauze. Chagall's sets begin by charming the eye with their varied colors and profusion of detail and end by satiating the senses. The range of colors becomes incoherent; the basic function of the sets—to suggest place and architectural features—is obscured. The Met does not plan to mount a new production of "Die Zauberflöte" as part of Mr. Levine's Mozart cycle, but I hope that one day it will attempt a staging that is ruthlessly simple, faithful to Schikaneder's directions, and perhaps confined—like much of the action in Weill's "Mahagonny" at the Met—to a small front section of the stage. Such limitations would help rather than hinder this miraculously limited score.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE" is an uncommonly difficult opera to stage, if only because conventional operatic action plays so little part in it. The feelings of the principals are not just an aspect of the action; they *are* the action. This interpretation is Wagner's own. In "The Music of the Future" (1860), he wrote of "Tristan" that "the whole gripping action only materializes because the innermost soul demands it, and it appears before us in the shape given it from within." A director of "Tristan" can, then, either attempt to make the characters themselves portray their depth of feeling and subtle motivations through rich and detailed acting, following Wagner's stage directions, or introduce extra-personal effects to

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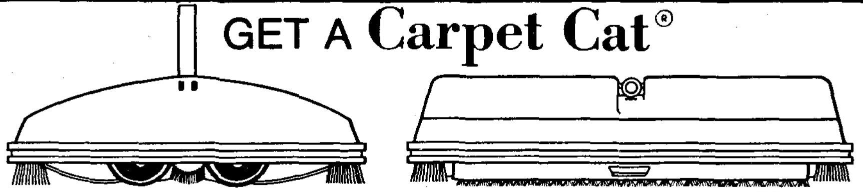

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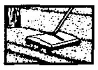

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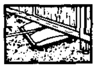

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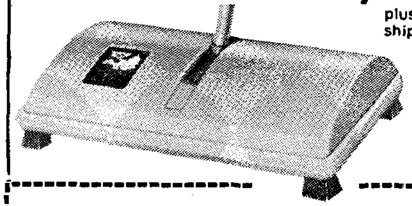

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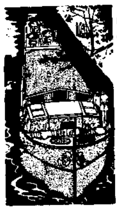

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make explicit some of those feelings and motivations. The latter course was chosen by August Everding in his 1971 production for the Met, which he and the designer Günther Schneider-Siemssen returned to rehearse for this season's revival. A banal example is the portrayal of Tristan and Isolde's exalted state of love. In the Everding production, the two rise from the floor of the stage, surrounded by billowing projections, their faces alone lit clearly as they ascend into the clouds; when they are rudely disturbed, they return to earth with a bump, like passengers in a down elevator at the rush hour. The symbolism is not all on this level of obviousness, but it is inevitably less *subtle than what could be conveyed by* the characters themselves. The acting appears to rely on a theory of "the decisive gesture": the characters are impassive, unmoving, and then they suddenly do something to indicate what has happened to them. The production's most striking single moment is when Tristan and Isolde drink the love potion. The stage directions read:

> Both, seized with shuddering, look with highest excitement but with unmoved demeanor fixedly in each other's eyes, in which the expression of defiance of death soon gives way to the glow of love. Trembling seizes them. They convulsively clutch their breasts and pass their hands over their foreheads. Then their eyes again seek one another, sink confused, and again fix themselves with growing longing on each other.

In Mr. Everding's production, Tristan dashes the cup from Isolde's mouth almost before she has had a chance to drink. In that position, each with an arm outstretched, they are frozen. The scene darkens, and we see not their eyes, where the potion is working, but their hands, brilliantly lit. We concentrate on this image alone until (at the indication "sink confused") the hands quiver and droop slightly—the arms remain rigid—before the two begin their first ascent on the celestial elevator and the light gathers once more around their faces.

These stage techniques seem to provide a substitute for acting—something for which opera singers may be grateful. Spas Wenkoff and Gwyneth Jones, in the title roles, cultivated a woodenness that was unfortunately mirrored in their voices. Mr. Wenkoff was solid, and uninteresting. Miss Jones had truly splendid solo outbursts, which tore through the orchestral texture in a way that Mr. Wenkoff did not manage, and she could be commanding even in her quieter music. But there were too many moments when she was not quite secure, and in duet she seemed to catch the Wenkoff solidity of phrasing, which defeated the movement of the music. Tatiana Troyanos was nearly a very good Brangäne, concentrated in voice and action. Matti Salminen was an outstanding King Marke; Donald McIntyre a reliable Kurwenal. The big disappointment of the revival was Mr. Levine's conducting. Wagner's remarks about "the innermost soul" *demanding* the action of "Tristan" are echoed in a remark of David Hamilton's in the program book: "The score of 'Tristan' radiates an intensity—indeed a *necessity*—that has given it a unique position in the history of the arts." It is just that necessity which could not be sensed in Mr. Levine's on-off reading of the score. There was much to be enjoyed, many climaxes were whipped up, many beauties were pointed out along the way. But an interpretation was not yet fully formed—there was no compelling vision. Mr. Levine must be a pressed and busy man at the moment; perhaps in this one instance the Met season has fallen short of a standard it might have achieved without the difficulties of last autumn.

THE French violinist and composer Jean-Marie Leclair is not known as a writer of opera. But he did leave one example of the form, "Scylla et Glaucus." It has been edited by Neal Zaslaw, and was performed in London a couple of years ago under the direction of John Eliot Gardiner. A recording of Mr. Gardiner's account was recently made for the radio stations of the European Broadcasting Union and was broadcast in England during January. National Public Radio, an affiliate of the EBU, plans to offer the broadcast to its member stations. "Scylla et Glaucus" is a long but immensely rewarding score, and it is unique. Leclair, who was born in Lyons in 1697, became the outstanding French violinist of his generation, and almost all his published works—sonatas, overtures, concertos, "*recréations de musique*"—make brilliant use of the instrument. He travelled widely, to Turin, London, and Kassel, and probably to Amsterdam, and met violin virtuosos, including Locatelli. In 1733, Leclair was appointed to the court musical establishment of Louis XV, in Paris. But only four years later he quarrelled

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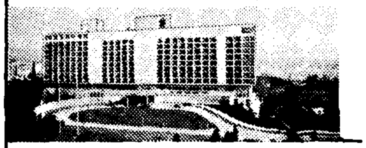

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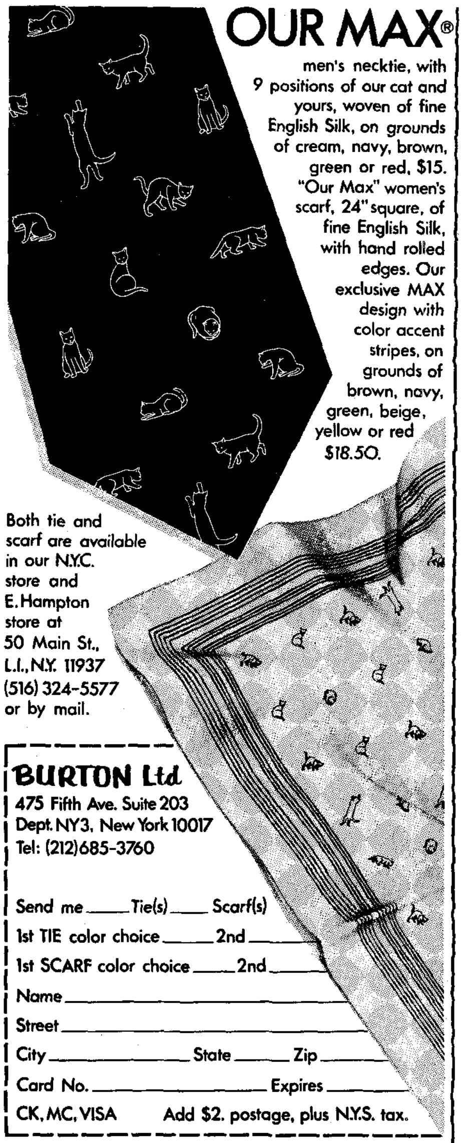

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with his rival Pierre Guignon over the leadership of the court orchestra, and left the city. He returned in 1743, and, though inactive as a player, began the composition of the opera. It was produced in 1746, when he was forty-nine. He declared, "Today I enter upon a new career," but although "Scylla et Glaucus" was popular, it had no successors.

Perhaps surprisingly—for Leclair knew eighteenth-century Italian opera—"Scylla et Glaucus" is firmly rooted in the Rameau tradition. Its libretto is drawn from Ovid's "Metamorphoses." To gain Scylla's love, Glaucus asks the help of the sorceress Circé. But Circé loves Glaucus; though she helps him, she also obtains poison from Hecate, which she pours into a fountain. At the height of Scylla and Glaucus' wedding celebration, Scylla draws near to the fountain and is stricken; she is transformed into the rocky crag in the Straits of Sicily. Glaucus mourns, and Circé gloats. The libretto calls for the eruption of Mt. Etna and for the appearance of infernal beings and of Circé mounted on a dragon in the sky. But the plot is uncluttered and intelligible. There is ample opportunity for dance and divertissement, especially in the independent Prologue (which sets another, parallel tale from the "Metamorphoses," and manages to honor Louis XV along the way). Leclair responded with a setting of ravishing sensuality. The idiom resembles Rameau's, but there is both more and less to it: more in the decorations that embellish the music (violin figurations dancing through the choruses, expressive solo flute moving in counterpoint to a solo voice); less in the absence of Rameau's inventively varied scoring for the dances and of his harmonic imagination at moments of climax. Leclair's sustained intensity is remarkable, particularly since the score is built without conventional arias in the Italian manner: it flows from recitative into simple arioso and back into recitative. Special use is made of tiny two-part songs. Scylla, her confidante Témire, and Circé all have these—the first with violins alone, the others with continuo alone. Lovely fragments of music are heard as "*simphonies*" and introductions, never to return. The richness of the idiom is increased by what sounds like a large number of expressive augmented intervals and flattened sevenths, and by the dividing of violin and viola parts—producing at one moment a nine-part string chord.

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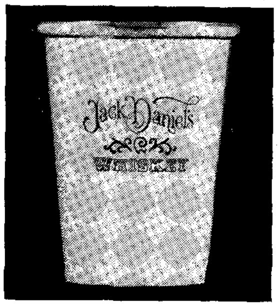

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Certain sections of the score are curiously weak. The appearance of the demons (described by Mr. Zaslaw in a *Musical Times* article as "a kind of anti-masque") is feeble; their dances are rather polite. And the end of the opera, which should provide a *coup de théâtre* equal to that which closes Gluck's "Armide," is something of a disappointment. The prevailing sweetness of the music becomes cloying through the five acts of the piece; Rameau's operas, with all their color, are made of sterner stuff. But at its best "Scylla et Glaucus" is eloquent. The singers in the EBU performance were stylish. Jean-Claude Orliac, firm and ringing in the *haute-contre* register of Glaucus, was moving in his Act IV scene with Scylla and Circé, the climax of the drama, and brilliant in his Act V ariette, the one such set piece in the work. Marie McLaughlin as Scylla had a rich tone; I would have preferred something brighter, more limpid for Scylla's music. Jennifer Smith as Circé was powerful and affecting; she sometimes forced the tone, but she made Circé's final incantation intense. The orchestra was the English Baroque Soloists, playing on original instruments: alert and lively, save for some moments of looseness and tiredness—notably at the start of the third act. Mr. Gardiner conducted with the commitment and vigor that he has brought in the past to his concert revivals of Rameau's masterpieces.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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[*From the Apple Valley* (*Calif.*) *News*]

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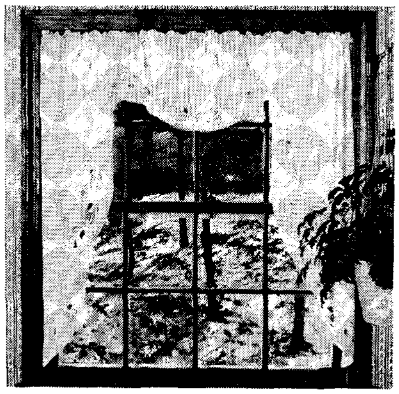

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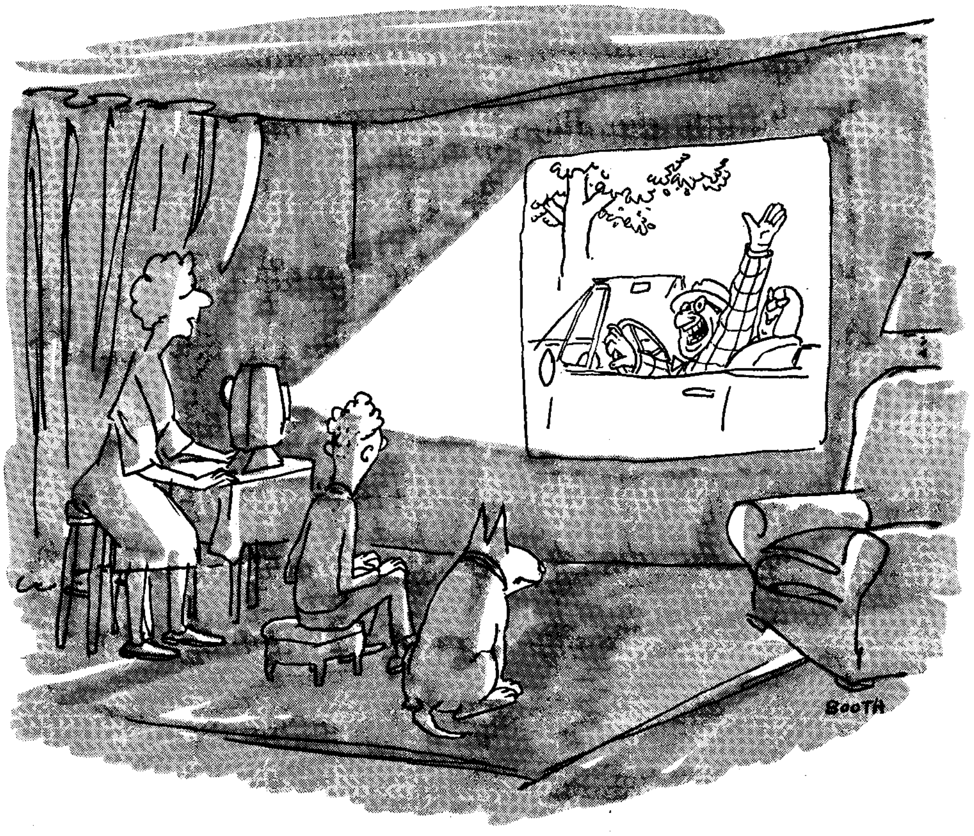
BOOKS

Fiabe Italiane

“Italian Folktales,” selected and retold by Italo Calvino (translated from the Italian by George Martin; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $25), arrives on these shores like a belated tall ship—a galleon tooled by Maserati, a wide-beamed, many-decked vessel freighted with the gold of the ages but responsive as a feather to the personal touch. Scarcely a pellet of critical grapeshot will mar its varnished sides as, topsails furled, it glides through a shower of praise and tugboat tooting to snug harbor on the sturdier shelves of libraries both public and private. For Calvino is a genius and, more welcome still, a genial and conscientious one; and as for folktales, who, after Jung and Campbell and Bruno Bettelheim, could have enough of them?

“I,” answers this reviewer in a tiny voice, the one grouchy fairy invited to the christening. After reading through these two hundred tales and seven hundred and sixty-three big pages, I feel as if I had, like the heroine of the tale of “King Crin,” “worn out seven pairs of iron shoes, seven iron mantles, and seven iron hats.” I may never smile at another enchanted pool, talking horse, or impulsively murderous king. Well, perhaps “Italian Folktales” was no more meant to be read through than “The Statesman’s Year-Book” or “Gray’s Anatomy;” yet even short doses left the taste of tedium on the palate, and the sensation that there was something wrong with this handsome volume, along with all that was palpably, admirably right. It came out in Italy in 1956; the twenty-four years that passed before its American translation and publication were accomplished suggest a certain languor in the process, a fairy-tale interregnum of dragging feet and sagging eyelids, and perhaps a bit of bewitchment at the outset, in far-off Turin. “The writing of this book,” Calvino’s compact and frank introduction tells us, “was originally undertaken because of a publishing need: a collection of Italian folktales to take its rightful place alongside the great anthologies of foreign folklore. The problem was which text to choose. Was there an Italian equivalent of the Brothers Grimm?” It was decided that, though “Italian tales from the oral tradition were recorded in literary works long before those from any other country,” there was not. “There was no readable master collection of Italian folktales which would be popular in every sense of the word. Could such a book be assembled now? It was decided that I should do it.”

Italo Calvino at this time was a thirty-year-old editor at Giulio Einaudi Editore and a novelist of distinction with an already demonstrated flair for the fabulous. It is interesting to find here, in the Venetian tale of “The Cloven Youth,” a foreshadowing of his novella “The Cloven Viscount” (1952), and in a Tuscan tale, “The Son of the Merchant from Milan,” an incident of arboreal residence that possibly supplied the germ for his superb fantasy of the Enlightenment “The Baron in the Trees” (1957). The folktale project was an education for Calvino into which he plunged “without even a tankful of intellectual enthusiasm for anything primitive;” he stayed submerged for two years, sorting through in manful fashion the welter of *novelline* dating back to the sixteenth-century Venetian collection of Straparola and the seventeenth-century tales by Giambattista Basile in Neapolitan dialect. The bulk of the material, however, had been accumulated in the nineteenth century, by more or less scholarly folklorists following the example of the Brothers Grimm—most notably the lawyer Gherardo Nerucci in Tuscany and the doctor Giuseppe Pitrè in Sicily. But in many places, in the second half of the nineteenth century, “people began to write down tales told by old women,” often noting the name, age, and profession of the teller, and striving for fidelity to the spoken style and dialect. Still, though the archives and journals of folklore swelled, no “Italian Grimm” emerged; in 1875 Domenico Comparetti published one volume of a general anthology, “Popular Italian Tales,” with the promise of two more volumes, which never appeared. Over eighty years later, Calvino and Einaudi issued this volume of two hundred tales (to match the two hundred in the Grimms’ classic “Kinder- und Hausmärchen”) translated out of dialect into “an Italian sufficiently elastic to incorporate



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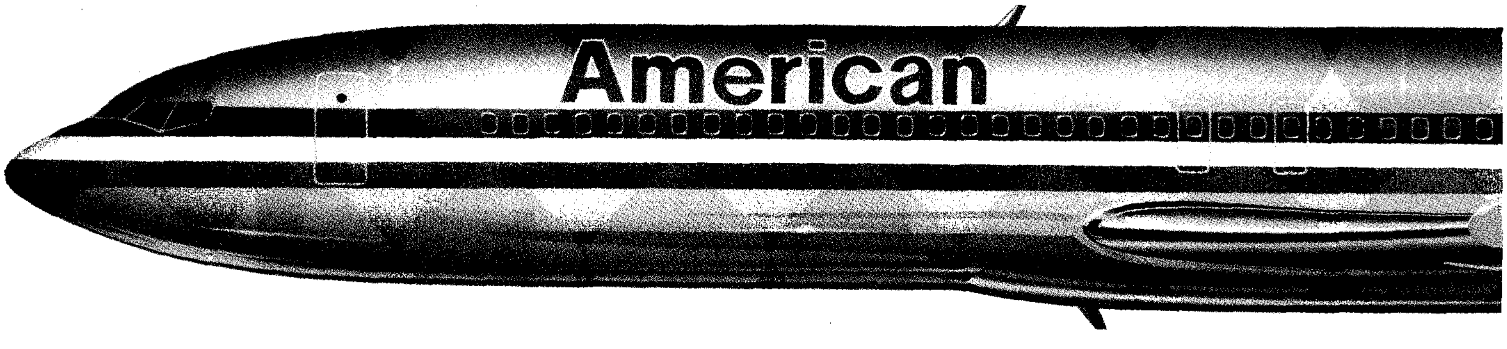

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from the dialect images and turns of speech that were the most expressive and unusual" and chosen not only for being "the most unusual, beautiful, and original texts" but for typological and geographical distribution. Calvino writes, "My work had two objectives: the presentation of every type of folktale, the existence of which is documented in Italian dialects; and the representation of all regions of Italy."

The two hundred tales are arranged in an order basically geographical, beginning with the now French region of Menton, "whose dialect is closer to the Ligurian than to the Provençal," moving west to the regions of Piedmont and Lombardy and Venice, and thence south through Bologna, Tuscany, Rome, Abruzzi, Campania, Apulia, Lucania, and Calabria to Sicily, ending with tales from the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. Such a panoramic arrangement bespeaks a patriotic intent that may be one of the problems. For in achieving fair representation all around Calvino possibly has included some inferior tales and certainly has included a number that are close variants of one another if not virtual duplicates—e.g., Nos. 36 and 102; 76 and 115; 26 and 116 (Red Riding Hood); 69 and 124; 95 and 129; 154 and 185; 179 and 194; 97 and 199; and 157, 158, 159, 160, and 176 (all variants of the chivalric legend of the wife falsely accused of infidelity). Truly, as the first of these last begins, "over and over it has been told that once upon a time there was a king and queen." These repetitions are cheerfully acknowledged by Calvino in his footnotes, and indeed constitute one of the folklorist's delights, "a kind of mania, an insatiable hunger for more and more versions and variants. . . . I would have given all of Proust in exchange for a new variant of the 'gold-dung donkey.' I'd quiver with disappointment if I came upon the episode of the bridegroom who loses his memory as he kisses his mother, instead of finding the one with the ugly Saracen woman . . ." Since the Brothers Grimm, the popularizer of folktales and the pedantic student of them have kept a jostling kind of company, and Calvino, in this collection as well as in such intricate fiction as "The Castle of Crossed Destinies," shows little fear of letting the pedant get the upper hand. Having described the Grimms' method of transcribing tales "from the mouths of the people" as "not 'scientific' in the modern sense of the word, or only halfway so," Calvino treats of "the hybrid nature" of his own work: it, too, "is only halfway 'scientific,' or three-quarters so; as for the final quarter, it is the product of my own judgment. . . . I enriched the text selected from other versions and whenever possible did so without altering its character or unity, and at the same time filled it out and made it more plastic. I touched up as delicately as possible those portions that were either missing or too sketchy."

As part of the extra quarter of scientificism he awards himself over the Grimms, he specifies, in notes gathered at the back of the book, not only the sources of each tale but, in brief, the impression the story made upon him and what improving touches he has imposed. Not all are inarguably happy. To the story of "The Snake" he has added a pomegranate tree whose branches grow out of reach when one attempts to pick their fruit; for the tale of "The Land Where One Never Dies" he has provided old men with progressively longer beards; and in "Filo d'Oro and Filomena" he has the hero successively materialize in a beard, in whiskers, and in sideburns—all of which savors of Disneyesque animation, of a pictorial inventiveness that comes easily to a modern sensibility but that in these old oral tales, so meagre in their visual effects, borders on the cute. At times, Calvino, describing his adjustments, reminds one of Nabokov at his most impishly regal: "My personal touches here include the prince's yellow suit and leggings, the description of the transformation in a flutter of wings, the gossip of the witches who traveled the world over, and a bit of stylistic cunning." Nor has he always abstained from the vice common to adapters of these harsh and sometimes savage narratives—softening the endings.

> Pitrè's text closes with the hero's head cut off and put on backward . . . but since that brings an element of fantasy into an otherwise realistic narrative, I thought it best to exclude it.
>
> I left out Pete's drowning in a pond at the end, to close in a better way.
>
> The escape of the nurse and her daughter at the end is my own invention (in place of the customary tarring of a transgressor).

In Calvino's defense, it should be urged that he has obviously done a more thorough job of search and collation than his assignment required, that some of the material whose piquancy won inclusion was in other respects "rather incoherent" and "strange and

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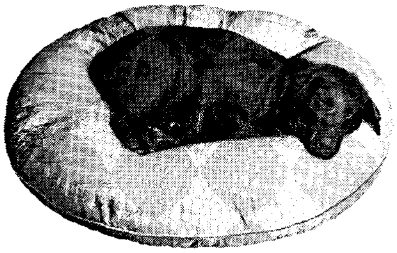

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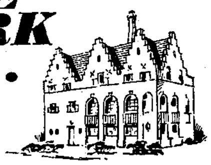

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carefree," and that no teller of a folktale passes it on exactly as it came to him. The Brothers Grimm, in introducing their own collection, firmly asserted that "we have added nothing of our own, have embellished no incident or feature of the story, but have given its substance, just as we ourselves received it;" then they went on to allow, "It will, of course, be understood that the mode of telling and carrying out particular details is principally due to us."

Turning from "Italian Folktales" to sample once more some of the Grimm folktales, we seem to enter a solider universe, of sharper contrast between light and dark, wherein a more compelling narrative impetus gathers around incidents no less fantastic and repetitious than, and in many instances almost identical to, those in the Italian telling. The difference is one not of talent, I think (for Calvino is a writer of the first order), but of historical and perhaps geographical position. In the northern, Protestant half of Europe, a certain pietism in the atmosphere effortlessly deepens and chastens the fairy-tale texture. When Hänsel says to Gretel, "Be comforted, dear little sister, and sleep in peace, God will not forsake us," an invisible, internalized order is called from the shadows, and a kind of promise is made which the story must make good. In the Italian version of the tale, which Calvino calls "Chick," the Hänsel figure is the youngest of seven children, of whom only he is named and active, and the witch takes the form of Mammy Ogress and her hardworking, voracious husband, Pappy Ogre; that night, by shifting some floral crowns from the heads of this unpleasant couple's children—conveniently seven in number also—onto those of himself and his siblings, Chick tricks Pappy Ogre into eating his own offspring. In the Italian tales generally, trickery and blind chance have the world pretty much to themselves; piety is confined to a jocular cycle about Peter and Jesus, and what affection exists is magical and absolute, a kind of curse. In the rapid unreeling of somewhat automatic marvels, there is seldom a spot where the tale pauses and regrips its own meaning. In Grimm, when the seven dwarfs have returned to their cottage and for the last time found Snow White lying on the ground:

> They lifted her up, looked to see whether they could find anything poisonous, unlaced her, combed her hair, washed

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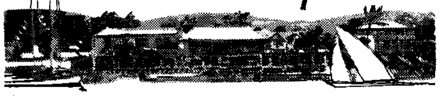

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her with water and wine, but it was all of no use. The poor child was dead, and remained dead.

With words the reader has been given what the listener to the oral narrative could be given with silence: time to understand and to be moved. Plain recounting has been enriched, whether by action of the Grimms' transcription or by a local quality of oral narrating, with dramatic description. Historically, the Grimms were exponents, in fields of scholarship ranging from philology and grammar to ancient legal history and medieval legends, of a German national identity cohering in the wake of Napoleon's final defeat and amid magnificently widened perspectives of antiquarian knowledge. They gathered their tales as one part of a campaign to capture and explicate the *Volkgeist*, and published them only after some urging by fellow-scholars. "Italian Folktales," by contrast, represents the efforts of an immensely clever and winning writer to fulfill, with honor, a publisher's contract. Calvino has affection for his country, and speaks up for the charms of the Italian type of folktale—its "continuous quiver of love," its relative gentleness over against the "gory ferocity" of the Grimms' tales, its "genuine feeling for beauty in the communions or metamorphoses of woman and fruit, of woman and plant." But this affection, twinkling on the surface of these tales like sunshine, is a far cry from the compound of scholarship, nationalism, and romanticism which gives the "Hausmärchen" their swarthy fibre.

Of course, we know the Grimm tales by their best dozen. Two hundred folktales are about a hundred and eighty too many for a continuous reading experience. The plots are relentlessly eventful—

> A widower king with one son remarried and then died. The son remained with his stepmother, who paid him no mind whatever, since she was in love with a Moor and had eyes only for him. The king's son, faithful to his father's memory, began to detest the Moor. They went hunting together, and the prince killed and buried him in the heart of the forest—

and superimposing one tangled tale after another upon the bleary mind's eye tends to bring out not their charms but their recurrent limitations and tics: their inane repetitions, their inexorable sets of threes and sevens, the maddening inability of their heroes and heroines to follow the most laboriously specific instructions and warnings, and, above all, the pathetic threadbare

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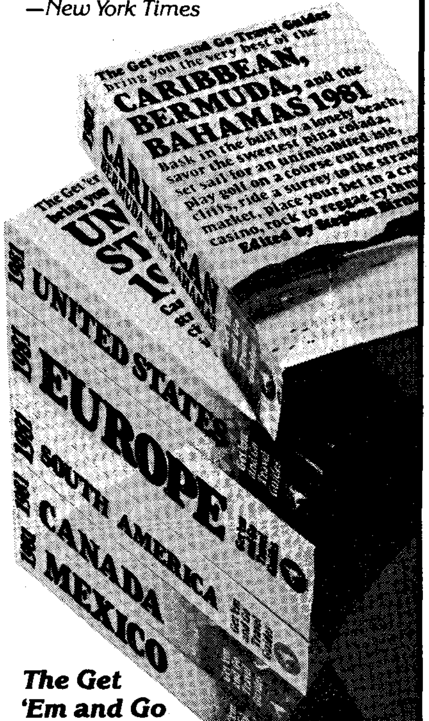
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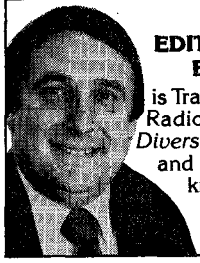

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monotony of their fantasy. These are tales told, mostly, by old women for the entertainment of children or of people impoverished to the level of childishness; illimitable riches, obtained by marriage into royalty, murder of an ogre, or possession of bandits' loot, are the one good of which their poverty can conceive. They take us not into the realms of love satisfied or of virtue rewarded but to the land of El Dorado, that paradise to whose inert and frozen malevolence the penniless are blind.

> He saw a staircase. Don Pidduzzu descended it and found himself in a gold-sequined gallery—walls, doors, floor, ceiling, all gold, and a table laid for twenty-four persons, with gold spoons, salt cellars, and candelabras. Don Pidduzzu looked in the book and read: "Take them." He called the crew and ordered everything carried on board. It took them twelve days to load the treasure on the ship. There were twenty-four gold statues so heavy that a couple of days were needed to load them alone.

This Sicilian tale ("The Sultan with the Itch") concludes with the couplet "They were always happy and content, / While we are here without a cent." Another, also from Sicily, ends, "And they remained emperor and empress their whole life long, while we are still as poor as ever." The auditors of these tales of starving boys and maltreated girls who become kings and queens presumably never wearied of hearing riches evoked, any more than Depression audiences wearied of movies showing Fred Astaire capering in a penthouse, or than subscribers to *Oui* weary of each month's set of ritualistically posed models. An appetite in the process of imaginary satisfaction does not object to monotony and implausibility; rather, it trusts them, as vessels more efficiently supplying the craved substance. But to those of us in whom a craving for gold statues has never been roused, and to whom bourgeois capitalism has granted a modicum of comfort, many folktales will seem as mysteriously repellent as the votive objects of a religion in which we do not believe. And an invisible awareness of just this possibility of embarrassment glazes, with art and affection and a strangely brittle terse prose, the massive work of synthesis and fabrication that Calvino has gallantly performed. Folktales are not just a kind of beach glass washed up on the shore of the present day by the sea of history, to be mounted alongside imagist poems and post-O. Henry short stories; their inner glint, their old life, is escapism. They were the television and pornography of their day, the life-lightening trash of pre-literate peoples. And only children, it may be, now possess, for a brief phase before comic books and space movies descend, the atavistic ability to respond to folktales with proper dread and wonder.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE IDOL HUNTER, by Barry Unsworth (Simon & Schuster; $10.95). The epistle that forms this darkly ironic novel is dated July, 1908, and opens with the salutation "Lord of the world. Shadow of God on earth. God bring you increase." The writer is an attractively complicated wretch named Basil Zavier Pascali, the casual Constantinople-born product of an unknown father and an English actress mother. For twenty years now, he has been an informer in the pay of the decrepit Ottoman Empire on a small Turkish-occupied Greek island, and his letter (his two hundred and sixteenth report) is addressed to the Sultan, Abdul-Hamid II. It relates, in a style at once direct and searching, the ordered—even, it is suggested, preordained—entanglement of events set in motion by the arrival on the suspicious little island of a strange Englishman of seemingly impeccable honor and rectitude, and in its gifts of striking scene, of human revelation, and of illuminating violence it offers an almost Conradian richness. Indeed, in the curious relationship of Pascali and the Englishman there is an interesting intimation of "The Secret Sharer."

NOTE: "The Stories of Elizabeth Spencer," some of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Doubleday ($14.95).

GENERAL

THE WANTON CHASE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY FROM 1939, by Peter Quennell (Atheneum; $9.95). The second installment of the memoirs of the English poet, critic, editor, and biographer. When it opens, Mr. Quennell is thirty-four, and his achievements have won him entrée into the company of literary, political, artistic, and social celebrities in England and France. His recollections are a fine extended gossip, filled with telling details—the discovery, for instance, that a little knot of people who had known Proust had not really liked him. Mr. Quennell's account of Noël Coward betrays the admiring perplexity that theatre people often elicit from their literary counterparts. But there is no perplexity over writers: from Ian Fleming to Cyril Connolly and Henri de Montherlant, Mr. Quennell always knows what they are about.

THE NOBLEST ROMAN: MARCUS BRUTUS AND HIS REPUTATION, by M. L. Clarke (Cornell; $18.50). An eminent classicist tells us who the historical Brutus was, and then investigates the different ways he has been portrayed in history and in literature. There is a surprising amount of contemporary evidence, including Caesar's exasperated characterization: "It's a great question what he wants, but whatever it is he wants, he really does want it." Brutus really wanted the impossible: the restoration of the Roman Republic as it had been (at least in legend), steered by a sober, austere élite. Professor Clarke's brilliant, lucid work makes it clear that Shakespeare's Brutus is the most plausibly human of the Brutuses of human fancy, ranging from an advanced wickedness (usually the invention of writers who in their own day strongly supported monarchy) to an inhuman degree of goodness. Both extremes contain a degree of truth: Caesar and his successors, Mark Antony and young Octavian, were all much better politicians than Brutus, but Brutus, however idealistic, correctly foresaw that with the disappearance of the Republic liberty, too, would vanish from Rome.

NATIVE REALM: A SEARCH FOR SELF-DEFINITION, by Czeslaw Milosz, translated from the Polish by Catherine S. Leach (Doubleday; $12.95). An excellent translation conveys the leisured, elegant style of the Nobel Prize-winning poet, whose memoir is designed to commemorate a tragic corner of Europe. Milosz, who now lives in the United States, is of Lithuanian ancestry, and he here tells us how, in the eighteenth century, the partition of Poland and the expansion of Prussia and Russia reduced Latvians, Estonians, Lithuanians, and Byelorussians to "minorities," their languages to dialects, and their cultures to folkways. After the First World War, his parents' home, the

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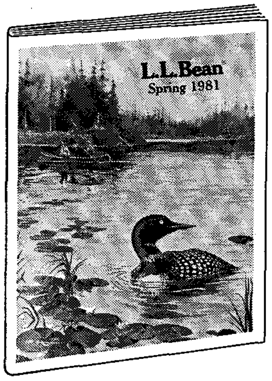

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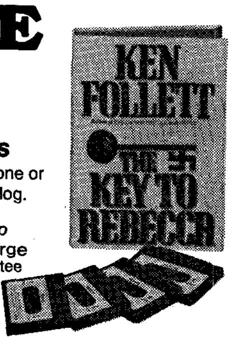

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Lithuanian city of Vilnius, was awarded to Poland, and Milosz was raised as a Polish Catholic at a time when, he feels, neither the nation nor the Church was succeeding in its mission, since justice and charity were both in short supply. He served in the Polish Resistance during the Second World War and in the postwar Polish Communist government until 1951, when he emigrated. While many of his experiences may seem exotic, his emphasis on the personal and the idiosyncratic makes his story vivid and immediate.

HENRY JAMES: LETTERS, VOLUME III, 1883-95, edited by Leon Edel (Harvard; $20). This volume opens after James has returned to London from a stay in the United States occasioned by the deaths of his parents, and it closes with the death of his dramatic aspirations, when the opening-night audience booed his play "Guy Domville." The range of James's literary correspondence is very wide—from the unfeigned enthusiasm of his letters to William Dean Howells to the walking-on-eggs prose intended for authors of books James did not greatly like but whom he did not wish to hurt. There is also frank talk of business and budgets, as James haggles with editors and describes his apartment, furniture, and servants. Many other letters are just plain gossip—gossip that James, like Proust, transformed into literature.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, by John Buchanan-Brown (David & Charles, North Pomfret, Vermont; $25). Thackeray went to Paris as a very young (and rich) man in the early eighteen-thirties to study art, but he spent most of his time enjoying life, gambling heavily, and running through his fortune. When he returned to London, broke, he sought to support himself and his new family as an illustrator but found it hard going. So he turned to writing, illustrating his own books and magazine pieces. This is an anthology of his graphic work, compiled by a critic and admirer. It contains nearly two hundred drawings that range from the sketches with which Thackeray embellished his letters, to cartoons for *Punch*, to the more formal illustrations he drew for "Vanity Fair." The book is a good showcase for Thackeray's peculiar virtues as a draftsman—an eye for

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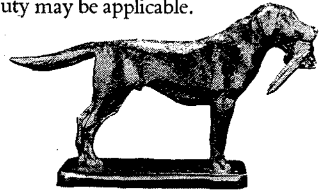

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GAME & THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE: THE INFLUENCE OF THE CHASE ON SPORTING ART AND SCENERY, by Anthony Vandervell and Charles Coles, with a foreword by the Duke of Wellington (Debrett/Viking; $40). The argument that animates this unusually handsome picture-and-text volume is a provocative one: that the special beauty of the English countryside—its mosaic of fields and woods, of lanes and hedgerows, of unspoiled streams and natural wetlands—was the creation of landed fishermen, fowlers, and fox-hunters, and was maintained (and, as a more scientific understanding of habitat developed, improved) by many later generations of their kind. It is an idea unappealing both to agribusiness and to social activists, but, as presented by the authors and their noble patron (all officers of the Game Conservancy of Great Britain), it is a strong and interesting conception. It is, in impressive addition, beautifully reinforced by pictorial evidence: photographs, many in excellent color, of the English countryside so preserved today, and a procession down the centuries of sporting art, in color and black-and-white, by all the great names in that vigorously English genre—Samuel Howitt, George Stubbs, Sam Alken, J. F. Herring, the two Sartoriuses, and others, including even John Constable. The grimmest opponents of blood sports would be hard put to it to deny that the often brutal means have been at least a little justified by the splendid results.

NOTE: "America, Lost and Found," Anthony Bailey's recollection of his childhood years (from seven to eleven) as a British evacuee in Dayton, Ohio, during the Second World War, has been published by Random House ($9.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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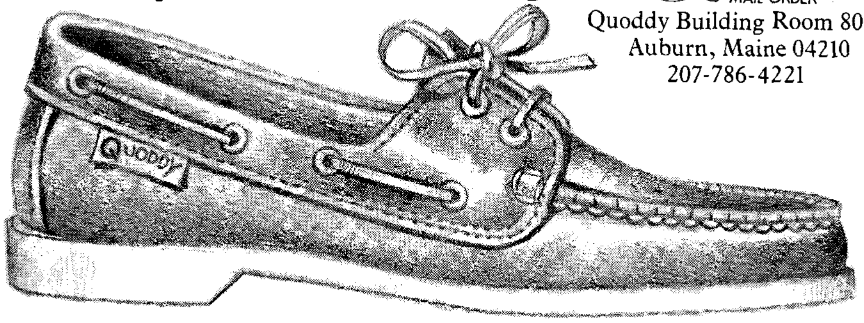

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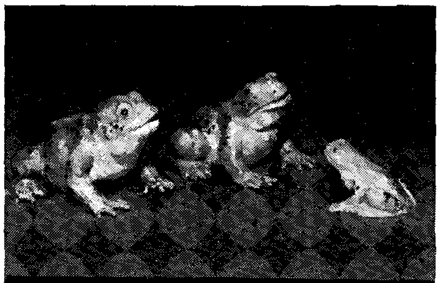

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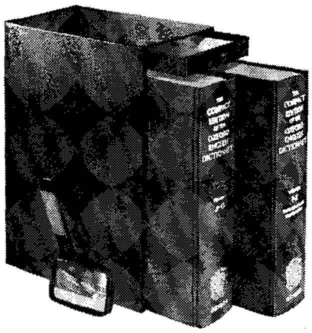

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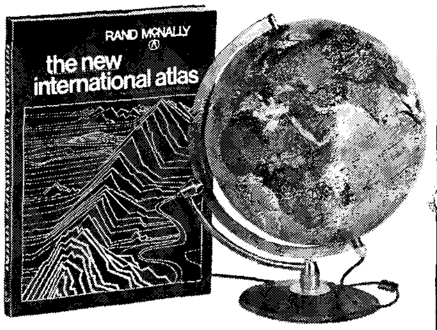

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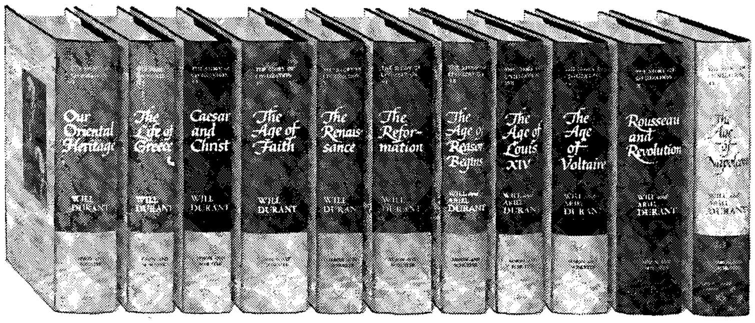

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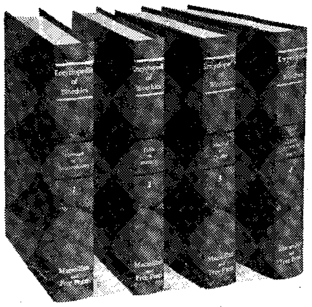

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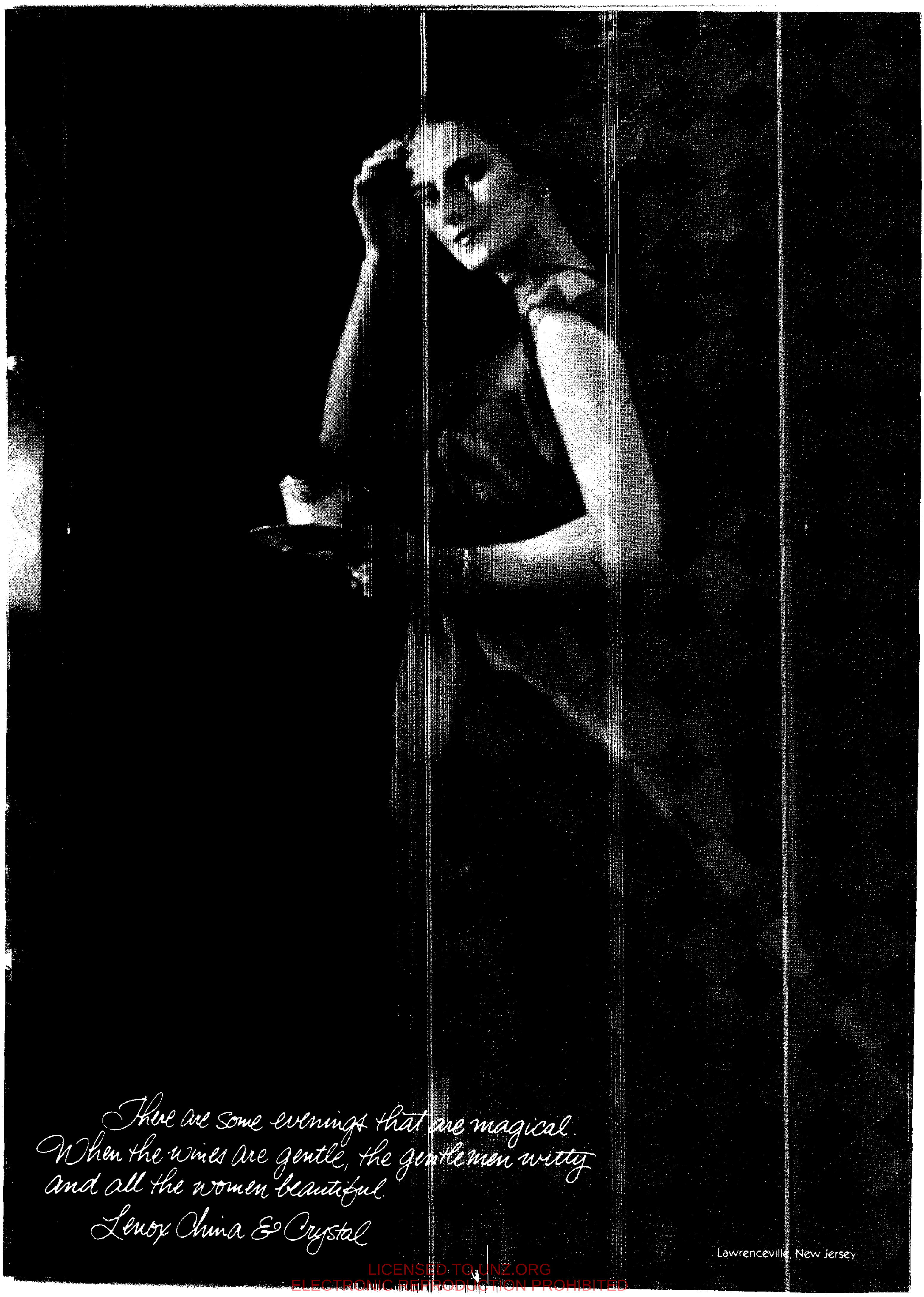

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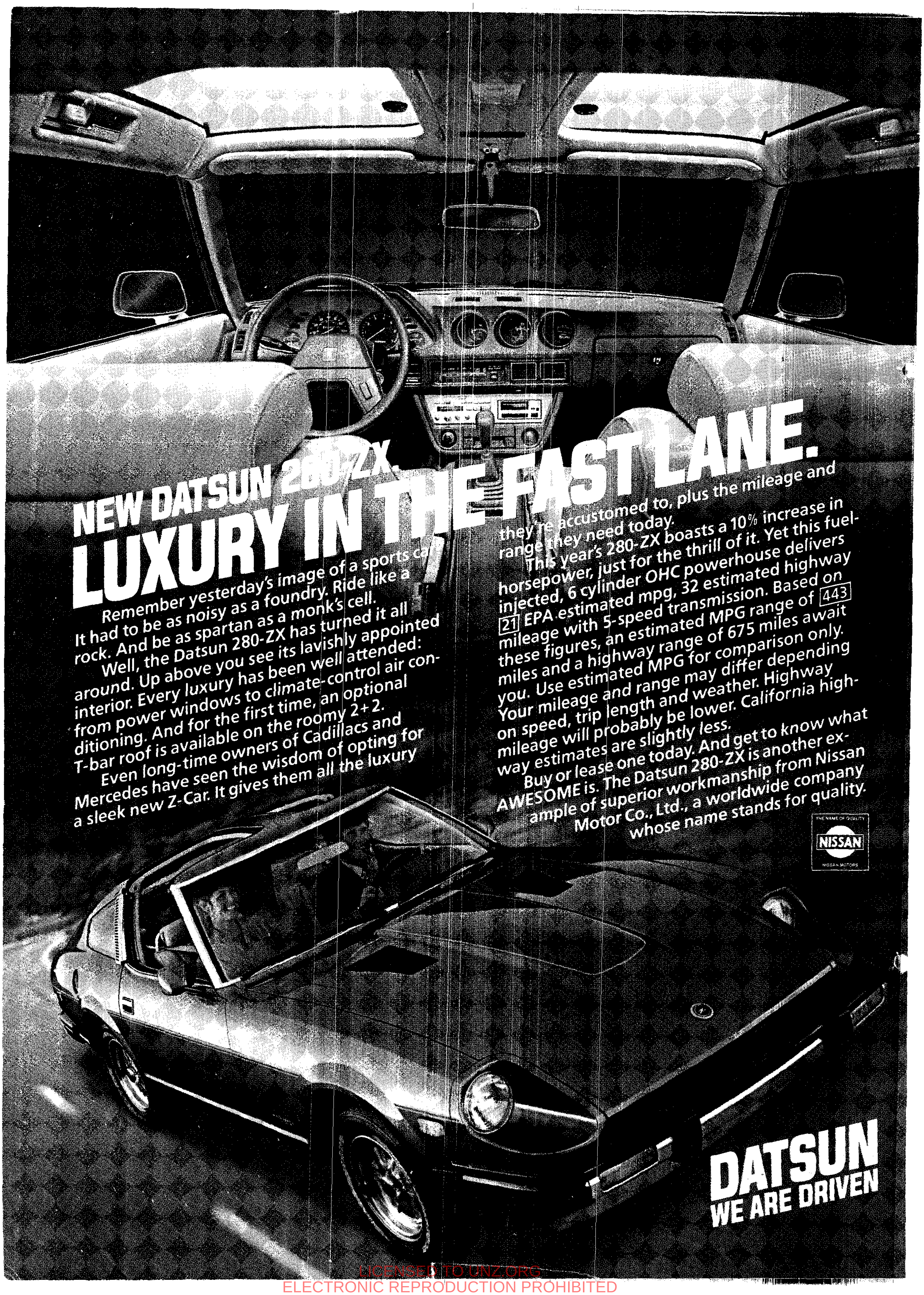

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